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THE NEW YORKER

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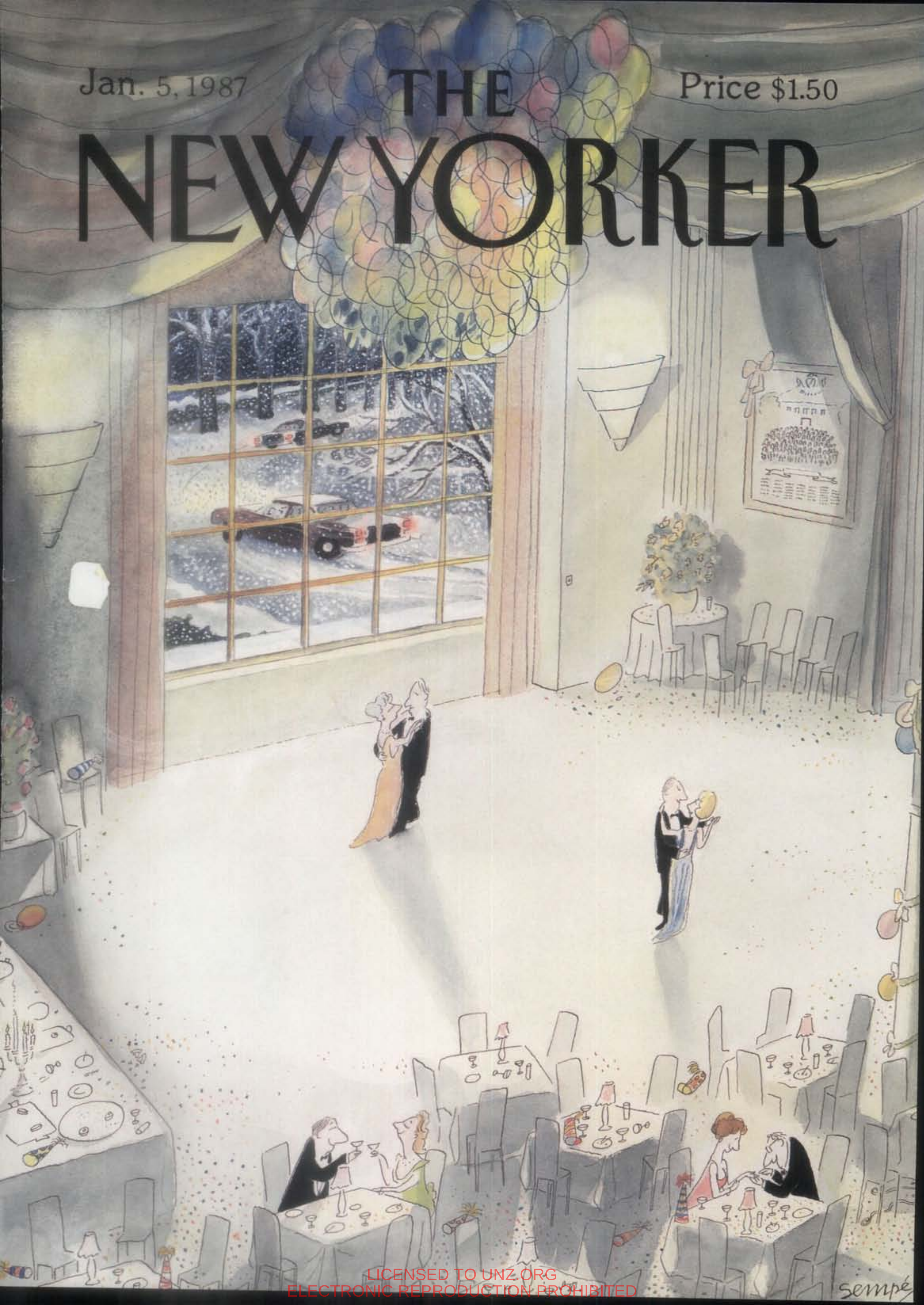

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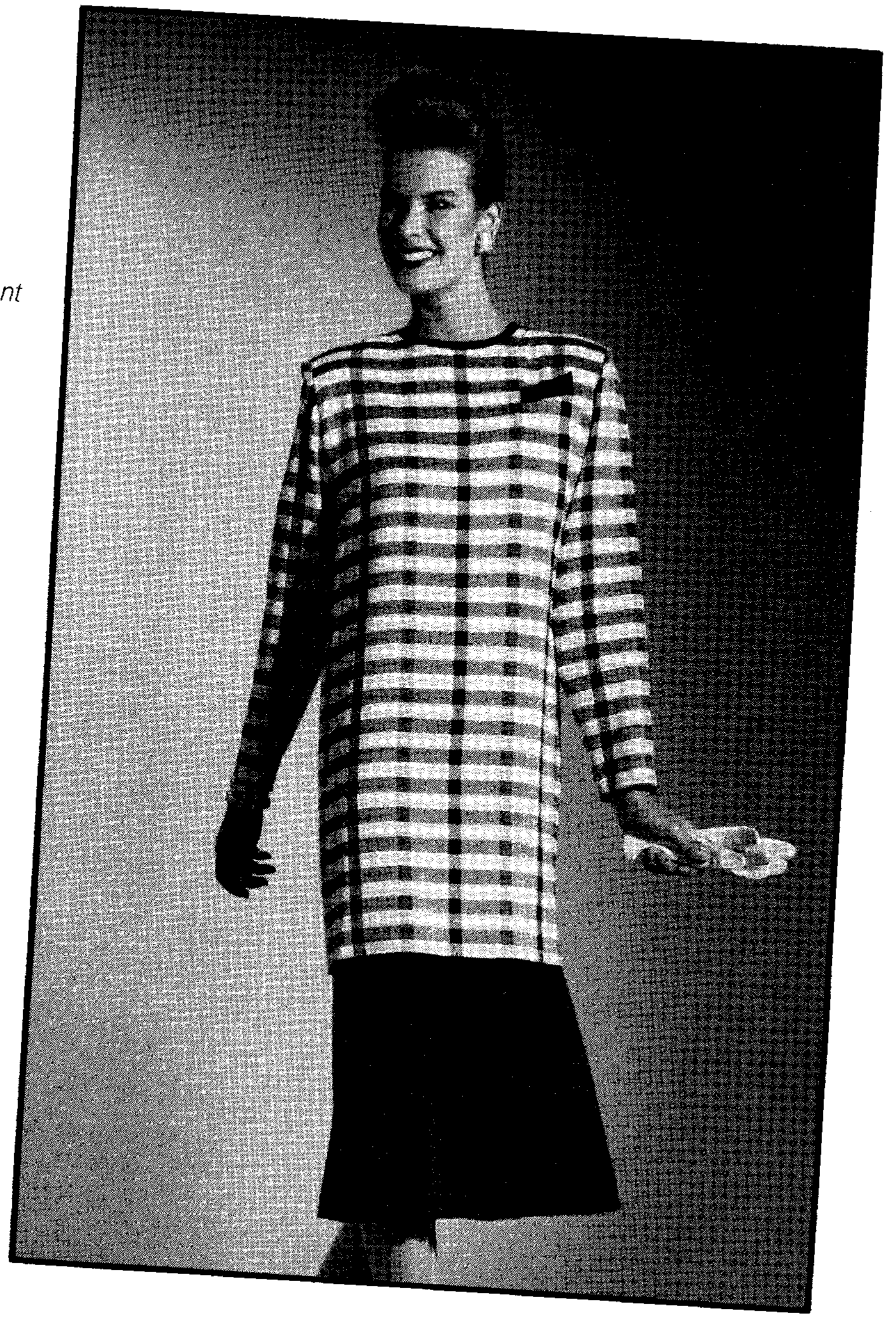

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Angry Housewives—A boring musical about four dissatisfied women who form a rock group. The closing number is funny, but there's a long, long wait. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/29/86.) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Eve and Friday, Jan. 2, at 8; Saturdays and Friday, Jan. 2, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 6 and 9.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—This revival of a 1941 Broadway hit has a big cast and an exceptionally fine set by Marjorie Bradley Kellogg. The subject is murder, mingled with Victorian good manners; the murder weapon is elderberry wine. (7/7/86) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 3.)

Black Sea Follies—A witty musical satire, conceived and directed by the audacious Stanley Silverman, about Joseph Stalin and his great victim Dmitri Shostakovich. Most of the music is by Shostakovich, with a few entries by Vincent Youmans and Francis Scott Key, among others. (12/29/86) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Eve, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Bodies, Rest, and Motion—A comedy by Roger Hedden. With Andrew McCarthy and Laurie Metcalf. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Broadway Bound—A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for sure-fire gags. Linda Lavin is superb as the troubled mother; also in the cast are Jonathan Silverman, Philip Sterling, John Randolph, Jason Alexander, and Phyllis Newman. Gene Saks directed. (12/15/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed, under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. With Kristoffer Tabori and Dylan Baker, among others. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

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The Front Page—A melodrama can be both trashy and irresistible, and Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur accomplished this feat in their account of life on a Chicago newspaper in the nineteen-twenties. The stars are Richard Thomas and John Lithgow, and their raucous shoutings emerge as a very peculiar love affair indeed. (12/8/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 11.)

A Girl's Guide to Chaos—A comedy by Cynthia Heimel. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Groucho: A Life in Revue—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance; Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Prince deftly acts the women in their lives, among them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Have I Got a Girl for You!—A ham-fisted musical takeoff on "Frankenstein" and other horror movies of the thirties and forties. For camp followers only. (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Eve and New Year's Day, at 8, and Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz and John Mahoney, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. At the Tuesday evening, Jan. 6, performance, there will be two sign-language interpreters for deaf patrons. (3/31/86) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason is a classic standup Jewish comedian, the George Washington of the Borscht Belt. His material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. (Only the Irish escape unscathed, and who knows why? Perhaps they are being offered the greatest insult of all.) For over thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilari-

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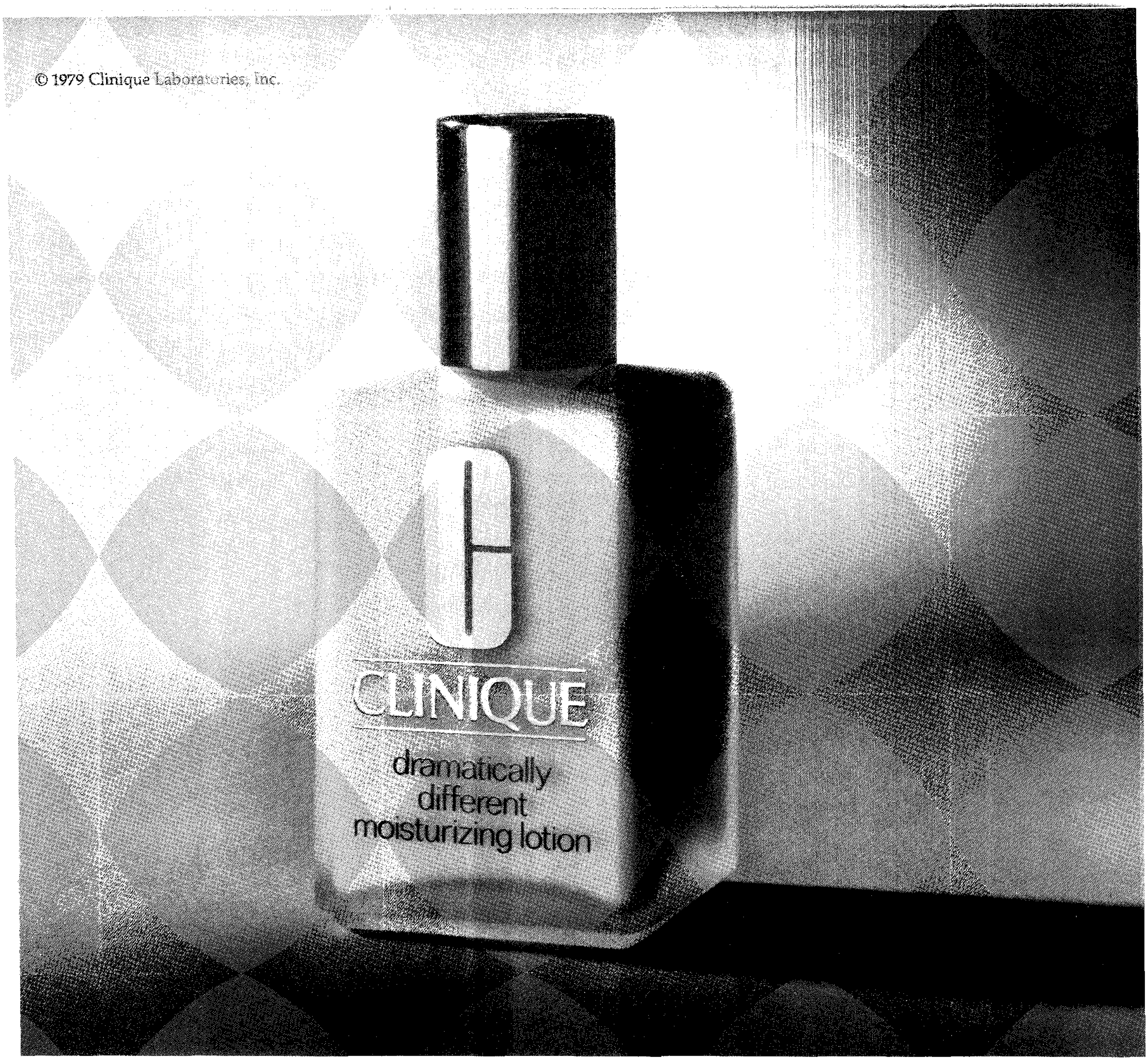

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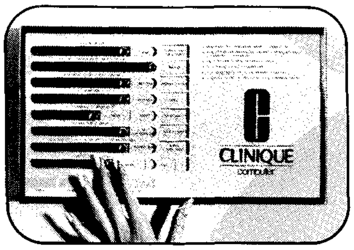

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ous, for reasons that might well cause Freud himself to break down and sob as he sought to explain them. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia, well sung and performed by the personable Lonette McKee, who bears no resemblance—vocal, physical, or temperamental—to the late Miss Holiday. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day.)

Lambs Theatre Company—A return engagement of **THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI,** a musical adapted from two O. Henry stories by Randy Courts (music and lyrics) and Mark St. Germain (book and lyrics). (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Jan. 4: Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2287. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8:30; Thursday, Jan. 1, at 8; Friday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 8; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 3:30 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 3:30.)

Lily Dale—This play is one of Horton Foote's chronicles of Texas before the First World War. Don Bloomfield is a young man who pays a visit to his mother and sister in Houston, Molly Ringwald is the sister, and Greg Zittel is their abrasive stepfather. (12/1/86) (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Me and My Girl—Robert Lindsay brings to life a silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Merchant of Venice—Shakespeare's play, with Sigourney Weaver as Portia. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Nightly, except Mondays, New Year's Eve, and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 11.)

Oh Coward!—A three-person revue in homage to Noël Coward, who saw and enjoyed this show in its first production, fourteen years ago. The compiler of the material and the star of the show is Roderick Cook. (12/8/86) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

Olympus on My Mind—A larky little musical based on the Amphitryon legend. Music by Grant Sturiale and words (book and lyrics) by Barry Harman, who also directed. (8/18/86) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2.)

Pantomime—Derek Walcott's eloquent, ironic comedy about a black waiter and a white hotel manager on an island in the Caribbean. The actors, Charles S. Dutton and Edmond Genest, prove worthy of the dramatist. (12/29/86) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Thursday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Sex Tips for Modern Girls—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and score and lyrics by John Sereda. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Smile—A musical about a teen-age beauty contest, based on a movie on the same topic, which is nothing to smile about. Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music and Howard Ashman wrote the book and lyrics. (12/8/86) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Social Security—A comedy by Andrew Bergman, directed by Mike Nichols. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Stardust—A revue featuring songs by lyricist Mitchell Parish and his many collaborators, including Hoagy Carmichael, Duke Ellington, and Glenn Miller. Conceived and directed by Albert Harris. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Sweet Charity—A revival of a musical that has come to seem an American classic. Bob Fosse is the director and choreographer, Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields provided the songs, and the scenery is by Robert Randolph. Ann Reinking stars. Hurrah for them all. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Sue—A comedy by A. R. Gurney, Jr., with Mary Tyler Moore and Lynn Redgrave. John Tillinger is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Jan. 7. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 8. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Jan. 4, at 5.)

The Widow Claire—Horton Foote continues to explore the lives of the citizens of Harrison, Texas. The principal characters here are a racy, nervous widow and young Horace Robedaux (two years post-"Lily Dale"—see above), and they are played to perfection by Hallie Foote and Matthew Broderick. (12/29/86) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Jan. 4, at 7:30.)

Wild Honey—Ian McKellen plays a Russian schoolmaster of irresistible sexual appeal in this peculiar cabbage soup of a play by Michael Frayn, said to be based on an early comedy by Chekhov. Also in the cast are Kathryn Walker, Kate Burton, Kim Cattrall, Franklin Cover, and Sullivan Brown. (12/29/86) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Jan. 2, at 2.)

You Never Can Tell—All Shaw delights, and absolute Shaw delights absolutely. This minor early work is full of commensurately minor pleasures, with two or three exceptionally attractive performances. In the cast are Victor Garber, Lise Hilboldt, John Cullum, Stefan Gierasch, Uta Hagen, and John David Cullum. (10/20/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Jan. 2, at 2.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Jan. 4, at 3.) . . . **DROOD:** Charles Dickens' unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,104 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Eve and New Year's Day, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5. Special performances New Year's Eve at 6 and 9.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring

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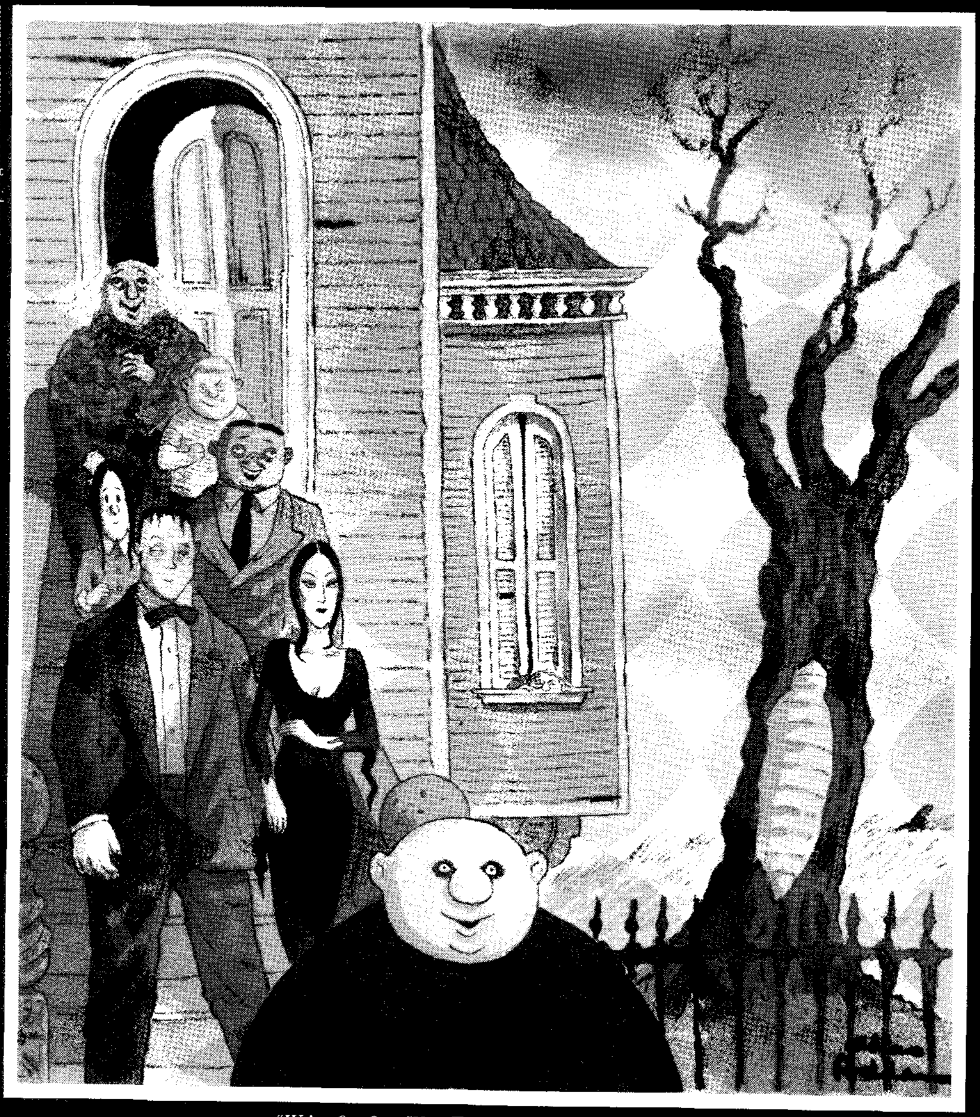

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8 and 11; Thursday, Jan. 1, at 8; Friday, Jan. 2, at 7 and 10; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 3, 7, and 10; and, final performance, Sunday, Jan. 4, at 5.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Final performances of the annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 10; Thursday, Jan. 1, Saturday, Jan. 3, Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 5-6, and Thursday, Jan. 8, all at 2:30 and 7:30; and Friday, Jan. 2, and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30.)

Big Apple Circus—Final performances. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 9:30, and Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 1-4, at 12:30 and 4. For information about tickets, call 391-0767.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Through Sunday, Jan. 4: **PATIENCE.** (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8; Friday, Jan. 2, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 3. For information about tickets, call 769-1000.)

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Eve, New Year's Day, and Friday, Jan. 2, at 8; Saturdays, New Year's Eve, and Friday, Jan. 2, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except New Year's Eve and New Year's Day, at 8:30; Fridays, Saturdays, and New Year's Eve at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 7; Friday, Jan. 2, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 1 and 5: "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 8: "La Source," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Quiet City," "Sonatine," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "In G Major," and "Kammermusik No. 2." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2: "La Source," "Quiet City," "Pas de Deux," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 22.)

Nikolais Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Dec. 31, and Friday, Jan. 2, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2: "Crucible," "Tensile Involvement," excerpts from "Kaleidoscope," and "Graph." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Noumenon," "Contract," "Video Game," "Study of the Human Figure," and "Count Down." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 4, at 2 and 7:30: "Cantos (of Night)," "Velocities," "Persons and Structures," excerpts from "Arporisms," and "The Mechanical Organ." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

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Phyllis Lamhut Dance Company—In "Klein Kunst," a full-length work. With the New York Paganini New Music Consort. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 1-3, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 3.)

Momix—Programs of contemporary dance. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Jan. 3, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 6-7, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 2 and 7.)

Ohad Naharin and Dancers—Performing "Tabula Rasa" and "Bez and a Half." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 7-10, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 11, at 3.)

Joyce Theatre—Opening performances of a two-week series of appearances by eight contemporary dance companies which will run through Sunday, Jan. 18—**REMY CHARLIP DANCES:** Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 7:30, and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8. . . . **ELEO POMARE DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2. . . . ***MARTA RENZI & THE PROJECT*** **COMPANY:** Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2. . . . **ZE'EVA COHEN & DANCERS:** Friday, Jan. 9, and Sunday, Jan. 11, at 7:30. (175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Abilene Café, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A corner bar and restaurant that makes a polite bow in the direction of Texas (its flag flies here) and presents music that is practiced just about everywhere in the Union (the blues). Veteran Chicago guitarist **HUBERT SUMLIN** performs on Wednesday, Dec. 31, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, **JOHNNY COPELAND**—a fiery Louisiana-born, Texas-baked singer and guitarist—gets the call. Music from nine. Closed New Year's Day.

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club (which used to meet here) and of the Thanatopsis Club (which also used to meet here) and of **JULIE WILSON,** who is singing here, in the candlelit mead hall known as the Oak Room, through Saturday, Jan. 3. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 6, singer-pianist **MICHAEL FEINSTEIN'S** name will be in the air. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. Baritone saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** and his trio provide the music on Wednesday, Dec. 31, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, trumpeter Mark Morganelli's trio holds forth. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

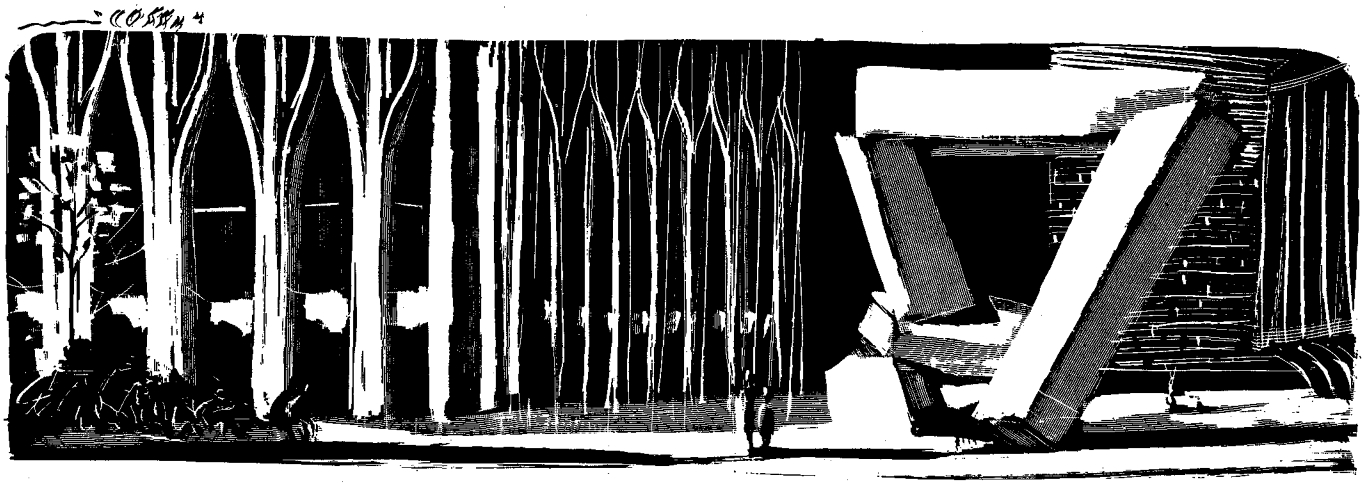
Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, carpeted, neat-as-a-pin music room, which is also hushed and smokeless during **BLOSSOM DEARIE'S** early-bird concerts. She sings her first note at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Eve, when she starts at seven-thirty. Helen Schneider sings at ten-thirty on New Year's Eve, and "Cats" star Laurie Beechman sings at one on that evening and at eleven on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10. Closed New Year's Day.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a little neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at seven and one, saxophonist **JIMMY HEATH'S** quartet, with vocalist **MICHELE HENDRICKS,** and pianist **HERBIE HANCOCK'S** quartet, with tenor and soprano saxophonist **BRANFORD MARSALIS,** bassist **RON CARTER,** and drummer **AL FOSTER;** Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 1-4, the Hancock foursome; and Monday, Jan. 5, guitarist **JOHN BASILE'S** group, featuring trumpeter **TOM HARRELL.** Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, jazz, folk, comedy, and combinations thereof. Wednesday, Dec. 31 (at nine-thirty and one-thirty), and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, the Turtles, featuring Flo & Eddie; Wednesday, Jan. 7, **BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE** and Tom Chapin; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10, Garland Jeffreys. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where first-rate pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **LARRY WILLIS** works with **RUFUS REID** on Wednesday, Dec. 31, and with **EDDIE GOMEZ** Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 1-3. On Monday, Jan. 5, **FRED HERSCH** and **MICHAEL FORMANEK** swing into action. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **ERNESTINE ANDERSON** sings with pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS'** trio through Sunday, Jan. 4, and on Thursday, Jan. 8, **CARRIE SMITH,** who has a deep, rich, down-in-the-valley



voice, steps forward with her backing crew. Music from nine nightly, except Mondays. Dining. Closed Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 6-7.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elegant room; its key personnel (the musicians, the headwaiter) and some of its patrons (key personnel, no doubt, in other venues) wear tuxedos, but you needn't. **BOBBY SHORT,** who sings and plays the piano with stylish abandon, gives two more shows (at nine and one on New Year's Eve) before turning things over (on Friday, Jan. 2) to **GEORGE SHEARING** and **DON THOMPSON.** Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Closed New Year's Day.... ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, you can listen to pianist and singer **BARBARA CARROLL** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five. Closed New Year's Day.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* Phyllis Hyman sings here through Sunday, Jan. 4, and starting Tuesday, Jan. 6, **MAXINE SULLIVAN** sings with a quintet led by the big-toned, swing-era-styled tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON.** On Mondays, **LES PAUL** plugs in his guitar and plays with his trio. Music from eight every night but New Year's Eve, when it begins at nine. Dining. Closed New Year's Day.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists (solo or with accompanists). Wednesday, Dec. 31, the **HAL SCHAEFER** trio; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, **CHARLES EUBANKS'** duo; Sunday, Jan. 4, Michael Weiss; and Monday through Saturday, Jan. 5-10, Mr. Schaefer. Sets begin at seven Mondays through Thursdays, at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and at six on Sundays. Closed New Year's Day.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** collaborate through Saturday, Jan. 3, and on Tuesday, Jan. 6, **ROGER KELLAWAY,** a dashing and versatile pianist, moves in with bassist **JAY LEONHART.** Esther Blue flies all by herself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, **ROBERT GORDON** and Kristi Rose & the Midnight Walkers; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, the **FLESHTONES;** and Wednesday, Jan. 7, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10, the **RADIATORS.** Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—From the glassed-in streetside room you can see the naked saplings in the adjacent office-tower frontage, and in the back room, which is where everybody else is, you can see singers **MARK MURPHY** and Jonathan Schwartz, who are paying tribute to Lorenz Hart through Saturday, Jan. 3. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 6, the New York Jazz Repertory Ensemble, a septet headed by banjoist Eddy Davis, will perform music by Spike Jones, whose scores and arrangements included parts for a goat, a latrinophone, and insecticide spray guns tuned to E-flat. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A popular, north-of-chic upper West Side gathering place. Jazz, Latin jazz, and rhythm and blues are what the people come inside for. Guitarist **HIRAM BULLOCK** fronts a band on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 8-10, pianist **MICHEL CAMILO** will be on hand. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock from the fifties to the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at ten and two, Sam Kinison and **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Friday, Jan. 2, Lords of the New Church; Saturday, Jan. 3, **JOHNNY WINTER;** and Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 7-8, **LOU REED.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Exotic, head-swirling music from Brazil and elsewhere in an exotic *carnaval* setting. Wednesday, Dec. 31, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Friday, Jan. 2, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES;** Saturday, Jan. 3, and Friday, Jan. 9, **LOREMIL MACHADO & SARAVA;** Tuesday, Jan. 6, Little Village, with keyboardist **BOB TELSON** (who wrote the score for "The Gospel at Colonus"); Wednesday, Jan. 7, Redemption Posse, a reggae outfit; and Thursday, Jan. 8, percussionist **DUDUCA FONSECA** & the Brazilian All-Stars. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and New Year's Day.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Crowded and convivial. Drummer **ART BLAKEY** leads his hard-bopping cadets, the **JAZZ MESSENGERS,** through Sunday, Jan. 4, and on Tuesday, Jan. 6, thundering pianist **MC COY TYNER** begins a two-week residence. On Mondays, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA,** with its white-haired leader at the electric piano, delivers shimmering sound-pictures of pieces by Hancock, Mingus, Hendrix, and others. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a cat, which can sometimes be found atop the jukebox. The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 31, honking tenor saxophonist **BIG JAY MC NEELY,** whose extroversions sometimes include a tour of the space beyond the stage; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Sunday, Jan. 4, the Kane Brothers and the Backbones; Tuesday, Jan. 6, O.K. Savant and Joy Askew; Wednesday, Jan. 7, the **ELLIOTT MURPHY** band; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10, the **UPTOWN HORNS.** Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to the piano-bass team of **JAKI BYARD** and **RALPH HAMPERIAN** through Sunday, Jan. 4. Pianist **HILTON RUIZ'S** trio holds forth on Mondays, and jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** threesome is here on Tuesdays. Music from about ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment has been receiving jazz pilgrims from all over the world for more than half a century. Big-band vets **BUDDY TATE** (tenor saxophone) and **AL GREY** (trombone) lead a guaranteed-to-swing quintet through Sunday, Jan. 4, and on Tuesday, Jan. 6, bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** descends the stairs with his fivesome. Mondays are the property of the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music after ten.

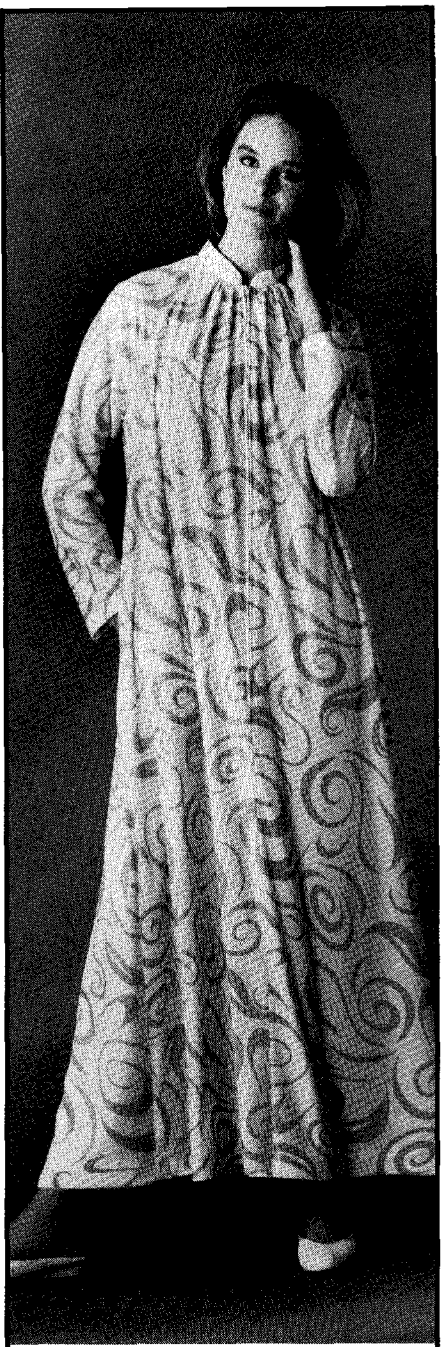
West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, the EnduroRacer, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. **ETTA JONES** sings with tenor saxophonist **HOUSTON PERSON'S** band through Sunday, Jan. 4, and on Wednesday, Jan. 7, vocalist **AL HIBBLER** moves in with drummer Ronnie Cole's trio. Mondays are comedy nights. Shows nightly from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and expert musicians in it. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY,** guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER,** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** perform through Saturday, Jan. 3, and on Monday, Jan. 5, pianist Peter Malinverni and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** take charge. On Sundays, Mr. Moore and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** play their own beautiful and swinging brand of chamber jazz. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Smokey Robinson—With Jean Carne. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 7 and 10:30.)

Ramsey Lewis—Weill Recital Hall at Car-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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negie Hall. 247-7800. Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 8.

Turk Murphy and Jim Cullum—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed New Year's Day, and some are likely to close early on New Year's Eve.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Francisco Alvarado-Juárez—Paintings and constructions. Through Jan. 25. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Hank Blaustein—Drawings and watercolors by an artist who has been a contributor to this magazine. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Nancy Graves / Winslow Homer (1836-1910)—Gouaches and pastels. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. / Paintings, drawings, and prints, all of which are in black-and-white. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Brian Yoshimi Isobe / Marion Lerner Levine—Abstractions on paper. / Still-lifes in watercolors. Through Wednesday, Jan. 7. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Group Show—"The Layered Image," paintings, constructions, and photographs by Christopher Hewat, Roberto Juarez, Barbara Kruger, Bruce Kurland, Justen Ladda, and Suzan Pitt. Through Jan. 14. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

John Alexander / Oskar Kokoschka (1886-1980)—Paintings. / Watercolors and drawings in a show that complements a retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Isabel Bishop—Drawing and etchings that date from the twenties to the forties but have not been on exhibition before now. Through Jan. 17. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

George Constant (1892-1978)—Watercolors of landscapes, still-lifes, and figures. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—Box constructions and collages that were in the artist's personal collection. Through Jan. 31. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 31.)

Sonia Delaunay (1885-1979)—Lithographs from the sixties and seventies. Through Jan. 23. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Hockney—Color prints made with a copying machine. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Loren Madsen—A sculpture installation made up of two thousand five-inch-square copper plates that are suspended from the ceiling by silk cords. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Louisa Matthiasdottir—Recent paintings of still-lifes and Icelandic landscapes. Through Wednesday, Jan. 7. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alice Neel (1900-84)—A selection of this artist's landscapes and uncompromising portraits. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Eric Sloane (1905-85)—Oils. Through Thursday, Jan. 8. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Tuttle / Jeff Gompertz—Painted sculptures. / New paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **de nagy,** 41 W. 57th St. An ironic tableau of a luxurious swimming pool at Christmastime, by Adolph Rosenblatt, is among the items in this Yuletide show. Others include a small Picasso aquatint and Luz Zeiner's sixteenth-century painting of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Works by Oskar Kokoschka and his contemporaries. Through Jan. 31. . . . **lamagna,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and prints—selected for their "appeal to the psychic self," say the curators—by John Buck, Harry X Ball, Louise Bourgeois, Charles Luce, Matt Mullican, Elaine Reichek, John Cage, and Lesley Dill. Through Jan. 24. . . . **holly solomon,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures that either use text as images or combine text with images. Saul Steinberg, Laurie Anderson, Jonathan Borofsky, Crash, and Judy Pfaff are among the forty-two artists represented. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Eleanor Antin—An installation evoking, in theatre-set form, a theatre, a backstage dressing room, and a train, in each of which there's a film showing Miss Antin as Eleanora Antinova, former Ballets Russes principal, down on her luck. Through Saturday, Jan 3. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays, at 10 Saturdays.)

Paul Georges—Recent paintings chronicling a move from a summer house in Long Island to one in France, and works with classical subjects—Perseus vs. Medusa, for instance. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Mark Greenwold—Family fights, sometimes fatal, are recorded with painstaking care in these very small gouache paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Patrick Ireland / Gerald Immomen—Engaging optical tricks played with string and background paintings, plus geometrical drawings in colored inks, and mirrored wall pieces. / Architectural forms painted in distemper on aluminum panels. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Edward Koren—Monoprints of this artist's distinctive creatures—the hairy ones. Through Jan. 30. (Solo Press, 578 Broadway. Open Mondays.)

Sylvia Plimack Mangold—Wintry landscapes done on paper with ink, gouache, and acrylic. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St. Closed Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 30-31.)

Claudio Parmiggiani—Sculptural works incorporating plaster casts of classical heads, sometimes painted, with gold-colored frames, panes of glass, vases, and other bric-a-brac. Through Jan. 17. (Totah, 152 Wooster St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 31.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 35 Wooster St.: Abstractions predominate in a show of works by ten artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Closed Wednesday, Dec. 31.) . . . **hoffman,** 429 West Broadway: Drawings and watercolors by nineteen artists, including Carolyn Brady, Bill Richards, and John Okulick. Through Jan. 14. . . . **steinbaum,** 132 Greene St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by artists who happen to be over seventy—Herbert Ferber, Elizabeth Layton, Isabel Bishop, Esteban Vicente, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 3.

OTHER GALLERIES

Joe Davis—Paintings of East Village cityscapes, nearly all seen at sundown, with the glowing sky silhouetting the grimy realities. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. (Bernarducci, 17 E. 17th St. Opens at 1 Thursdays through Sundays.)

Kristin Jones and Andrew Ginzel—An engrossing installation involving an artificial lagoon, whirling fans, a spinning ball, and other eye-catching devices. Through Jan. 24. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

Ken Sofer / Michael Abrams—Abstract paintings. / An installation incorporating relief sculptures. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. (M-13, at 413 E. 9th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Gary Brotmeyer / Helen Levitt—The artist alters the characters in old portraits by, for instance, sticking on hair or adding bottle caps as helmets. Several of the works have side panels that provide a sort of context—words or drawings—for the characters. / Photographs of New York from the past forty years. Through Jan. 24. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Alfred Eisenstaedt / David Seymour (Chim) (1911-56)—A retrospective. / Works from the thirties, including prints of the Spanish Civil War. Through Jan. 11. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Nicholas Nixon / Gustave Le Gray (1820-82)—Recent photographs of his family and of elderly people. / Photographs of seascapes and trees. Through Jan. 17. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Doug Prince and Leonard Sussman—Italian landscapes; prints made from multiple negatives by the former, showing flowers and plants superimposed on landscapes and architecture; photographs of Tuscany and Umbria by the latter. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Edward Steichen (1879-1973)—Photographs

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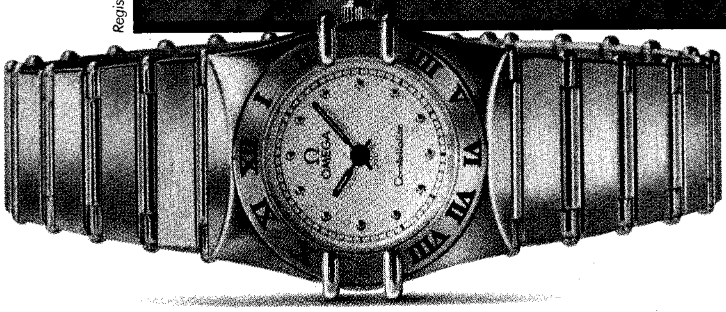

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from the first half of this century. Through Jan. 24. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

James Van DerZee (1886-1983)—Vintage prints of life in Harlem. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

Group Show—In honor of the tenth anniversary of the Galerie Zabriskie in Paris, a selection of vintage prints by French artists (Brassaï, Atget, Brancusi among them) who have been exhibited in the Zabriskie galleries in both New York and Paris. Through Jan. 17. (724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Van Gogh in Saint-Rémy and Auvers," a show of paintings and drawings covering the artist's last fifteen months. Through March 22. . . . ¶ A large display of antiquities which illuminates life in the Holy Land from prehistoric times to the end of the Byzantine period, in the seventh century. The best preserved of the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Habakkuk Commentary; a bronze of Hadrian; Tyrian and Jewish shekels; pottery and metal objects from cities of the Canaanite period; and numerous other artifacts. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the theme of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of the paintings Morris Louis did after 1954. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A show of scale models, photographs, and drawings by Swiss architect Mario Botta. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ An installation by Justen Ladda. Through Tuesday, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works on paper by Jean Dubuffet. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Prints by Odilon Redon. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A monumental sculpture of a ship in the form of a Swiss Army knife, which was conceived by Claes Oldenburg, Coosje van Bruggen, and Frank O. Gehry. The sculpture has moving parts, including eight "oars." Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Oskar Kokoschka. Through Feb. 16. (A complementary show—ending Saturday, Jan. 3—of works on paper is at the Marlborough Gallery, 40 W. 57th St.) (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large retrospective of paintings and drawings by John Singer Sargent. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by John Storrs, early modernist sculptor, containing, in addition to sculptures, his paintings, drawings, and prints. Through March 22. . . . ¶ Mary Lucier's 1983 video "Ohio at Giverny" (18½ minutes) is showing continuously in the lobby gallery through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

rooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Machine Age in America 1918-1941," a display of paintings, sculptures, photographs, decorative objects, and appliances that reflect the fascination the machine held for American artists and designers during the period of the great industrial leaps between the World Wars. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ An exhibit documenting the influence of Post-Impressionism on American and Canadian painters in the first two decades of the twentieth century. Thomas Hart Benton, Stuart Davis, and Emily Carr are among the artists represented. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ A retrospective show of works on paper by abstractionist Cleve Gray. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Tuesdays and New Year's Day. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

merican Museum of Natural History—Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of late-Ice Age art (which has been called "the childhood of art but not the art of children"), consisting of a hundred decorated stone, ivory, and bone objects, including the characteristic statuettes known as little Venuses. Also, a reconstruction of a hut made with mammoth bones. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, from 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesday, Dec. 31, from 10 to 5:45.)

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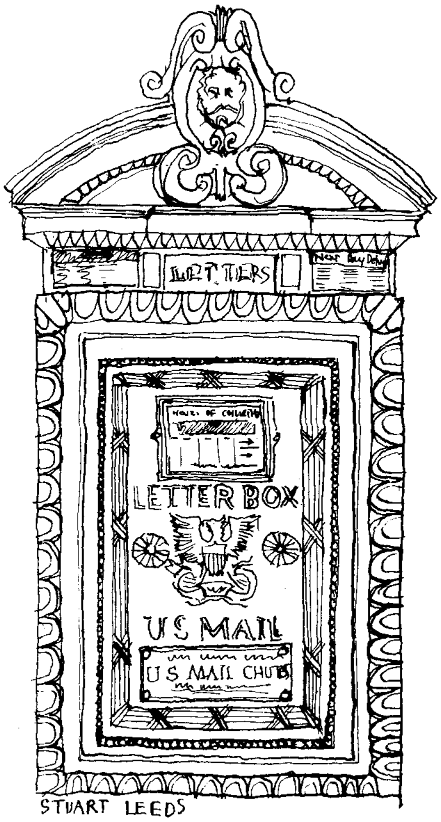
American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—Handmade fine- and applied-art objects in a blazing show that befits the opening of a new home for this museum. Through March 22. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays, except Dec. 31, through Sundays, 10 to 5; Wednesday, Dec. 31, from 10 to 3.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Art of Japan, Selections from the Burke Collection, Part II," scroll paintings, folding screens, calligraphy, and lacquerware. Through Feb. 22. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 114th St.—A show of illustrated books by the French novelist, poet, and critic Michel Butor and his collaborators, who have included Alexander Calder, André Villers, and Victor Vasarely. Through Feb. 20. (Open Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day and Friday, Jan. 2, from 9 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The main show, "Berlin 1900-1933: Architecture and Design," includes mass-produced objects (fans, kettles, porcelains), plus drawings and some familiar chairs, by Breuer, Mies van der Rohe, Behrens, and others. Through Jan. 25. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)



Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A display elucidating the European tradition of mounting rare Japanese and Chinese porcelains with gold, silver, and gilt bronze. Through March 1. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of works that have entered the collections recently—drawings by Mantegna, Mondrian, and others; illuminated manuscripts; books; literary and music manuscripts; and a copy of the first printing of the Declaration of Independence. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Dec. 31, from 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Wednesday, Dec. 31, from 10:30 to 1.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A show of installations that Hans Haacke has done during the past fifteen years, criticizing policies of the Reagan Administration, corporate sponsorship of the arts, and the influences of the advertising world upon our culture. A painted portrait of Ronald Reagan, for instance, is juxtaposed with a large photomural of antinuclear demonstrations. Through Feb. 15. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and New Year's Day. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of antique toys—Teddy bears and dolls, including a Shirley Temple doll; trains, including a girl's freight-train set; cars, including a knockout six-foot replica of a Packard; games, including a yacht-race game, circa 1891, called Newport—from the Lawrence Scripps Wilkinson Collection. Through March 1. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Dec. 31, from 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Wednesday, Dec. 31, from 10 to noon.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—This magazine's first cover and more than a hundred other *New Yorker* covers and cartoons are on view in their original form in the Second Floor Gallery through Jan. 31. (Open daily except Sundays and New Year's Day. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ From the Berg Collection: an exhibit of letters and literary works by English and American women writers from the eighteenth century to the present. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall [formerly Carnegie Recital Hall] 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 31: "Die Fledermaus," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Håkan Hagegård; conducted by Jeffrey Tate. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 1: "Fidelio," with Jeannine Altmeyer, Robert Schunk, Siegmund Nimsgern, and Matthias Hölle; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 2: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Dano Raffanti, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 3: "La Bohème," with Leona Mitchell, Barbara Daniels, Denés Gulyás, and Brian Schexnayder; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 3: "Die Fledermaus," with Kay Griffel, Gail Dobish, Tatiana Troyanos, Vinson Cole, and Håkan Hagegård; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 5: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Dano Raffanti, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 6: "Die Fledermaus," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, Vinson Cole, and Vernon Hartman; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 7: "La Bohème," with Hei-Kyung Hong, Myra Merritt, Peter Dvorsky, and Arthur Thompson; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Ariel Bybee, Vyacheslav Polosov, and Lenus Carlson; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 9: "Die Fledermaus," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Brenda Boozer, Vinson Cole, and Vernon Hartman; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 10: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Dano Raffanti, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 10: "La Bohème," with Hei-Kyung Hong, Myra Merritt, Peter Dvorsky, and Arthur Thompson; Julius Rudel. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Die Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Wednesday, Dec. 31, and Saturdays, Jan. 3 and 10, at 7:30, and Sundays, Jan. 4 and 11, at 2:30.)

Mannes Camerata—Presenting two medieval music dramas: "Herod" and "Slaughter of the Innocents." Staged and conducted by Paul C. Echols. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. Fridays through Sundays, Jan. 2-4 and 9-11, and Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 595-1747.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Erich Leinsdorf conducting—Wednesday, Dec. 31, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, at 8: With Yefim Bronfman, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8; Friday, Jan. 9, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 7:30: No soloists. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

New York Chamber Symphony of the 92nd Street Y—Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8: Gerard Schwarz conducting the complete Bach Brandenburg Concertos. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 11, at 3: Yan Pascal Tortelier conducting a program of French music, with Bella Davidovich, piano, and Paul Ingraham, horn. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 2: With Bella Davidovich, piano, and the Grace Choral Society of Brooklyn. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2 (postponed from November): The New York première of William Bolcom's "Songs of Innocence and of Experience: A Musical Illumination of the Poems of William Blake," with eight soloists; three choruses; jazz, rock, and folk ensembles; and a narrator. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4120.)

American Symphony Orchestra—John Mauceri conducting, with Susan Dunn, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 4, at 3.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Julius Rudel conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Mr. Smith directing. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

RECITALS

For the Love of Music—With Ida Kavafian, violin and viola; Warren Lash, cello; and Jeffrey Swan, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Jan. 4, at 3.)

Phyllis Alpert Lehrer—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Jan. 4, at 7.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Weill Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—The first in a series of six concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Bach Chamber Soloists—Works by Bach, Telemann, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 2.)

New York Consort of Viols—With countertenor Steven Rickards. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Arthur Greene—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Dennis Koster—Classical and flamenco guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With George Shirley, tenor, and Claude Frank, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8.) . . . ¶ With Samuel Rhodes, viola, and Joel Krosnick, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Empire Brass—Works by Scarlatti, Bach, Ravel, Bernstein, and others. (Weill Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

The Art of the Early Keyboard—The second in a series of four concerts featuring Gwendolyn Toth (harpsichord and fortepiano) and guest artists, this one with Frederick Urrey, tenor; Daniel Phillips, violin; Lisa Terry, viola da gamba; and Dongsok Shin, fortepiano. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Benjamin Luxon and Bill Crofut—Baritone and banjoist, in a program of American and British songs, with assisting artists. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—Music of medieval Iberia, with George Mgrdichian, oud. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 8, and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Early Music at the Vineyard Theatre—Two ensembles performing on period instruments—Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8: Vineyardmusik, presenting eighteenth-century French music. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 9, at 8: Music for a While, performing medieval music. (309 E. 26th St. 683-0696.)

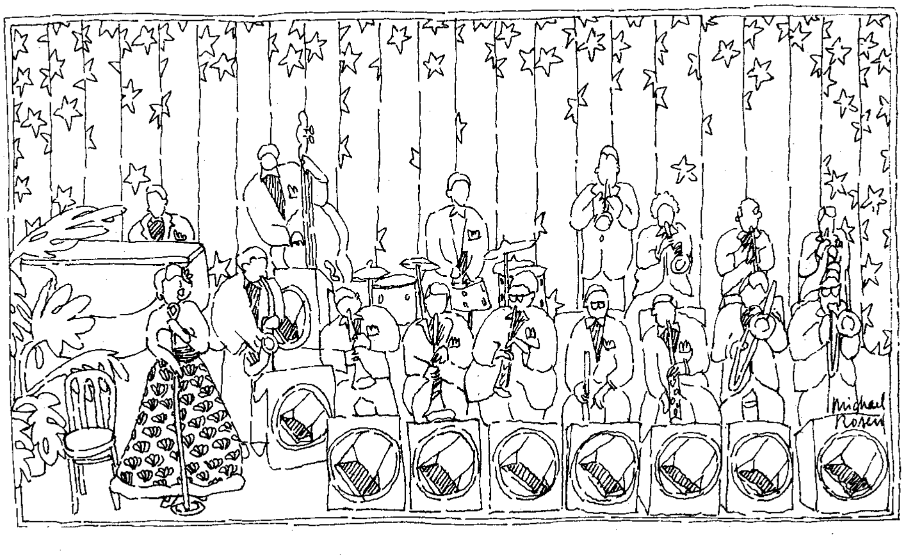
Chamber Players of the League-ISCM—With guest soloists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Isaac Stern and Friends—The violinist and assisting artists. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—With Kyung-Wha Chung, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 11, at 5.)

Samuel Ramey—Bass, with Warren Jones, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Lilian Kallir, Peter Oundjian, and Leslie Parnas—Piano, violin, and cello, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 3.)



Mary Ann Hart—Mezzo-soprano, with Dennis Helmrich, piano, in a one-hour recital of American songs. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 5. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

Thruston Johnson—Violin, with David Garvey, piano, and Whitney Tustin, oboe. (Weill Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

New Year's Eve Carnegie Hall Benefit Concert—An evening of Victorian song and instrumental music, beginning at 8, will be presented by Benjamin Luxon, baritone; Robert Tear, tenor; and Marvin Hamlisch, piano, with assistance from Isaac Stern, Yo-Yo Ma, Richard Stoltzman, and Nancy Allen.

"The Art of the Spiritual"—With Mattiwilda Dobbs, soprano; Lorice Stevens, mezzo-soprano; Kenn Hicks, tenor; William Warfield, bass-baritone; and William Duncan Allen and Eugene Gash, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8.)

I Giullari di Piazza—Presenting "La Cantata dei Pastori," an adaptation of a seventeenth-century Neapolitan Christmas play. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 5. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Los Angeles Clippers, Saturday, Jan. 3, at 7:30; Washington Bullets, Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 7:30; and Portland Trail Blazers, Friday, Jan. 9, at 7:30. . . . **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Atlanta Hawks, Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 7:30, and Sacramento Kings, Saturday, Jan. 10, at 7:30.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Dec. 31; Minnesota North Stars, Monday, Jan. 5; Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Jan. 7; and Islanders, Friday, Jan. 9. (Games begin at 7:35.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Boston Bruins, Friday, Jan. 2, at 7:35; Quebec Nordiques, Thursday, Jan. 8, at 7:35; and Vancouver Canucks, Saturday, Jan. 10, at 1:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Jan. 3, at 7:05; Minnesota North Stars, Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 8:05; and Toronto Maple Leafs, Saturday, Jan. 10, at 7:05.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Jan. 7.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—A non-stop reading of Joyce's "Finnegans Wake" by a hundred or so indefatigable readers. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Starting at noon on Wednesday, Dec. 31, and going through New Year's Day, to about 8 P.M. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ A marathon of another sort—poetry, dance, and varied entertainment—will be carried out by Allen Ginsberg, the Wow Café, John Giorno, David Cale, Anne Waldman, Jessica Hagedorn, and many others. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. New Year's Day starting at 7. A benefit; tickets at the door on the evening of the festivities.) . . . ¶ Ian Frazier and Veronica Geng reading from their own prose. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Jan. 5, at 8.) . . . ¶ Ann Lauterbach and David Lehman reading from their own poetry. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park. 254-9628. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

National Boat Show—More than six hundred sail and power boats, plus engines and boat accessories. (Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, 11th Ave. between 34th and 39th Sts. Saturdays, Jan. 3 and 10, from 10 to 10; Sundays, Jan. 4 and 11, from 11 to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 5-9, from noon to 10.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 15.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Jan. 1: "Typhoon Club" (1985; directed by Shinji Somai; in Japanese).
From Jan. 2: (Separate admissions) "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969; Sergio Leone), with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards; and "The Leopard" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.
Theatre 2: "Brighton Beach Memoirs" (Gene Saks), with Blythe Danner, Bob Dishy, Judith Ivey, and Jonathan Silverman.
Theatre 3: "No Mercy" (Richard Pearce), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Little Shop of Horrors" (Frank Oz), with Rick Moranis, Ellen Greene, and Vincent Gardenia.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Morning After" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.
Theatre 2: "Three Amigos" (John Landis), with Steve Martin, Chevy Chase, and Martin Short.
Theatre 3: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Crimes of the Heart" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Color of Money" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Morning After" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "Heartbreak Ridge" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Wisdom" (Emilio Estevez), with Estevez and Demi Moore.
Theatre 2: "Native Son" (Jerrold Freedman), with Oprah Winfrey, Elizabeth McGovern, and Victor Love.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Round Midnight" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Miss Mary" (Maria Luisa Bemberg), with Julie Christie.
Theatre 2: "Betty Blue" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "No Mercy" (Richard Pearce), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.
Theatre 2: "Three Amigos" (John Landis), with Steve Martin, Chevy Chase, and Martin Short.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Little Shop of Horrors" (Frank Oz), with Rick Moranis, Ellen Greene, and Vincent Gardenia.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Platoon" (Oliver Stone), with Tom Berenger, Willem Dafoc, and Charlie Sheen.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Jan. 8: "Rouge Baiser" (Vera Belmont; in French), with Charlotte Valandrey.
From Jan. 9: "My Sweet Little Village" (Jiří Menzel; a Czech film).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Brighton Beach Memoirs" (Gene Saks), with Blythe Danner, Bob Dishy, Judith Ivey, and Jonathan Silverman.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Three Amigos" (John Landis), with Steve Martin, Chevy Chase, and Martin Short.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Heartbreak Ridge" (†).
Theatre 2: "No Mercy" (Richard Pearce), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.
Theatre 2: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Morning After" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 6: A program of adult animated films by Robert Breer, Jane Aaron, and Maureen Selwood. From Jan. 7: "The City and the Dogs" (1985; directed by Francisco J. Lombardi; in Spanish), with Pablo Serra.
Theatre 2: "Mona Lisa" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†); and "Mother Teresa" (Ann and Jeanette Petrie), a documentary.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Morning After" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"True Stories" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Down by Law" (†).
Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Room with a View" (†).
Theatre 4: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Heartbreak Ridge" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
Theatre 3: "King Kong Lives" (John Guillermin), with Brian Kerwin and Linda Hamilton.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Wisdom" (Emilio Estevez), with Estevez and Demi Moore.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Decline of the American Empire" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Marlene" (Maximilian Schell), a documentary.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Brighton Beach Memoirs" (Gene Saks), with Blythe Danner, Bob Dishy, Judith Ivey, and Jonathan Silverman.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.
Theatre 2: "Thérèse" (Alain Cavalier; in French), with Catherine Mouchet.
Theatre 3: "Men . . ." (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "El Amor Brujo" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Ménage" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Morning After" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Room with a View" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Little Shop of Horrors" (Frank Oz), with Rick Moranis, Ellen Greene, and Vincent Gardenia.
Theatre 2: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.
Theatre 3: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 4: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).
Theatre 5: "Three Amigos" (John Landis), with Steve Martin, Chevy Chase, and Martin Short.
Theatre 6: "No Mercy" (Richard Pearce), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Round Midnight" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "An American Tail" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Down by Law" (†).
Theatre 2: "King Kong Lives" (John Guillermin), with Brian Kerwin and Linda Hamilton.
Theatre 3: "Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
Theatre 4: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).
Theatre 2: "King Kong Lives" (directed by John Guillermin), with Brian Kerwin and Linda Hamilton.
Theatre 3: "An American Tail" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
Theatre 4: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 5: "Little Shop of Horrors" (Frank

Oz), with Rick Moranis, Ellen Greene, and Vincent Gardenia.
Theatre 6: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Color of Money" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: "Native Son" (Jerrold Freedman), with Oprah Winfrey, Elizabeth McGovern, and Victor Love.
Theatre 4: "Native Son."

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Platoon" (Oliver Stone), with Tom Berenger, *Willem Dafoe, and Charlie Sheen.*

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.
Theatre 2: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.

New Embassy 49th Street, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)
"Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

R.K.O. National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.
Theatre 2: "The Morning After" (†).

R.K.O. Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: "Heartbreak Ridge" (†).
Theatre 2: "No Mercy" (Richard Pearce), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "The Boy Who Could Fly" (Nick Castle).
Theatre 2: "Three Amigos" (John Landis), with Steve Martin, Chevy Chase, and Martin Short.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 1: "The Ruling Class" (1972; directed by Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "Bedazzled" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.
Jan. 2-3: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (1985; Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna; and "Smithereens" (1982; Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.
Jan. 4-6: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman, Liv Ullmann, Lena Nyman, and Halvar Björk; and "Face to Face" (†).
Jan. 7-8: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "Leonor."
Jan. 9-10: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 3: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.
Jan. 4-5: "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles; and "A Man for All Seasons" (1966; Fred Zinnemann), with Paul Scofield, Robert Shaw, and Leo McKern.
Jan. 6-7: "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Stolen Kisses" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade.
Jan. 8-10: "You'll Never Get Rich" (1941; Sidney Lanfield), with Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth, Robert Benchley, and John Hubbard; and "Broadway Melody of 1940" (†).

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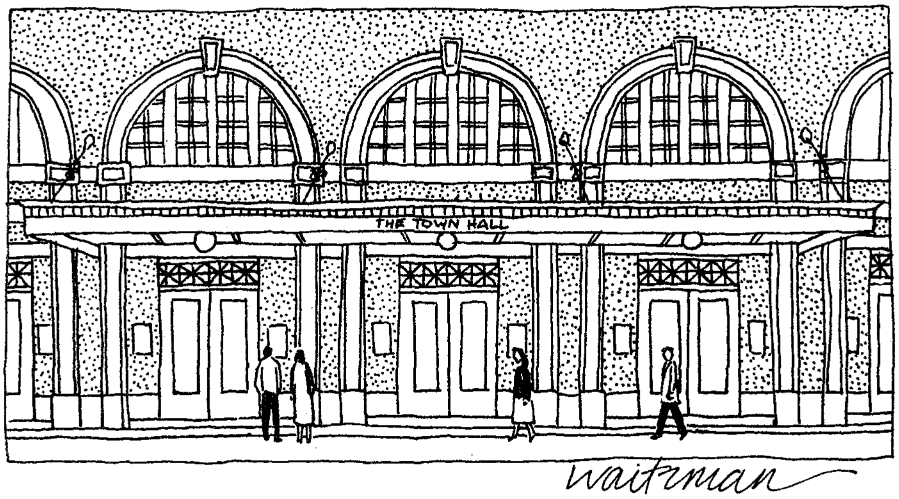
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Jan. 3: A program of surrealist films.
Jan. 4: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.
Jan. 5: "Paris, Texas" (1984; Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell; and "Hammett" (1983; Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest.
Jan. 6: "Underground U.S.A." (1980; Eric Mitchell), with Patti Astor; and "The Way It Is" (1986; Eric Mitchell).
Jan. 7: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye; and "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (1980; Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre.
Jan. 8: "Blow-Up" (†); and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.
Jan. 9-10: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford, Rutger Hauer, Brion James, Joanna Cassidy, and Daryl Hannah; and "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller), with Mel Gibson.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Dec. 31: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer); and "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings.
Jan. 1: "The Joyless Street" ("The Street of Sorrow;" 1925; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Greta Garbo; and "The Saga of Gösta Berling" (1924; Mauritz Stiller; a Swedish silent film), with Greta Garbo and Lars Hanson.
Jan. 2-3: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye; and "Les Compères" (1984; Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.
Jan. 4: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "Providence" (1977; Alain Resnais), with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch.
Jan. 5: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "Nazarin" (†).
Jan. 6: "Gun Crazy" (1949; Joseph H. Lewis), with Peggy Cummins; and "The Undercover Man" (1949; Joseph H. Lewis), with Glenn Ford and Nina Foch.
Jan. 7: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson; and "The Last Detail" (1974; Hal Ashby), with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid.
Jan. 8: "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian); and "Bellissima" (†).
Jan. 9-10: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Made in U.S.A." (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.



Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400
Through Jan. 1: "Roman Holiday" (1953 William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.
Jan. 2-3: "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, David Niven, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.
Jan. 4: "The Americanization of Emily" (1964; Arthur Hiller), with James Garner Julie Andrews, Melvyn Douglas, and Jame Coburn; and "Victor/Victoria" (†).
Jan. 5: "October" ("Ten Days That Shook the World;" 1927; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film); and "Potemkin" (†).
Jan. 6: "Flamingo Road" (†) and "Sadi McKee" (†).
Jan. 7: "The Mystery of Edwin Drood (1935; Stuart Walker), with Claude Rains Valerie Hobson, Heather Angel, Douglas Montgomery, and David Manners; and "The List of Adrian Messenger" (†).
Jan. 8: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secre Weapon" (1943) and "The Woman in Green" (1945), two films in the Basil Rathbone–Nigel Bruce Holmes-Watson series both directed by Roy William Neill.
Jan. 9-10: "Mr. Arkadin" (1955; Orson Welles), with Welles, Michael Redgrave Patricia Medina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "The Stranger" (1946 †).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titu Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to thos applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
THEATRE 1: Jan. 1 at 2:30 and 6: "The Rules o the Game" (1939; directed by Jean Renoir in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 2:30: "The Small Back Room" ("Hou of Glory;" 1949; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with David Farrar Kathleen Byron, Jack Hawkins, and Lesli Banks. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 6: "Noose" ("Th Silk Noose;" 1948; Edmund T. Greville with Carole Landis, Derek Farr, Josep Calleia, and Stanley Holloway. . . . ¶ Jan. at 2: "The Curse of Frankenstein" (1957 Terence Fisher), with Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, and Hazel Court. . . . ¶ Jan. at 5: "Dracula" ("Horror of Dracula; 1958; Terence Fisher), with Peter Cushing Christopher Lee, and Michael Gough . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 2: "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (1959; Terence Fisher), wit Peter Cushing, André Morell, and Christopher Lee. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 5: "The Gorgon (1964; Terence Fisher), with Peter Cushin and Christopher Lee. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 2:30 "Yield to the Night" ("Blonde Sinner;

1956; J. Lee Thompson), with Diana Dors, Yvonne Mitchell, and Michael Craig. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 6: "The Perfect Woman" (1949; Bernard Knowles), with Patricia Roc, Stanley Holloway, and Nigel Patrick. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 2:30: "The Clouded Yellow" (1950; Ralph Thomas), with Jean Simmons, Trevor Howard, and Kenneth More. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 6: "The Hasty Heart" (1949; Vincent Sherman), with Ronald Reagan, Patricia Neal, and Richard Todd. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 2:30 and 6: "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940; John Ford), with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 2:30: "The Sleeping Tiger" (1954; Joseph Losey), with Dirk Bogarde, Alexis Smith, and Hugh Griffith. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 6: "The Intimate Stranger" ("Finger of Guilt;" 1956; Joseph Losey), with Richard Basehart, Mary Murphy, Constance Cummings, and Roger Livesey. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 2: "Blind Date" ("Chance Meeting;" 1959; Joseph Losey), with Hardy Krüger, Stanley Baker, and Micheline Presle. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 5: "The Criminal" ("The Concrete Jungle;" 1960; Joseph Losey), with Stanley Baker, Sam Wanamaker, Margit Saad, and Jill Bennett.

THEATRE 2: Jan. 2 at 3: "Le Tournoi dans la Cité" (1929; Jean Renoir; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Jackie Monnier and Aldo Nadi. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 6:30: "Tarakanova" (1929; Raymond Bernard; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Edith Jehanne, Olaf Fjord, and Rudolf Klein-Rogge. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 2:30: "La Proie du Vent" (1927; René Clair; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Charles Vanel, Sandra Milowanoff, and Lilian Hall-Davis. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 5:30: "Le Tournoi dans la Cité." . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 2:30: "Conte Cruel" (1929; Gaston Modot; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Modot; and "Dans la Nuit" (1929; Charles Vanel; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Vanel and Sandra Milowanoff. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 5:30: "Tarakanova." . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 6:30: "Conte Cruel" and "Dans la Nuit." . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 3 and 6:30: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, Paul Henreid, and Claude Rains. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 3 and 6:30: "Let Ye Inherit (In Memory of 425,000)" (1985; Imre Gyongyossy, Barna Kabay, and Katalin Petenyi), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 3: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French with English subtitles), with Roger Duchesne and Isabelle Corey. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 6:30: "Bay of Angels" (1963; Jacques Demy; in French, with English subtitles), with Jeanne Moreau, Claude Mann, and Paul Guers. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 2:30: "Pickpocket" (1959; Robert Bresson; in French, with English subtitles), with Martin La Salle and Marika Greene. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 5:30: "Bob le Flambeur."

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"The Black Woman Independent: Representing Race and Gender," a program of twelve films and videos. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules. Closed Mondays and New Year's Day.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

BELLISSIMA (1951)—The film is a satirical view of the movie-studio world of Cinecittà, and is also perhaps Luchino Visconti's warmest comedy. It's marred by a too pat ending, but at its center is the great Anna Magnani as a screen-struck mother, determined to make a star of her plain little five-year-old (Tina Apicella). With Alessandro Blasetti, Walter Chiari, and Gastone Renzelli. From a script by Suso Cecchi d'Amico, Francesco Rosi, and Visconti. The assistant directors were Rosi and Franco Zeffirelli. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 8.)

BLOW-UP (1966)—Michelangelo Antonioni conducts a leisurely tour of "swinging" London, lingering over the flashiest routes and dawdling over a pot party and a mini-orgy, while ponderously suggesting that the mod scene represents a condition of spiritual malaise in which people live only for the sensations of the moment. Yet despite Antonioni's negativism the world he presents looks harmless, and sex without "connecting" doesn't really seem so bad. With David Hemmings, Vanessa Redgrave, Sarah Miles, Verushka, Jane Birkin, and Peter Bowles. Cinematography by Carlo Di Palma. (Thalia; Jan. 8.)

BLUE VELVET—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/22/86.) (Waverly.)

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Astaire and Murphy are both hoping to get the Broadway role opposite the dancing star, Powell; by mistake, the producers hire Murphy, but Astaire gets to play it after all. This is a big, lavish M-G-M musical, with a Cole Porter score and lots of spectacular dancing; what's missing is romance, sensuousness, magic. With Frank Morgan, Ian Hunter, and Barbara Jo Allen (Vera Vague) as a receptionist. Directed by Norman Taurog. The choreography is by Astaire and Bobby Connolly. (Regency; Jan. 8-10.)

THE COLOR OF MONEY—This Martin Scorsese film takes up Paul Newman as Fast Eddie Felson twenty-five years after the close of the 1961 Robert Rossen film "The Hustler," in which Eddie, the new poolroom champion, quit the game. Now he's a silver-haired Chicago liquor salesman, a likable cynical sharpie who himself stakes young hustlers (for sixty per cent of their winnings). When he sees the raw, cocky upstart Vincent (Tom Cruise), he makes a deal to train the kid. Newman brings off some beautiful smiling deviltry. The kick he gets out of acting is inseparable from Eddie's con artistry, and, with the help of pungent low-life dialogue by Richard Price, who wrote the script, he carries the action along. But about midway the joy goes out of Newman's performance, which (despite the efforts of a lot of good actors) is the only life in the movie. With Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Helen Shaver, Forest Whitaker, John Turturro, and Bill Cobbs. (11/3/86) (Eastside Cinema, and Embassy 1.)

CRIMES OF THE HEART—Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek playing sisters and sparking off each other are something to see. The play, by Beth Henley—a comedy about wacked-out normality, set in Hazlehurst, Mississippi—has its goofy charm; it's thin material, though, and her screen adaptation is just the usual "opening out." But the three actresses put so much faith in their roles that they carry the movie, triumphantly. They take the play's borderline pathos about heartbreakingly screwed-up lives—it's a mixture of looniness and lyricism—and give it real vitality. These are inspired performances. With Sam Shepard, Tess Harper, David Carpenter, and Hurd Hatfield. Directed (without much flair) by Bruce Beresford. (12/15/86) (34th St. East, Manhattan, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

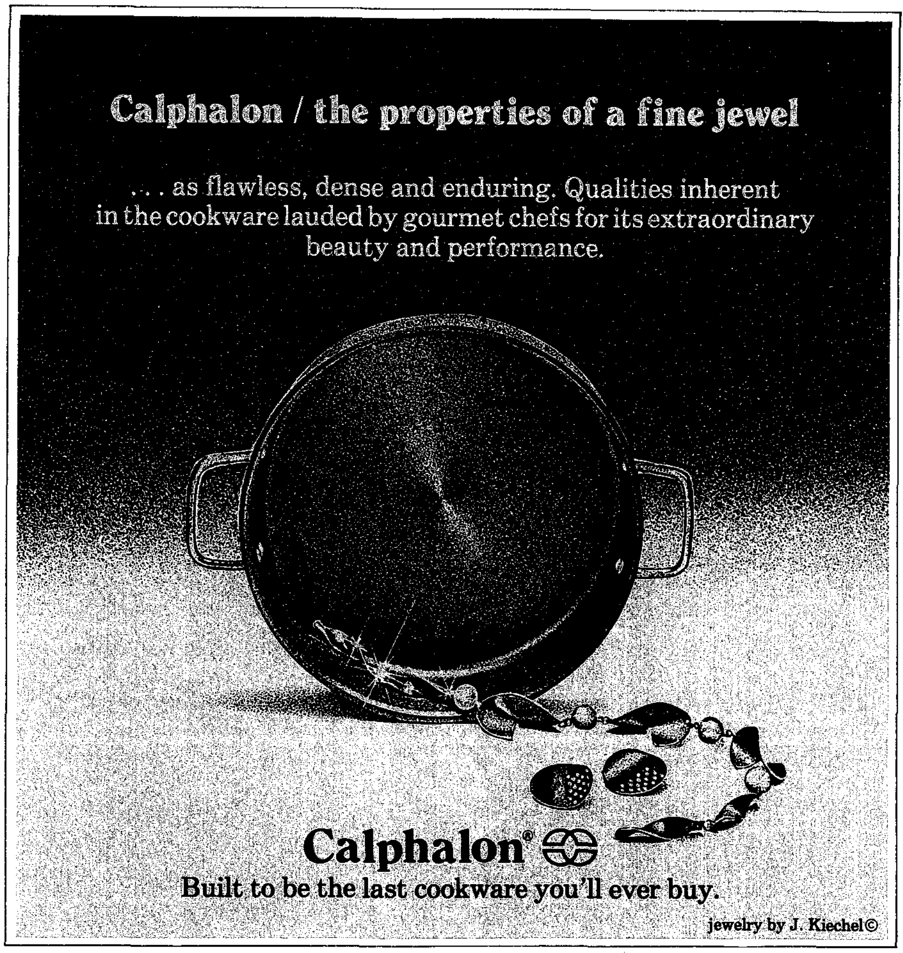
THE DECLINE OF THE AMERICAN EMPIRE—The French-Canadian writer-director Denys Arcand takes on the subject of sex in a period of social change, without the binding ties of family and religion or strong commitment to the future—sex in a period when the eight principal characters (aging middle-class intellectuals connected with the History Department of a Montreal university) no longer believe in postponing pleasure. On this Friday afternoon in autumn, the women work out together at a gym in the city while the men, gathered at a lakeside cottage, prepare a festive dinner. Both groups talk about sex, and when they're together in the long evening they go on talking about sex, but more discreetly—with less bawdiness and bravura. Arcand isn't out to expose these people as spiritually empty; he's trying to present a truthful look at how they live. There's nothing weighty in his approach; it's a lovely, very unassuming picture, yet there is enough drama so that by the end a subtle shift in all the relationships is necessary. And the foreground action and the flashbacks that had been providing the background begin to merge. In French. (12/15/86) (Paris.)

DOWN BY LAW—Jim Jarmusch's low-key minimalist comedy about American anomie, shot in black-and-white. The setting is New Orleans, where two deadbeats—Jack, an ineffectual pimp (John Lurie), and Zack, an itinerant disk jockey (Tom Waits)—become the victims of frameups and are put in the same prison cell, where they vegetate in hostile silence. Everything changes when a little, life-loving Italian, Roberto (Roberto Benigni), is put in with them; the three become pals, grinning and talking together. And, eventually, Roberto devises an escape plan. Jarmusch's passive style has its wit, but the style is deadening here until he brings in Roberto—a character out of folk humor. With Ellen Barkin, Billie Neal, Nicoletta Braschi, Rockets Redglare, and Vernel Bagneris. (10/20/86) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad. Evenings only.)

FACE TO FACE (1976)—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). Her skill lies in hauling others out of nightmares without falling prey to them herself. Why, then, does she take a near-fatal overdose of sleeping pills? Bergman makes it seem no enigma that this apparently reposeful woman is within reach of the long arm of blight. The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (Cinema Village; Jan. 4-6.)

FLAMINGO ROAD (1949)—Joan Crawford, the screen's supreme masochist, at it again. This time, she's a carnival hootchy-kootchy dancer stranded in a small town; she gets involved with a weakling—Zachary Scott, the same heel who betrayed her in "Mildred Pierce"—and she's implicated in murder again, and she has the same director, Michael Curtiz. But the script lacks the mythic, overwrought James M. Cainisms of the earlier film. It's just garishly overwrought. David Brian is the local political boss who falls in love with the heroine; he seems not to see what we see—that she's rigid, monstrous. With Sydney Greenstreet, Gladys George, and Gertrude Michael. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 6.)

HEARTBREAK RIDGE—It's well known that many people have strong feelings about anal intercourse, but it's doubtful if a whole movie had ever been devoted to the expression of those feelings until this one. Clint Eastwood, who directed, plays (so to speak) a Medal of Honor winner from the Korean War and a decorated Vietnam vet—a Marine gunnery sergeant whose abhorrence of being put in a passive sexual position seems to be what makes him super-tough and manly. The marines in his platoon stand waiting while Old Gunny wraps his jowls around witless scurrilous insults, all involving what he's going to shove up their orifices. This should be the portrait of a pathetic vulgarian militarist with terrible anal-aggressive problems, but Eastwood presents him as a great fighting man, a relic of a time when men were men. And, in the last half hour, the film presents



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proof of what Gunny's training does for his platoon: it celebrates Grenada as a victory that evens the score, after a tie in Korea and a loss in Vietnam. This movie is offensive on just about every level. Written by James Carabatsos; with Marsha Mason, Mario Van Peebles, Everett McGill, Moses Gunn, Eileen Heckart, Bo Svenson, Boyd Gaines, and Arlen Dean Snyder. (12/29/86) (Manhattan, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and R.K.O. Warner Twin.)

THE LEOPARD (1963)—It's magnificent—a sweeping popular epic, with obvious similarities to "Gone with the Wind," and with an almost Chekhovian sensibility. It has a hero on a grand scale—Don Fabrizio, Prince of Salina, played superlatively by Burt Lancaster, who modelled his performance on the nobleman director Luchino Visconti. The film is set in the eighteen-sixties, when Italy was in the middle of a revolution, but it's essentially about the Prince himself—the aging Leopard—and how he reacts to the social changes. With Alain Delon, Claudia Cardinale, Paolo Stoppa, and Rina Morelli. In Italian; three hours and five minutes. (Public Theatre; starting Jan. 2.)

THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER (1963)—This detective-story film has many of the pleasures of the genre—phonetic clues, some fancy murder methods, a foxhunt, a war-hero detective. The leading roles are played by George C. Scott and Kirk Douglas, and there are several guest stars who appear, or were advertised as appearing, in disguise (Tony Curtis, Frank Sinatra, Robert Mitchum, and Burt Lancaster). John Huston directed. The cast includes Clive Brook, Gladys Cooper, Marcel Dalio, and Dana Wynter. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 7.)

MEN . . .—When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. Written and directed by Doris Dörrie. In German. (9/8/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

MÉNAGE—The first half hour of this sex farce is wonderfully brisk and slam-bang provocative: the writer-director Bertrand Blier violates old formulas and experiments with ideas of subversion and chaos. Gérard Depardieu is the burglar who, at night in a café, overhears the callous bitchy wife, Miou-Miou, bawling out her loving husband, Michel Blanc, because he can't make enough money to please her. Enamored of the mousy husband, Depardieu takes the two along on his surreally easy burglaries, waiting for his chance to bed the man. By the time that Miou-Miou has been sold to a pimp and the two men are in drag, working as prostitutes, Blier is trying so hard to be outrageous that he loses the beat; the outrageousness comes to seem another kind of bondage to formula. In French. (Cinema Studio.)

MONA LISA—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a one-time petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hangouts, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (Film Forum.)

THE MORNING AFTER—Jane Fonda gives a raucous-voiced, down-in-the-dirty performance that has some of the charge of her

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Bree in "Klute," back in 1971. As Alex, a former screen actress whose career blew up in scandal, she still has her face and her figure, but she has a hard, tortured look under her fluffy blond hair, and she drinks so much she has blackouts. (Fonda has said that she modelled the character on the starlet Gail Russell, who, at thirty-six, was found dead in her apartment, among empty liquor bottles.) In the opening scene, she wakes up in bed Thanksgiving morning with a man she can't remember even meeting; he has a knife sticking out of his heart. The director, Sidney Lumet, keeps things efficiently paced, but he coasts for too long on Fonda's work and on the polished bitchiness of the dialogue; he doesn't build the thriller elements that would give the film the kick it needs, and he fails to establish a couple of the important characters (played by Raul Julia and Diane Salinger, both miscast). The solid Jeff Bridges, who plays opposite Fonda, could be a good foil for her flare-ups, and if their relationship had been developed maybe they would be more vivid and resonate a little, and would survive what was happening around them. But all the forced, phony elements come together at the end and bring the picture down. The script is attributed to James Hicks (a pseudonym for James Cresson); others who worked on it include David Rayfiel and Jay Presson Allen. (12/29/86) (Bay Cinema, Gotham Cinema, 86th St. East, Waverly, Embassy 72nd St., and R.K.O. National Twin.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

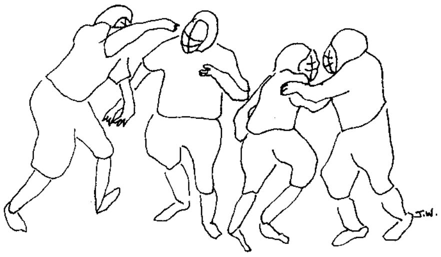
Nazarin (1958)—The hero, Nazarin, is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel, which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. A woman offers Nazarin a pineapple and her blessing. Nazarin is so stubbornly proud that it's a struggle for him to accept, and Buñuel himself is so proud that he will hardly allow the scene to have any weight. Humility is very difficult for him; he just tosses in the pineapple. He's determined not to give in to the folly of tenderness, but it's there. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 5.)

Peggy Sue Got Married—Distressed by her marital troubles, Peggy Sue (Kathleen Turner), the mother of two grownup children, collapses at the twenty-fifth reunion of her high-school class, and when she wakes up she discovers that she has gone back in time to the spring of 1960. Directed by Francis Coppola, this is a dream movie that asks whether Peggy Sue, knowing what she does at forty-three, should marry the same boy—passionate Charlie (Nicolas Cage), the only man she ever dated—knowing that he'll turn into the man who introduces himself on television as Crazy Charlie, the Appliance King. The underlying question is: Should Peggy Sue reconcile with her husband or go ahead and get a divorce? Coppola's efforts to bring depth to this material that has no depth make the picture seem groggy. It's as if he were trying to reach through a veil of fog. With Barbara Harris, Barry Miller, and Kevin J. O'Connor. (10/20/86) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Potemkin (1925; also known as "The Battleship Potemkin")—Voted the greatest film of all time by an international panel of critics in Brussels in 1958, as it was in 1950, and at just about every other competition. "Potemkin" has achieved such an unholy eminence that few people any longer dispute its merits. Great as it undoubtedly is, it's not really a likable film; it's amazing, though—it keeps its freshness and its excitement, even if you resist its cartoon message. Perhaps no other movie has ever had such graphic strength in its images, and the young director Sergei Eisenstein opened up a new technique of psychological stimulation by means of rhythmic editing—"montage." The subject is the 1905 mutiny of the sailors of the battleship Potemkin, and the massacre of the people who sympathized with them. But policies in the U.S.S.R. changed; mutiny could no longer be sanctioned, nor could experimental film techniques, and under Stalin Eisenstein was purged, partially reinstated, and then fell from grace over and over. "Potemkin" looks astonishingly like a newsreel, and the politically naïve have often taken it as a "documentary." The more knowing have a graceful euphemism: Eisenstein, they say, "sacrificed historical facts for dramatic effect." Silent, with added musical soundtrack. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 5.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Round Midnight—Most of Bertrand Tavernier's mournful, blue-toned movie, which, an opening title tells us, was "inspired by incidents in the lives of Francis Paudras and Bud Powell," is set in Paris in 1959. The French jazz enthusiast Paudras is now called Francis Borier and is played by François Cluzet, and Powell, the great bebop pianist, who suffered frequent nervous breakdowns and then made a new life abroad, is now the dazed, alcoholic tenor-sax man Dale Turner, and is played by the near-legendary Dexter Gordon. The enthusiast is a saintly groupie. You know what kind of movie it's going to be when you see this guy out in a drenching rain, crouched against the building where the American is playing, because he doesn't have the money to go in. Cluzet is soaking wet, but his eyes shine and he listens to Dexter Gordon's music worshipfully. The French are pretty hard to take when they celebrate how much they love American art. You may come out with the feeling that Tavernier is proud of the gloomy dullness of the movie, that he sees virtue in it. With Sandra Reaves-Phillips, Lonette McKee, John Berry, Martin Scorsese, Philippe Noiret, and many well-known musicians. (D. W. Griffith, and Metro Cinema.)



Sadie McKee (1934)—Joan Crawford, in her ruffles-on-the-shoulders days. She's a poor working girl, but surrounded by glamorous men—Franchot Tone, Edward Arnold, and Gene Raymond. An archetypal example of the M-G-M romantic gloss and glitter. Clarence Brown directed. With Esther Ralston, Akim Tamiroff, Jean Dixon, and Leo Carrillo. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 6.)

She's Gotta Have It—The voluptuous, easygoing Nola (Tracy Camila Johns), a graphic designer who lives in the black bohemian world in Brooklyn, is happily juggling three lovers when she's faced by a mock crisis: each of the three men has turned possessive and wants to be her one and only. That's the premise of this quick-witted sex comedy written, directed, and edited by the twenty-nine-year-old Spike Lee, who shot it in 16-mm. in twelve days, on an almost nonexistent budget. Nola, her three lovers, and her family and friends explain themselves directly to the camera, and the film's basic set is Nola's bed; you can't shoot a movie much cheaper or faster than that. Lee's economies become part of what's enjoyable about the film, and he keeps it all bouncing along. With Tommy Redmond Hicks, John Canada Terrell, and Lee himself. (10/6/86) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

The Stranger (1946)—The only conventionally made narrative film that Orson Welles ever directed. It's a smooth, proficient, somewhat languorous thriller—quite watchable, but the script (by Anthony Veiller and, though uncredited, John Huston) is clever in a shallow way: the people need more dimensions. Edward G. Robinson plays an F.B.I. war-crimes investigator on the trail of a Nazi big shot (Welles) who has taken a false identity and is living in a small town in Connecticut, teaching in a prep school; his wife (Loretta Young) knows nothing of his past. Welles' performance is so flagrantly, boyishly unconvincing—the Nazi seems preoccupied by his evil superman thoughts—that it's rather amusing. With Konstantin Shayne, Philip Merivale, Richard Long, and Brian Keith. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 9-10.)

True Stories—This first feature directed by David Byrne, of Talking Heads, is laid out like a musical-comedy documentary about a town, except that the town—Virgil, Texas—is imaginary. Byrne, the narrator and observer, introduces us to the townspeople who are about to take part in the pageantry of the Texas Sesquicentennial with their own "Celebration of Specialness." Byrne is looking for a true mythic image of America; Virgil is Our Town, it's Anytown, U.S.A., and the movie is about banality and eccentricity and consumerism. Byrne sets up the material for satirical sequences, yet he doesn't give it a satirical spin. The picture's tone is often insecure, but, working with the crack cinematographer Ed Lachman, Byrne brings a new visual sensibility to the screen (a respect for pared-down plainness), and after a rather shaky opening the characters themselves begin to engage us. With John Goodman, Jo Harvey Allen, Tito Larriva, Roebuck (Pops) Staples, Swoosie Kurtz, Spalding Gray, Annie McEnroe, and Alix Elias. The script is by Byrne, Beth Henley, and Stephen Tobolowsky. (10/20/86) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Victor/Victoria (1982)—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. Edwards pulls laughs with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With James Garner and Alex Karras. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 4.)

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have received another letter from the man enraptured with the seasons:

The other day, in an ambitious wind that jostled shoppers on upper Broadway into little, unexpected steps to the side (itself like a shopper in Woolworth's, in Bloomingdale's, trying to get past), I gave up my idea of walking to midtown. This was in the afternoon, about two—often the warmest time now. I covered a couple of blocks and crossed wide Broadway toward the subway. The corners where last week fir trees had crowded the sidewalks and drowned the smells of the street in resinous odor were empty under an ugly, low-slung sky, and the unencouraging Christmas decorations were juddering ceaselessly in the wind. I went down into the subway, past maybe a Brearley senior tearing helplessly at a plastic package of tokens, and I put my token in the slot of the turnstile and squeezed my way through that guardian strait, with its ratchet bars—they are meant for what size people with what sort of hips and clothes, I wonder. And I entered the gloomy, heartbroken half-light in the cavern at the edge of the dry riverbed of tracks set in an unchanging forest of steel columns, which did afford the sight of some distant souls on the other side of that buried, unclean river. It was a daylight hour—as such things go in midwinter in New York—but it had been essentially gray on the street. Now I stood inside a square delimited by pieces of decoratively enamelled, very yellow metal suspended from the ceiling: "OFF HOUR WAITING AREA," they said, and their yellow suggested sunlight. Up and down the long platform (this was at Eighty-sixth Street), people sat on benches, leaned against pillars, stood at the edge of the concrete bank of the shadowy river. When the crowd builds to that size at that station, it generally means that the trains are late—there is a problem in the system. Seven or eight wide-eyed people stood in front of the news kiosk. Its light shone outward on their faces over a glossy multitude of figures waiting to be bought—a gaudy population of the acclaimed and enviable and scandalously in trouble on magazine covers and the front pages of newspapers. There they were, being stared at and considered, maybe sightlessly. And there we were, a speechless party of balked travellers. Yet not entirely speechless: in pairs, in some groups, people were talking to each other. But mostly the people at this landing were intent on their newspapers or (in a few cases) books, or on their thoughts, but not deeply, except two who looked deranged and penniless. "Not deeply" means that people glanced surreptitiously or quickly, and as if incuriously, at whoever passed them, at everyone who came onto the platform, or nearly everyone, depending on the looker's taste in glancing at people. We were a party, or were like a party in the sense of being a group of knowing people linked for a moment and enclosed with one another in a place that is not home and noticing one another but, of course, not smiling or addressing one another.

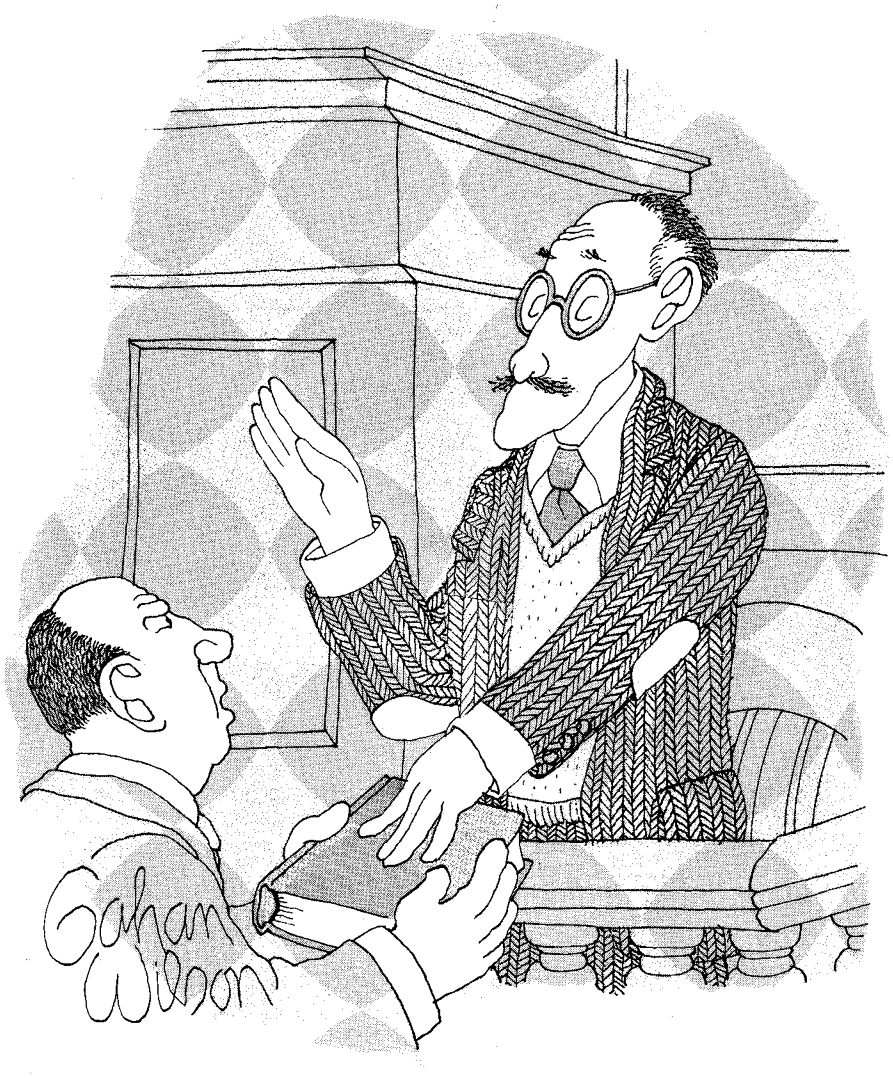
I think most of us there recognized the moment as a public one, an occasion not entirely successful, not exactly triumphant—not one of the triumphant occasions of American culture, or one of the great things about Manhattan, either. But in the general famine of light the faint glow of the urban glances (edgy and making a claim of being bored) had a Manhattan empathy, and maybe more, though maybe I imagined it: a warmth expressed with constraint but verging on a seasonal incaution, almost semi-brotherhood. Maybe it was just a public-transportation hidden hysteria in the grim tubes, welcoming something to look at and accepting the unnatural city kinship of random company, and doing it to a sophisticated degree—I mean welcoming the oddities here, and the sad general weirdness of a subway and of taking it in the middle of the afternoon, each of us being a me and here (a what-am-I-doing-here thing), and so on.

Actually, I am thinking mostly of the people here who were between the ages of twenty-one and forty, who were white and unbroken, who weren't limply or mutteringly or angrily hors de combat, and who were with no one, although some of the paired or grouped people also glanced around in this same key. I think it is difficult to describe the whole group, or crowd—an American group so

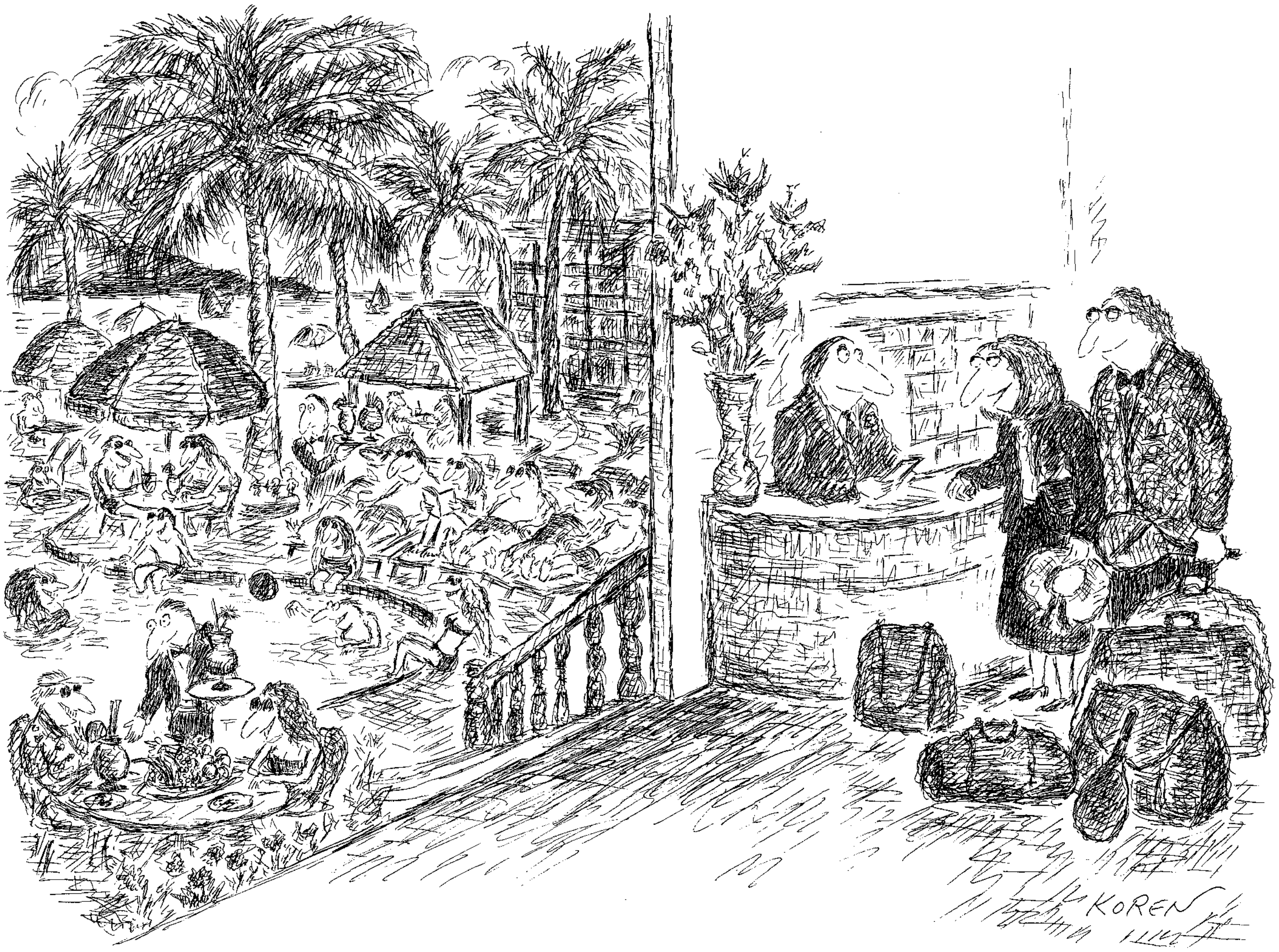
momentary in its full contemporary splendor of pluralisms. I know of no other modern circumstance that can match the vocabulary-snapping pluralisms of a crowd, the populace, on certain Manhattan subways at certain pretty much accidental hours: the social and psychological and physical diversity, the diversity in age, in degrees of hope and kinds of style and moral and immoral intention (as a political and class and religious and metaphysical matter). I mean style across the board. What faces do while wearing earphones, for instance: public, unpublic, changeable, cautious, resolutely alert, bitterly lost. That's just one matter. Scarves and necks: turtlenecks, ties, open collars or bare necks even in this weather. Or a hidden matter: father-stepfather, economics and father complications. The age range is from a year old to seventy-something—that is my guess. The over-all range is so broad as to seem senseless, but, of course, it must mean something. Even though this is so riotous a selection, it's probable that the group here still represents only a handful of the elements of the American social order. And then you might ask yourself how three social classes can possibly be enough to define us. Twenty-five would be too few to encompass just the financial variations visible here, let alone on the train once it gets here and goes from station to station, district to district in Manhattan. What an eerie community modern-day America has become. Weren't we supposed to be growing more and more homogenized? Of course, perhaps what we have become is a cultural anarchy in the dispersion and pervasiveness, the availability and lessening availability of money.

The souls gathered here, the jewelry they wore, their barbered hair, the eyeglasses, the postures—nothing was echoed or repeated enough to supply a category. Nothing you could call an East Side slouch or West Side intellectual hoo-haw or a West Point or Corn Belt look of outer rectitude. Here there was only variation. I would not have thought a slowing prosperity would do up so many so differently. The real and unreal noses. The skin colors. The colors and varieties of hair. Of the four or five insolently and cryptically (and, paradoxically, overtly) stylish people, Manhattan-cosmopolitan in their heavily encoded outfits, each, as time passed, openly, but without forwardness, somewhat pointedly acknowledged the others who were stylish in that fashion but stylish differently. One woman, maybe the richest, acknowledged no one; her coat was hiddenly spectacular. I was aware of this from having been told about that coat and shown a picture of it by a woman I know; otherwise, I wouldn't have penetrated the secret of its chic discretion. Everyone had some sort of style, good or bad. One guy, in metal-rimmed glasses and a kind of formal topcoat, very young—rosy-cheeked, actually—was reading *Barron's Weekly* and chewing gum (I think it was gum) and wearing somehow baggy lace-up black leather shoes, maybe very advanced and almost certainly cheap. A short, not thin young woman with what a fashion photographer might call an "important face" was wearing dark glasses and had truly improbable red-tasselled mittens. A tall madwoman had a dirty mink coat and a safari hat with a brim. A good-looking man, not young, had on cowboy boots and a lined denim jacket and a fur cap: he was not young but had very long hair.

Trains intermittently passed on the express track, with a shrill, hammeringly spasmodic, ear-tearing and mind-humiliating uproar extended mercilessly by the length of the train and amplified in the concrete sound chamber of the cavern: New York's special horror, that threatening uproar—often enough described as a dragon noise. While it lasted, people swayed or winced or stiffened or folded in on themselves, anemonelike, or seemed to tremble chatteringly and then reassemble themselves when the trains had gone, leaving behind echoes and squinting eyes—squinting with slow recovery from aural pain. Then those trains ceased. Meanwhile, people kept arriving, including some quite old people, one man aware of his presence as an image of strangeness in this adventure-laden and half-lit dark place, and looking alert and somehow naïve and profound, and a woman, much poorer-looking and much more poorly dressed, seeming to be aware of little



"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and not in some sneaky relativistic way?"



"We're here to experience pleasure."

• •

except the difficulties of what she was doing and the patience and fortitude and suspicion she needed to do it with.

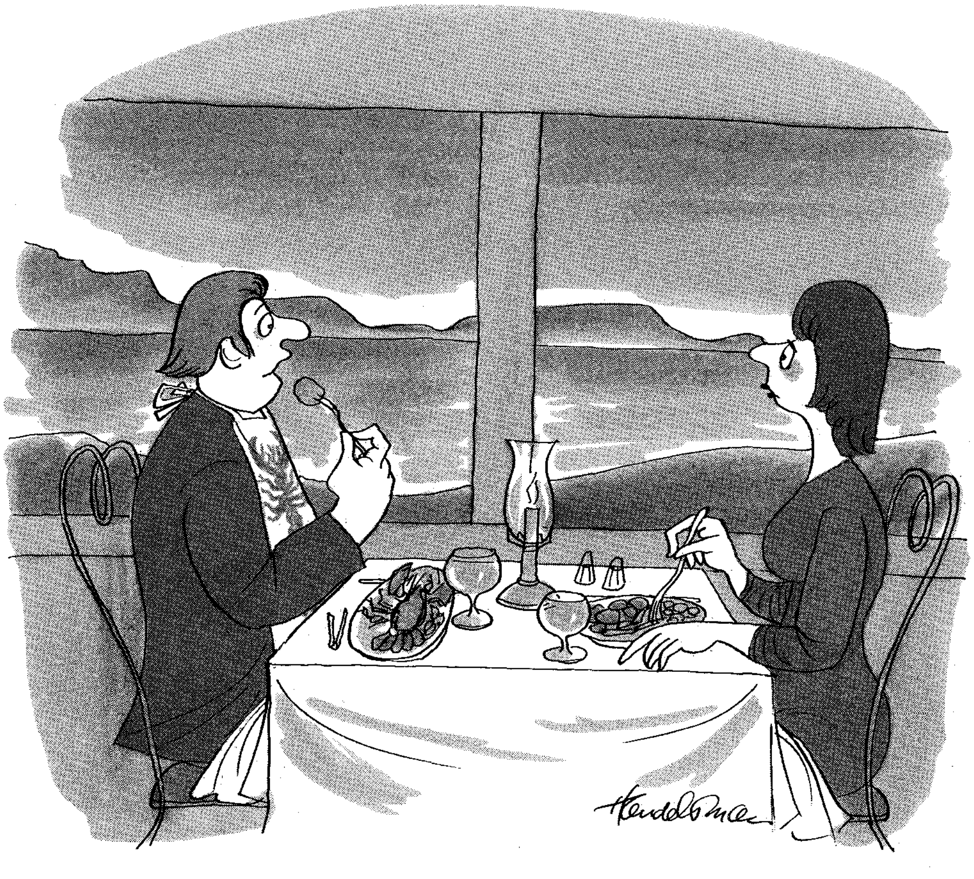
Shaking a little from the noise and the tension of waiting, and knowing I would probably be late now for an appointment in midtown, I calmed or distracted myself by cataloguing how many earringed people there were, and earringed so variously, from mere splinters of glitter, through a typesetter's store of dots, hoops, and "O"s, up to Ping-Pong-ball-size hoops, and up to plastic constructions the size of harmonicas (on a tall, long-haired, straight-haired woman with a heavily powdered face and no lipstick and rimless glasses and wearing a white leather hat with a blue plastic see-through visor). Then I catalogued the haircuts, the arrangements of hair: full and bushy, strict and skimpy, waves, curls, fluff, and dreadlocks, pompadours, bangs, straightforward falls, braided falls. The degrees of expense, so many degrees of expense, the signals—I wished I understood them. I couldn't think of the proper terms in which to catalogue what I saw. What would the categories be—hair maniacs, proper hair maniacs, improper hair maniacs, hair ascetics, hair voluptuaries, expressive hair, dumb hair? Then I started trying to get an idea of the range of health, going by the visible degrees of health. Druggedness counted as ill health and rated as a forty on a scale of one to fifty, with fifty being in the grip of death—but no one was that skinny or damaged this day. A man in glasses, maybe late twenties, and wearing only a regular tweed jacket and a woollen shirt open at the neck and wearing no hat and no socks and only open sandals—bare toes—was a one minus, the minus for my thinking he was a fool. I soon gave up: it was too upsetting a subject, and I felt too pale and cold and too starved of light to rate myself with a number I could bear. I wondered if people's jobs had as much variety as people's styles. I decided no—that the variety arose in contradistinction to a widespread unvaryingness of economic fate, to a lack of variety in that area. I wondered what all-encompassing or archetypal platoon would be in a war movie now. What would the clichés be? Where have the old clichés gone? What if they had never existed? Would one have to rethink the past?

Then, without announcement or explanation, the wait ended; a stainless-steel train rocked and bumped and staggered into the station and bucked to a standstill and hissed, and maybe two dozen pairs of doors slid more or less apart in imperfect unison. So, the brightly lit alcoves of the cars opened to the gloomy jetty. People got off, and the crowd present got on. We moved into the brighter light of the cars and were locked in. Then we were in motion, rumbling along in the systole, diastole of track lights and darkness outside the windows. In the brighter light, I looked around and thought how sad everyone looked—but not everyone, not the teen-agers, who looked mostly willful and nearly out of their minds with nervous and physical amazement at themselves. They were at sea on dry land. In this setting, the palely discursive eyes of the platform became sealed, like envelopes addressed to the proper-improper business of being on a subway among half strangers—blatantly messageless. Nothing was loose or apparent in terms of what someone thought: everyone was silent and withdrawn, potentially a witness. The differences in skin colors and national types and the incomprehensible range of variations in economic sophistication seemed even more strongly visible in this light, and more so yet as people got on at the next station. No grouping—not even a pairing of two beggars hobbling through the car in opposite directions, both of whom were one-legged—seemed plausible. No two people seemed sufficiently related to make a pairing likely. One of the beggars was good-sized and fine-faced, clean and clear-eyed and long-suffering and likable, and the other was crushed but angry and terrifying in the sorrow of all that he had been excluded from and all that his life included. The mind does make an envelope of itself and is purely in transit past the presence of such sights.

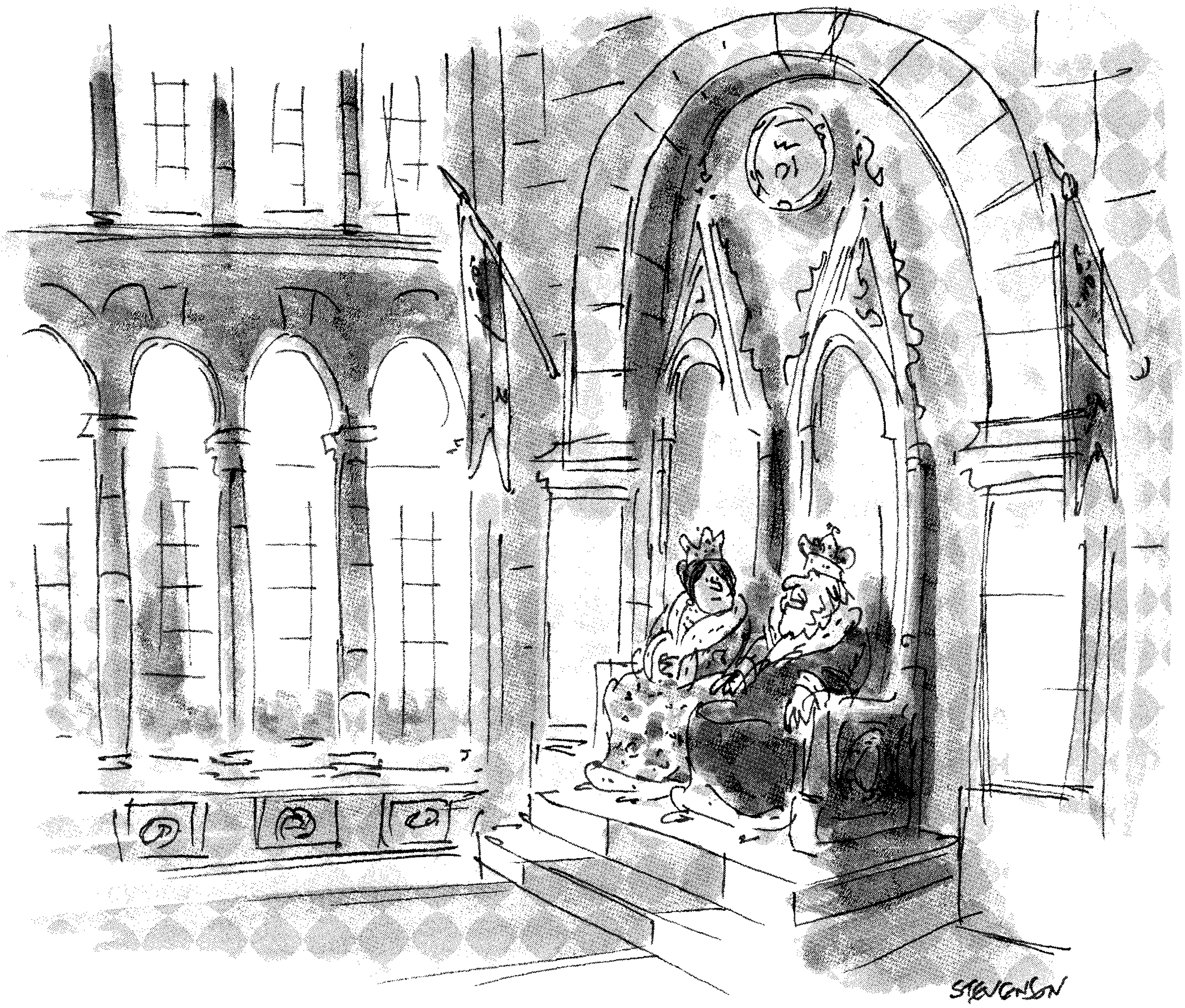
The train, largely soundproof, travelled with its burden, a quietly jouncing carload of uncategorizable fragments of the anarchic American polity. Some clues, not unpredictable, to our social nature—the social nature of some of us—emerged. The same people gave money to both beggars, and the givers were mostly women and the young. Then, as the car discharged passengers and refilled at Lincoln Center, more blanks could be filled in, up to a point. Musicians. Music lovers. Ballet-ticket buyers. Neighborhood people who liked opera. Foreign travellers sampling our culture. Sensitive people, maybe. There were still some young people on the train, but fewer—maybe only two of them. Then, at Fiftieth Street, seven adults and six children got on together, black and Hispanic, and black Hispanic; and all the adults, who were loaded down with packages, had that quality—it's one you see sometimes—of being really foreign to what was around them and at odds with what was foreign to them, not with their own foreignness. I mean, if pathos can be self-righteous, that's one brand of it. And they didn't look like good-humored people; they weren't rich within the confines of their social whatever, or passionate-looking, or greatly alive, or stylish in any of the New York barrio or street or borough ways I knew of. They were strange-looking. Their faces were partly backcountry faces, maybe—not happy. So the cultural anarchy of the rest of us was not total: we were a specific group, an army platoon, and here were some people who didn't fit in with us and made a category of us after all.

I'm sorry to take so long, but I don't know a short way to describe this thing. The children, all six of them, were everything their parents were not: good-humored and rich-spirited within the confines of their social whatever, half shy and half mannerly, at once wild and well tended: interesting-looking and passionately childlike, American and released, freed, without a lot of surface fear and rigidity, and at home in the day. The children had clearly entered on lives that were very unlike those of their parents. What sort of lives? What lives were being offered them? Familiar lives are what I mean the children had, I think—familiar to us. The subway, the country, the hidden American epic, the at-this-moment-in-time thing of being acculturated American children, middle class in a way, honored travellers on the gravy train. The kids were stylishly dressed, were well dressed, were knowingly dressed—as their parents were not—and their faces showed comfort and intelligence and not a lot of foreignness, if any. I'm certain the grownups were their parents: the resemblances, for one thing, and the affection. And the kids had the look of being with their parents. The kids had that odd spiritual look that American kids get when they go shopping with their parents: they convert it into a kind of goodness and a matter of charity, a matter of the spirit.

I don't want to say that what happened next was a hopeful sign. I'm not sure what I think about what happened. The people in the subway car, the crowd, the anarchic and fairly random group, made an effort to clear a way for the children and the package-bearing adults. They hadn't done this for other people with kids, white or black, olive or yellow. Everyone, even the old, made way for them, I mean all the colors already present did this, and they did it with brief and simple mannerliness and with maybe American and maybe even tear-jerking sentiment. No one pompously stood up: people oozed to their feet; seats appeared. No one smiled obtrusively, but the atmosphere was formidably social,



"I suppose I should have let a few minutes elapse between declaring my love for you and announcing that I also loved lobster."



"Pomp, greed, conquest, intrigue—it's been a fun year, hasn't it?"

• •

sort of here-is-something-we-like. Most of the people I could observe without craning my neck were deadpan but were sliding around making room on the seats or shifting themselves as they stood in order to make room, or merely looking on in a kind of joining-in way. The children had that faintly spoiled, slightly awed look of children being admired by a roomful, or carload, of people. The grownups, with their packages, seemed harassed, slightly worn, not particularly friendly or grateful or comprehending or surprised: they didn't expect this reaction; they didn't seem curious about it, either. They seemed foreign to it. Their voices were loud. Their faces, their voices, their manner emanated (I thought) a frazzled antagonism, rebelliousness, militance, a rough honesty within a foreign frame. And maybe exhaustion. Their children's bright politeness and superiority were a militance but also an early separation from their parents—a militance or unacceptance in that direction, too. The children did not, and would not, share their parents' moods. In silent agreement of a sort, hardly complete and utterly untested in terms of any strength of feeling or of serious regard, the crowd, as knowing, I think, as a crowd at a sports event, as instructed, as conversant, and as factional—here in the matter of social opinion—expressed a social opinion. The crowd in this matter of black-white or white-Hispanic interplay had its opinion ready, and it had decided that it admired these people who did not admire it except in the testimony of what the children were.

I don't want to judge the event. This time of the year, in this span of cold days, we, the most perverse of species, open in natural rebellion against the weather; we open to each other and to certain holidays. As the daylight hours shorten, we neither drowse nor flee but celebrate in widely disparate and kind of scarily separate ways. And we also join ourselves in truly strange ways on ski slopes and in shopping centers and on subways to our fellow-shelterers in the cave that the days have become. I swear to you that everyone in the car—even the madwoman down at the end—glanced around to see who was looking and who agreed and who disagreed about these people. It was the oddest, damnedest, most piercing event. For me, it was a stark or bare-bones display of what for want of a better term I'll call our onward-lurching, unsettled, old-and-new democracy in America, in New York at this time of the year, at this time in the history of the world.

HER WAY

WE all knew Kitty. She was always asking you questions. Everybody was used to seeing her family's name in the phone book. In that same phone book were the names of many known criminals. A Mr. Ted Bundy appears. Al Capone is there. William Bonney, who had the same name as the infamous Billy the Kid, also appears.

"I remember Kitty tape-recording me all the time," says Don Johnson (not his real name). "Everybody knew Kitty. By the time she was twenty, she'd already tape-recorded everybody in the neighborhood twenty or thirty times."

Kitty was, right from the start, a leader. She organized the pep club at her high school, was active in her church, played the piano, and tripped up farm animals.

"She was a very busy girl," said Ed (Too Short) Smith, a longtime friend of the family (not his real name). "She was the first person that ever told me to pour borax in my ear. She was always the person you would go to in emergencies."

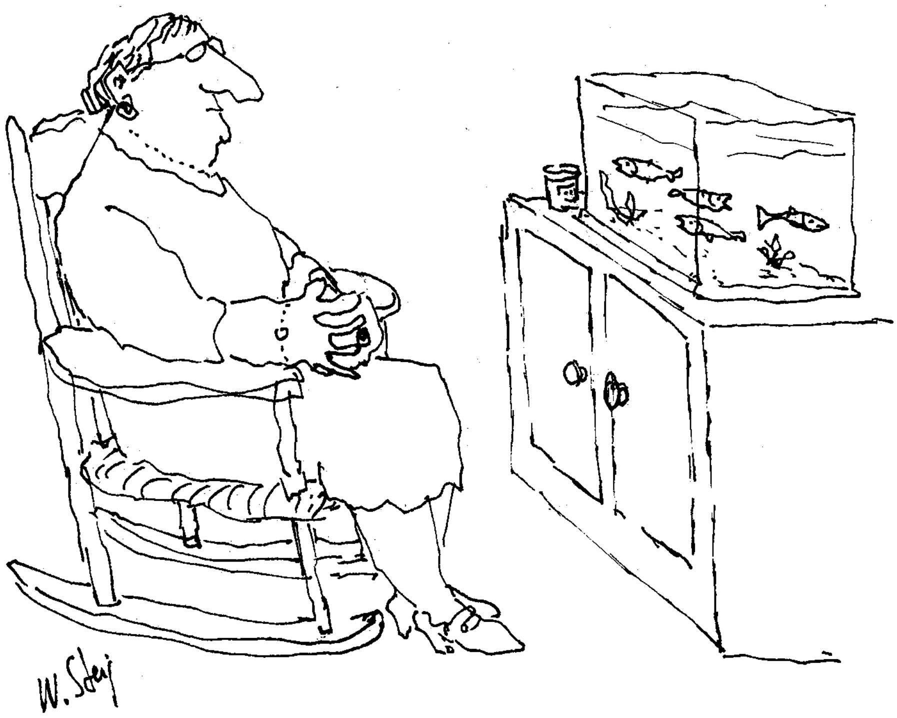
Her parents understood how much tape-recording meant to her at an early age. Her father was a carpet installer and her mother was, at one time, one of the major interpreters of Thomas Holcroft and a damn good hand with anything hydraulic (not their real jobs). "We gave her everything," they probably said. "We don't feel real great about the way she turned out, but that's none of our business. We're only her parents."

Yet she had that something, that something that you can't define or even recognize. Yet it was always there. That something. Finally somebody learned how to take advantage of that something. The man for the job turned out to be Magic Johnson (not his real name). "I thought that if I could get Kitty to say nothing good about anybody for maybe three or four months, if we could just pack it all in like that, then we would really be after something," Magic said. "I knew that the mood of the country was just right for it."

IN the early days, Kitty could only say bad things about people under twenty-five. In time, it became vital for her to be able to speak badly of everyone, no matter what the age. Almost immediately, as if by instinct, she amazed everyone by saying that Bernard Baruch liked to tongue-kiss. All over the country people picked up on this. There was someone new on the horizon, and this someone had *nothing* nice to say.

Her climb was meteoric. She became, overnight, a household word. Her work appeared in every major magazine and her books were read everywhere. She appeared on talk shows, news shows. She continued, however, to trip up farm animals. "Why not?" she might have said. "They're there, aren't they?"

Then Kitty met Herman Melville, and everything changed. (I'm pretty sure that's not his real name.) "Melville was tall, intense, bearded, aloof—everything Kitty was after," says a mutual friend. "Herman Melville became a kind of obsession with her. Melville was cruel to her, but then I guess you could say that Kitty was the same way toward him. They also both have really big lips, don't you think?"



Melville and Kitty. They chased each other over several continents. Once, after one of their notorious quarrels, Melville locked himself in a footlocker with some ricotta cheese and said not to bother him unless Kitty apologized. The next day they were all lovey-dovey, walking hand in hand to see an illegal pit-bull fight. It was all a game to them.

One night Kitty happened to pick up a copy of "Moby Dick." She read the inscription:

> In token of my admiration for his genius this book is inscribed to Nathaniel Hawthorne.

"You could have fried an egg on her forehead when she saw that inscription," says a close friend, who didn't want me to refer to him by any name. "I tried to explain the big mistake she was making, but it was no use. I told her that Melville and Natty Hawthorne went way back together. Everybody knows that the two of them and Bronson (Lips) Alcott played in the same sax section for Kay Kyser (not his name, but close). She just wouldn't listen to reason when she got in one of her moods. She was almost suicidal. The next day, though, I'd see her and Melville like a couple of lovebirds, monkeying with some Tylenol packages."

Of course, Kitty and Melville were never meant to be. After "the Herman thing," as her friends called it, Kitty fell into many arms—and of course she screamed.

Someone who claims to have known Kitty says, "She has her problems. Who doesn't? But all in all she's a kind and loving person, and a wonderful tape-recorder operator, and a terrific person who wouldn't think twice about writing a book about anybody who got in her way."

—FRANK GANNON

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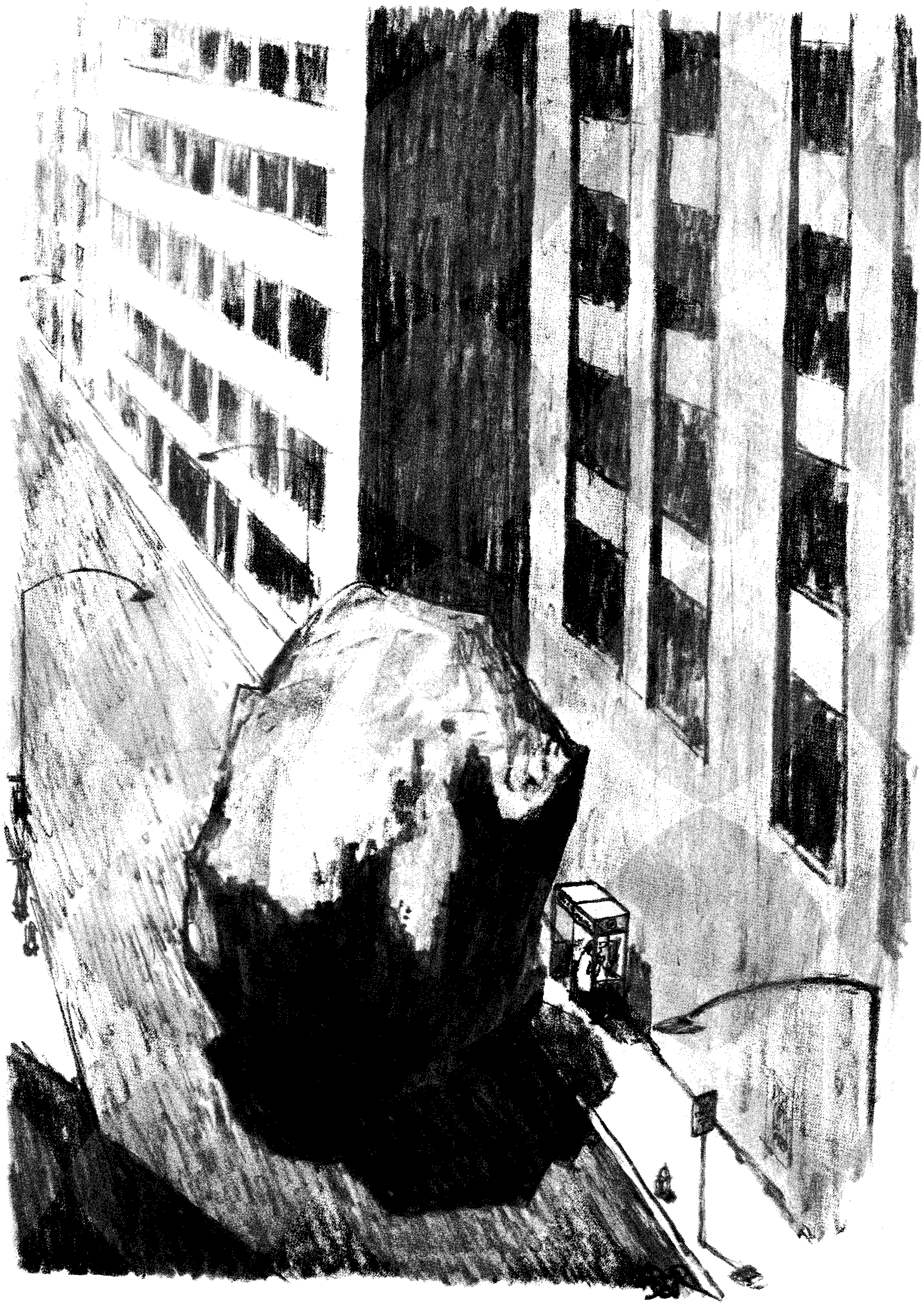
CLEAR DAYS ON THE RETAIL SCENE

[*Adv. for Landau in the Times*]

The Salko Loden coat, impeccably tailored of double-faced interwoven 100% Wool Loden fabric that feels like iron, yet wears like Cashmere.



"Could you pick me up? I'm between a rock and a hard place on Thirty-ninth Street."

FROM A JOURNAL OF THE YEAR OF THE OX

—20 January 1985

—January,
the dragon maple sunk in its bones,
The sky gray gouache and impediment.
Pity the poor pilgrim, the setter-forth,
Under a sweep so sure,
pity his going up and his going down.

How shall we hold on, when everything bright falls away?
How shall we know what calls us
when what's past remains what's past
And unredeemed, the crystal
And wavering coefficient of what's ahead?

Thursday, purgatorial Thursday,
The Blue Ridge etched in smoke
through the leaded panes of the oak trees,
There, then not there,
A lone squirrel running the power line,
neck bowed like a tiny buffalo . . .

What sifts us down through a blade-change
stays hidden from us,
But sifts us the same,
Scores us and alters us utterly:
From somewhere inside and somewhere outside, it
smooths us down.

Here's your Spook, Indaco said,
sliding the imitation Sandeman's sherry figurine
Toward me along the bar, memento
And laughingstock of the 163rd,
stamped out by the thousands
At Nove, two hours up the road.

It's usually a ceremony, all of your colleagues
And fellow-officers standing absurdly about
Happy you're leaving, and you, too,
everyone half drunk
And hilarious in his cordovan shoes.

But not this time, Indaco wadding the paper sack up,
He and someone whose name I can't call back
letting me go for good, and glad of it:
I'd lost one document, I wore my hair long, I burned it
by accident
And no one ever forgot.

Such small failures, such sleeveless oblivions
We passed through
trying to get our lives to fit right
In what was available from day to day,
And art,
and then the obvious end of art, that grace

Beyond its reach
I'd see each night as I thumbed the Berensons
And argued with Hobart and Schneeman
that what's outside
The picture is more important than what's in.
They didn't agree any more than Indaco had,

All of us hungering after righteousness
Like Paul Cézanne, we thought, in his constancy.
Or Aeneas with the golden bough
sweeping through Hel
O we were luminous in our ignorance O we were true.

Form comes from form, it's said:
nothing is ever ended,
A spilling like shook glass in the air,
Water over water,
flame out of flame,
Whatever we can't see, whatever we can't touch,
unfixed and shining . .

And today I remember nothing.
The sky is a wrung-out, China blue
and hides no meaning
The trees have a pewter tinge and hide no meanings.
All of it hustles over me like a wind
and reminds me of nothin

Nobody rises out of the ground in a gold mist.
Nobody slides like an acrobat
out of the endless atmospher
Nobody touches my face
Or hand.
Not a word is said that reminds me of anythin

And O it is cold now by the fake Etruscan urn
And six miniature box bushes
nobody stands beside
In the real wind tightening its scarf
Around the white throats
of everyone who is not here.

The cold, almost solid, lies
Like snow outside
in the tufted spikes of the seed grass
And footprints we didn't leave
That cross the driveway and disappear up the front step

It's not the darkness we die of, as someone said,
seamless and shut tigh
As water we warm up and rock in,
But cold, the cold with its quartz teeth
And fingernails
that wears us away, wears us away

Into an afterthought.
Or a glint
Down there by the dwarf spruce and the squirrel run.
Or one of the absences who lips at the edge
of understanding
Wherever I turn,
as pursed and glittering as a kiss.

—30 January 198

—The sunset, Mannerist clouds
just shy of the Blue Ridg
Gainsay the age before they lose their blush
In the rising coagulation of five o'clock.
Two dark, unidentifiable birds
swoop and climb
Out of the picture, the white-slatted, red-roofed
Munch house
Gathering light as the evening begins to clot.

The trees dissolve in their plenitude
into a dark forest
And street lights come on to stare like praying mantises
down on us.

Next morning all's inside out,
the winter trees with their nervous systems
Snatched up and sparkless against the sky.
Light lies without desire on the black wires
And the white wires,
the dead leaves sing like gnats,
Rising and settling back when the wind comes.
How does one deal with what is always falling away,
Returning diminished with each turn?
The grass knows, stunned in its lockjaw bed,
but it won't tell.

—7 February 1985

We stand at the green gates,
substitutes for the unseen
Rising like water inside our bodies,
Stand-ins against the invisible:
It's the blank sky of the page
—not the words it's never the words—
That backgrounds our lives:
It's you always you and not your new suit
That elicits solicitude:
The unknown repeats us, and quickens our in-between.

Winter is like that—abstract,
flat planes and slashes,
The Blue Ridge like a worm's back
Straight ahead,
one skewed hump and then a smooth one,
Hallelujah of tree branches and telephone poles
In front, and a house or two and a nurse:
February music,
high notes and a thin line strung
For us to cleave to, black notes
Someone is humming we haven't been introduced to:
Like the stone inside a rock,
the stillness of form is the center of everything,
Inalterable, always at ease.

—13 February 1985

The rain, in its white disguise,
has nothing to say to the wind
That carries it, whose shoulders
It slips from giving no signal, aimlessly, one drop
At a time, no word
Or gesture to what has carried it all this way for nothing.

This is the disappearance we all dreamed of when young,
Without apology, tougher than water, no word
To anyone,
disguised as ourselves
And unrecognizable, unique,
And indistinguishable from what we disappeared into.

—25 February 1985

One, one and by one we all slip into the landscape,
Under the muddy patches,
locked in the frozen bud
Of the down-leafed rhododendron,
Or blurred in the echoing white of a rabbit's tail
Chalked on the winter's dark
in the back yard or the driveway.
One, one and by one we all sift to a difference
And cry out if one of our branches snaps
or our bark is cut.
The winter sunlight scours us,
The winter wind is our comfort and consolation.
We settle into our ruin

One, one and by one as we slip from clear rags into
feathery skin
Or juice-in-the-ground, pooled
And biding its time
backwashed under the slick peach tree.
One, one and by one thrust up by the creek bank,
Huddled in spongy colonies,
longing to be listened to.

Here I am, here I am, we all say,
I'm back,
Rustle and wave, chatter and spring
Up to the air, the sweet air.
Hardened around the woodpecker's hole, under his down,
We all slip into the landscape, one, one and by one.

—27 April 1985

—April, and mirror-slide of the fatal quiet,
Butterflies in a dark confusion over the flower's
clenched cheeks,
The smell of chlorophyll
climbing like desperation across my skin:
The maple is flocked, and the sky is choked with cloud-tufts

That print a black alphabet
along the hillsides and short lawns,
Block gutturals and half-thoughts
Against the oily valves opening and closing in the leaves,
Edgy, autumnal morning,
April, stretched out at ease above the garden,
that rises and bows
To whatever it fancies:
Precious stones, the wind's cloth, Prester John or the
boy-king of Babylon,
April,
dank, unseasonable winter of the dead.

—15 May 1985

—In the first inch of afternoon, under the peach trees,
The constellations of sunlight
Sifting along their courses among the posed limbs,
It's hard to imagine the north wind
wishing us ill,
Revealing nothing at all and wishing us ill
In God's third face.
The world is an ampersand,
And I lie in sweet clover,
bees like golden earrings
Dangling and locked fast to its white heads,
Watching the clouds move and the constellations
of light move
Through the trees, as they both will
When the wind weathers them on their way,
When the wind weathers them to that point
where all things meet.

—Charles Wright

DÉDÉ

Pascal Brouet is fourteen now. He used to attend a lycée, but after his parents found out about the dealers in the street, outside the gates, they changed him to a private school. Here the situation is about the same, but he hasn't said so; he does not want to be removed again, this time perhaps to a boarding establishment, away from Paris, with nothing decent to eat and lights-out at ten. He would not describe himself as contriving or secretive. He tries to avoid drawing attention to the Responsibility clause in the treaty that governs peace between generations.

Like his father, the magistrate, he will offer neutrality before launching into dissent. "I'm ready to admit," he will begin, or "I don't want to take over the whole conversation . . ." Sometimes the sentence comes to nothing. Like his father, he lets his eyelids droop, tries to speak lightly and slowly. The magistrate is famous for fading out of a discussion by slow degrees. At one time he was said to be the youngest magistrate ever to fall asleep in court: he would black out when he thought he wasn't needed and snap to just as the case turned around. Apparently, he never missed a turning. He has described his own mind to Pascal: it is like a superlatively smooth car with an invisible driver in control. The driver is the magistrate's unconscious will.

To Pascal a mind is a door, ajar or shut. His grades are good, but this side of brilliant. He has a natural gift—a precise, perfectly etched memory. How will he use it? He thinks he could as easily become an actor as a lawyer. When he tells his parents so, they seem not to mind. He could turn into an actor-manager, with a private theatre of his own, or the director of one of the great national theatres, commissioning new work, refurbishing the classics, settling questions at issue with a word or two.

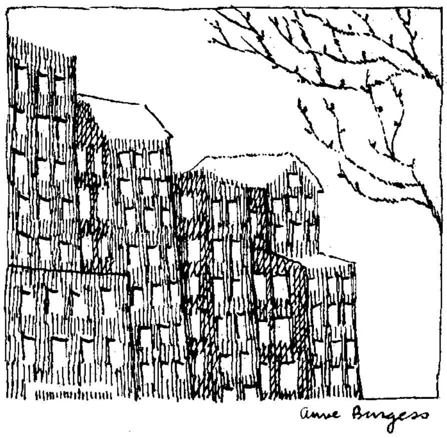
The Brouets are tolerant parents, ready for anything. They met for the first time in May of 1968, a few yards away from a barricade of burning cars. She had a stone in her hand; when she saw him looking at her, she put it down. They walked up the Boulevard Saint-Michel together, and he told her his plan for reforming the judiciary. He was a bit older, about twenty-six. Answering his question, she said she was from Alsace. He reminded her how the poet Paul Éluard had picked up his future wife in the street, on a rainy evening. She was from Alsace, too, and starving, and in a desperate, muddled, amateurish way pretending to be a prostitute.

Well, this was not quite the same story. In 1968 the future Mme. Brouet was studying to be an analyst of handwriting, with employment to follow—so she had been promised—in the personnel section of a large department store. In the meantime, she was staying with a Protestant Reformed Church pastor and his family in Rue Fustel-de-Coulanges. She had been on her way home to dinner when she stopped to pick up the stone. She had a mother in Alsace, and a little brother, Amedée—"Dédé."

"Sylvie and I have known both sides of the barricades," the magistrate likes to say, now. What he means is that they cannot be crowded into a political corner. The stone in the hand has made her a rebel, at least in his recollections. She never looks at a newspaper, because of her reputation for being against absolutely everything. So he says, but perhaps it isn't exact: she looks at the pages marked "Culture," to see what is on at the galleries. He reads three morning papers at breakfast and, if he has time, last evening's *Le Monde*. Reading, he narrows his eyes. Sometimes he looks as though everything he thinks and believes had been translated into a foreign language and, suddenly, back again.

When Pascal was about nine, his father said, "What do you suppose you will do, one day?"

They were at breakfast. Pascal's Uncle Amedée was there. Like everyone else, Pascal called him Dédé. Pascal looked across at him and said, "I want to be a bachelor, like Dédé."



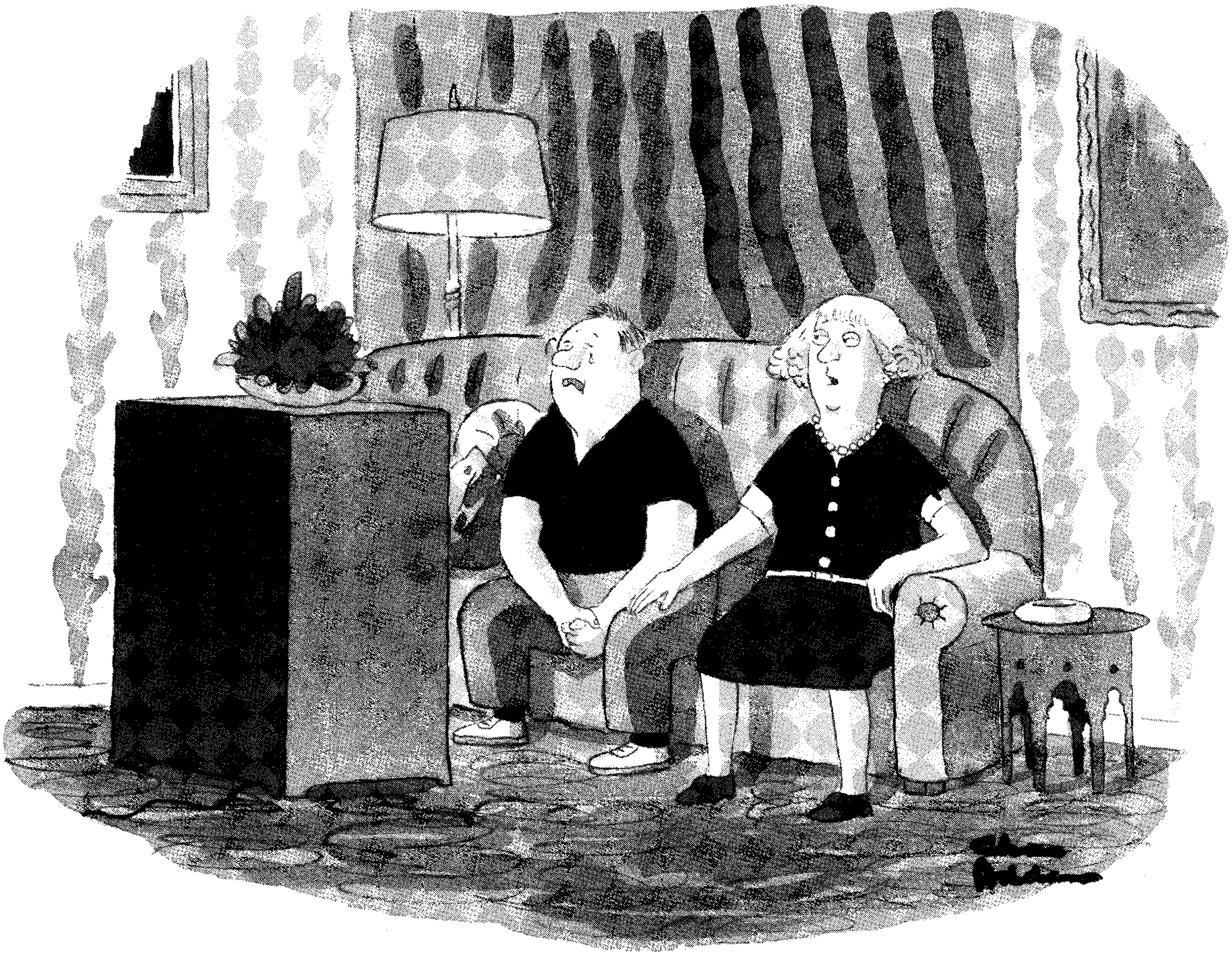
His mother moaned, "Oh, no!" and covered her face. The magistrate waited until she had recovered before speaking. She looked up, smiling, a bit embarrassed. Then he explained, slowly and carefully, that Dédé was too young to be considered a bachelor. He was a student, a youth. "A student, a student," he repeated, thinking perhaps that if he kept saying it Dédé would study hard.

Dédé had a button of a nose that looked ridiculous on someone so tall, and a mass of curly fair hair. Because of the hair, the magistrate could not take him seriously; his private name for Dédé was "Harpo."

That period of Pascal's life, nine rounding to ten, was also the autumn before an important election year. The elections were five months off, but already people argued over dinner and Sunday lunch. One Sunday in October, the table was attacked by wasps, drawn in from the garden by a dish of sliced melon—the last of the season, particularly fragrant and sweet. The French doors to the garden stood open. Sunlight entered and struck through the wine decanters and dissolved in the waxed tabletop in pale red and gold. From his place, Pascal could see the enclosed garden, the apartment blocks behind it, a golden poplar tree, and the wicker chairs where the guests, earlier, had sat with their drinks.

There were two couples: the Turbins, older than Pascal's parents, and the Chevallier-Crochets, who had not been married long. Mme. Chevallier-Crochet attended an art-history course with Pascal's mother, on Thursday afternoons. They had never been here before, and were astonished to discover a secret garden in Paris with chairs, grass, a garden rake, a tree. Just as their expression of amazement was starting to run thin and patches of silence appeared, Abelarda, newly come from Cadiz, appeared at the door and called them to lunch. She said, "It's ready," though that was not what Mme. Brouet had asked her to say; at least, not that way. The guests got up, without haste. They were probably as hungry as Pascal but didn't want it to show. Abelarda went on standing, staring at the topmost leaves of the poplar, trying to remember what she ought to have said.

A few minutes later, just as they



"There, there, dear. It's only a commercial."

• •

were starting to eat their melon, wasps came thudding against the table, like pebbles thrown. The adults froze, as though someone had drawn a gun. Pascal knew that sitting still was a good way to be stung. If you waved your napkin, shouted orders, the wasps might fly away. But he was not expected to give instructions; he was here, with adults, to discover how conversation is put together, how to sound interesting without being forward, amusing without seeming familiar. At that moment, Dédé did an unprecedented and courageous thing: he picked up the platter of melon, crawling with wasps, and took it outside, as far as the foot of the tree. And came back to applause: at least, his sister clapped, and young Mme. Chevallier-Crochet cried, "Bravo! Bravo!"

Dédé smiled, but, then, he was always smiling. His sister wished he wouldn't; the smile gave his brother-in-law another reason for calling him Harpo. Sitting down, he seemed to become entwined with his chair. He was too tall ever to be comfortable. He needed larger chairs, tables that were both higher and wider, so that he would not bump his knees, or put his feet on the shoes of the lady sitting opposite.

Pascal's father just said, "So, no more melon." It was something he particularly liked, and there might be none now until next summer. If Dédé had asked his opinion instead of jumping up so impulsively, he might have said, "Just leave it," and taken a chance on getting stung.

Well; no more for anyone. The guests sat a little straighter, waiting for the next course: beef, veal, or mutton, or the possibility of duck. Pascal's mother asked him to shut the French doors. She did not expect another wasp invasion, but there might be strays. Mme. Chevallier-Crochet remarked that Pascal was tall for his age, then asked what his age was. "He is almost ten," said Mme. Brouet, looking at her son with some wonder. "I can hardly believe it. I don't understand time."

Mme. Turbin said she did not have to consult a watch to know the exact time. It must be a quarter to two now. If it was, her daughter Brigitte had just landed in Salonika. Whenever her daughter boarded a plane, Mme. Turbin accompanied her in her mind, minute by minute.

"Thessalonika," M. Turbin explained.

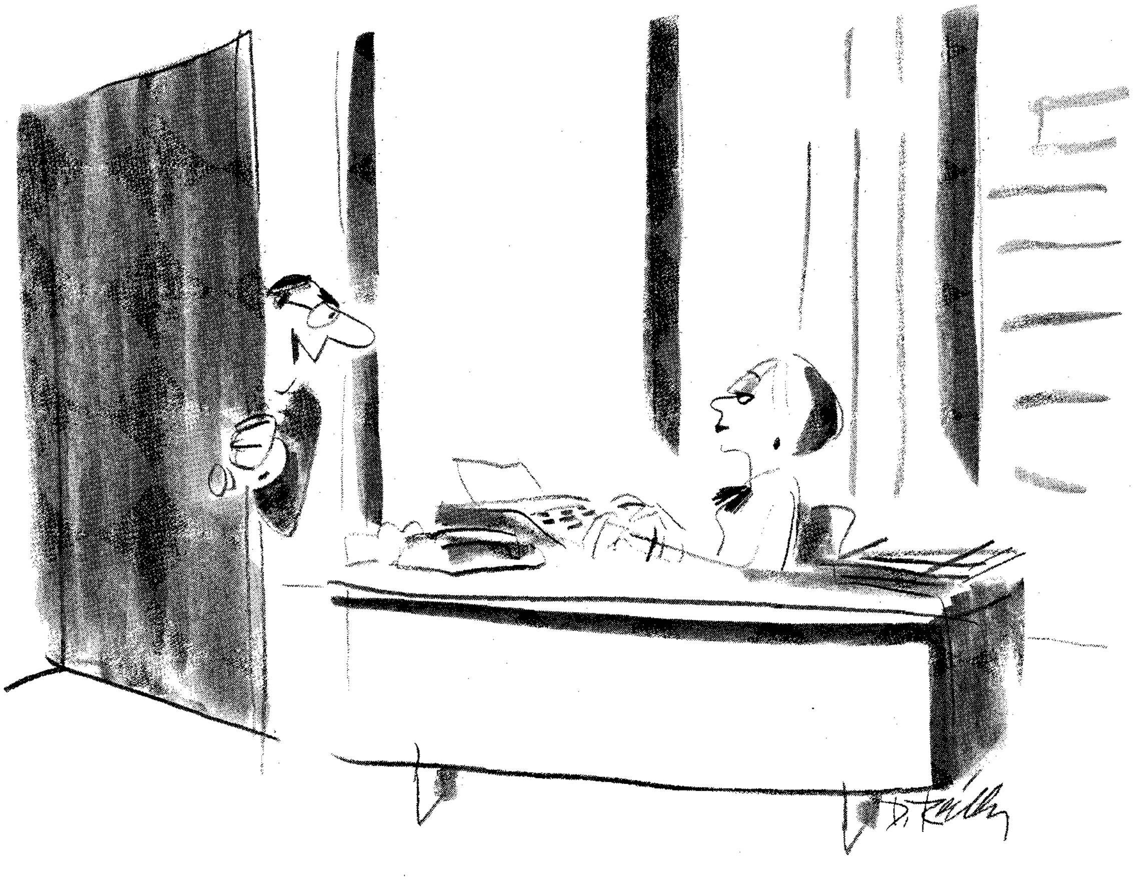
The Chevallier-Crochets had spent their honeymoon in Sicily. If they had it to do over again, they said, they would change their minds and go to Greece.

Mme. Brouet said they would find it very different from Sicily. Her mind was on something else entirely: Abelarda. Probably Abelarda had expected them to linger over a second helping of melon. Perhaps she was sitting in the kitchen with nothing to do, listening to a program of Spanish music on the radio. Mme. Brouet caught a wide-awake glance from her husband, interpreted it correctly, and went out to the kitchen to see.

One of the men turned to M. Brouet, wondering if he could throw some light on the election candidates: unfortunate stories were making the rounds. Pascal's father was often asked for information. He had connections in Paris, like stout ropes attached to the upper civil service and to politics. One sister was married to a Cabinet minister's chief of staff. Her children were taken to school in a car with a red-white-and-blue emblem. The driver could park wherever he liked. The magistrate's grandfather had begun as a lieutenant in the cavalry and died of a heart attack the day he was appointed head of a committee to oversee war graves. His portrait, as a child on a pony, hung in the dining room. The artist was said to have copied a photograph; that was why the pony looked so stiff and the colors were wrong. The room Pascal slept in had been that child's summer bedroom; the house had once been a suburban, almost a country dwelling. Now the road outside was like a highway; even with the doors shut they could hear Sunday traffic pouring across an intersection, on the way to Boulogne and the Saint-Cloud bridge.

The magistrate replied that he did not want to take over the whole conversation but he did feel safe in saying this: Several men, none of whom he had any use for, were now standing face to face. Sometimes he felt like washing his hands of the future. (Saying this, he slid his hands together.) However, before his guests could show shock or disappointment, he added, "But one cannot remain indifferent. This is an old country, an ancient civilization." Here his voice faded out. "We owe . . . One has to . . . A certain unbreakable loyalty . . ." And he placed his hands on the table, calmly, one on each side of his plate.

At that moment Mme. Brouet returned, her cheeks and forehead pink, as if she had got too close to a hot oven. Abelarda came along next, to change the plates. She was pink in the face, too.



"Have the papers ready, Miss Mitchell—we're into the choreography."

Pascal saw the candidates lined up like rugby teams. He was allowed to watch rugby on television. His parents did not care for soccer: the players showed off, received absurd amounts of money just for kicking a ball, and there was something the matter with their shorts. "With all that money, they could buy clothes that fit," Pascal's mother had said. Rugby players were different. They were the embodiment of action and its outcome, in an ideal form. They got muddied for love of sport. France had won the Five Nations tournament, beating even the dreaded Welsh, whose fans always set up such eerie wailing in the stands. Actually, they were trying to sing. It must have been the way the early Celts joined in song before the Roman conquest, the magistrate had told Pascal.

No one at table could have made a rugby team. They were too thin. Dédé was a broomstick. Of course, Pascal played soccer at school, in a small cement courtyard. The smaller boys, aged six, seven, tried to imitate Michel Platini, but they got everything wrong. They would throw the ball high in the air and kick at nothing, leg crossed over the chest, arms spread.

The magistrate kept an eye on the dish Abelarda was now handing around: partridges in a nest of shredded cabbage—an entire surprise. Pascal looked over at Dédé, who sat smiling to himself, for no good reason. (If Pascal had continued to follow his father's gaze he might be told gently, later, that one does not stare at food.)

There was no more conversation to be had from M. Brouet, for the moment. Helping themselves to partridge, the guests told one another stories everybody knew. All the candidates were in a declining state of health and morality. One had to be given injections of ground-up Japanese seaweed; otherwise he lost consciousness, sometimes in the midst of a sentence. Others kept going on a mixture of cocaine and Vitamin C. Their private means had been acquired by investing in gay bars and foreign wars, and evicting the poor. Only the Ministry of the Interior knew the nature and extent of their undercover financial dealings. And yet some of these men had to be found better than others, if democracy was not to come to a standstill. As M. Brouet had pointed out, one cannot wash one's hands of the future.

The magistrate had begun to breathe evenly and deeply. Perhaps the sunlight beating on the panes of the shut doors made him feel drowsy.

"Étienne is never quite awake or asleep," said his wife, meaning it as a compliment.

She was proud of everyone related to her, even by marriage, and took pride in her father, who had run away from home and family to live in New Caledonia. He had shown spirit and a sense of initiative, like Dédé with the wasps. (Now that Pascal is fourteen, he has heard this often.) But pride is not the same as helpless love. The person she loved best, in that particular way, was Dédé.

"That was not a quote, that was an original."

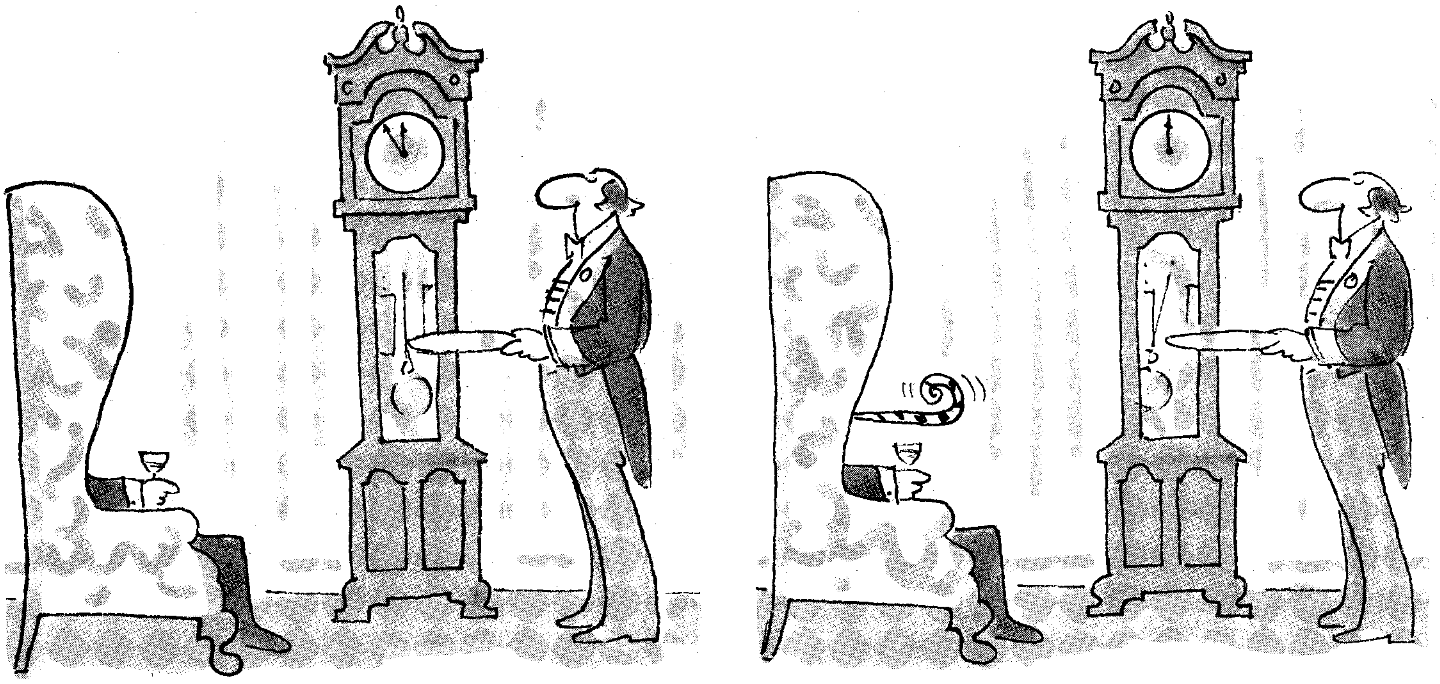
• •

DÉDÉ had come to stay with the Brouets because his mother, Pascal's grandmother, no longer knew what to do with him. He was never loud or abrupt, never forced an opinion on anyone, but he could not be left without guidance—even though he could vote, and was old enough to do some of the things he did, such as sign his mother's name to a check. (Admittedly, only once.) This was his second visit; the first, last spring, had not sharpened his character, in spite of his brother-in-law's conversation, his sister's tender anxiety, the sense of purpose to be gained by walking his little nephew to school. Sent home to Colmar (firm handshake with the magistrate at the Gare de l'Est, tears and chocolates from his sister, presentation of an original drawing from Pascal), he had accidentally set fire to his mother's kitchen, then to his own bedclothes. Accidents, the insurance people had finally agreed, but they were not too pleased. His mother was at the present time under treatment for exhaustion, with a private nurse to whom she made expensive presents. She had about as much money sense as Harpo, the magistrate said. (Without lifting his head from his homework, Pascal could take in nearly everything uttered in the hall, on the stairs, and in two adjacent rooms.)

When they were all four at breakfast Mme. Brouet repeated her brother's name in every second sentence: wondering if Dédé wanted more toast, if someone would please pass him the strawberry jam, if he had enough blankets on his bed, if he needed an extra key. (He was a great loser of keys.) The magistrate examined his three morning papers. He did not want to have to pass anything to Harpo. Mme. Brouet was really just speaking to herself.

That autumn, Dédé worked at a correspondence course, in preparation for a competitive civil-service examination. If he was among the first dozen, eliminating perhaps hundreds of clever young men and women, he would be eligible for a post in the nation's railway system. His work would be indoors, of course; no one expected him to be out in all weathers, trudging alongside the tracks, looking for something to repair. Great artists, leaders of honor and reputation, had got their start at a desk in a railway office. Pascal's mother, whenever she said this, had to pause, as she searched her mind for their names. The railway had always been a seedbed of outstanding careers, she would continue. She would then point out to Dédé that their father had been a supervisor of public works.

After breakfast Dédé wound a long scarf around his neck and walked Pascal to school. He had invented an



apartment with movable walls. Everything one needed could be got within reach by pulling a few levers or pressing a button. You could spend your life in the middle of a room without having to stir. He and Pascal refined the invention; that was what they talked about, on the way to Pascal's school. Then Dédé came home and studied until lunchtime. In the afternoon he drew new designs of his idea. Perhaps he was lonely. The doctor looking after his mother had asked him not to call or write, for the moment.

PASCAL's mother believed Dédé needed a woman friend, even though he was not ready to get married. Pascal heard her say, "Art and science, architecture, culture." These were the factors that could change Dédé's life, and to which he would find access through the right kind of woman. Mme. Brouet had someone in mind—Mlle. Turbin, who held a position of some responsibility in a travel agency. She was often sent abroad to rescue visitors or check their complaints. Today's lunch had been planned around her, but at the last minute she had been called to Greece, where a tourist, bitten by a dog, had received an emergency specific for rabies, and believed the Greeks were trying to kill him.

Her parents had come, nevertheless. It was a privilege to meet the magistrate and to visit a rare old house, one of the last of its kind still in private hands. Before lunch Mme. Turbin had asked to be shown around. Mme. Brouet conducted a tour for the women, taking care not to open the door to Dédé's room: there had been a fire in a wastepaper basket only a few hours before, and everything in there was charred or singed or soaked.

At lunch, breaking out of politics, M. Turbin described the treatment the tourist in Salonika had most probably received: it was the same the world over, and incurred the use of a long needle. He held out his knife, to show the approximate length.

"Stop!" cried Mme. Chevallier-Crochet. She put her napkin over her nose and mouth; all they could see was her wild eyes. Everyone stopped eating, forks suspended—all but the magistrate, who was pushing aside shreds of cabbage to get at the last of the partridge.

M. Chevallier-Crochet explained that his wife was afraid of needles. He could not account for it; he had not known her as a child. It seemed to be a singular fear, one that set her apart. Meantime, his wife closed her eyes; opened them, though not as wide as before; placed her napkin neatly across her lap; and swallowed a piece of bread.

M. Turbin said he was sorry. He had taken it for granted that any compatriot of the great Louis Pasteur must have seen a needle or two. Needles were only a means to an end.

Mme. Brouet glanced at her husband, pleading for help, but he had just put a bite of food into his mouth. He was always last to be served when there were guests, and everything got to him cold. That was probably why he ate in such a hurry. He shrugged, meaning, Change the subject.

"Pascal," she said, turning to him. At last, she thought of something to say: "Do you remember Mlle. Turbin? Charlotte Turbin?"

"Brigitte?" said Pascal.

"I'm sure you remember," she said, not listening at all. "In the travel agency, on Rue Caumartin?"

"She gave me the corrida poster," said Pascal, wondering how this had slipped her mind.

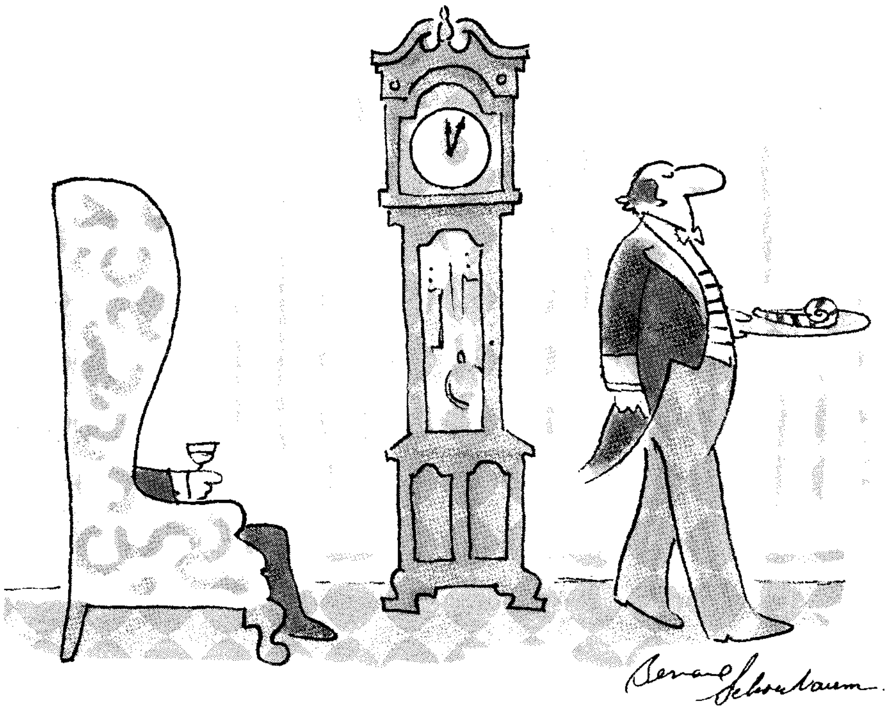
"We went to see her, you and I, the time we wanted to go to Egypt? Now do you remember?"

"We never went to Egypt."

"No. Papa couldn't get away just then, so we finally went back to Deauville, where Papa has so many cousins. So you do remember Mlle. Turbin, with the pretty auburn hair?"

"Chestnut," said the two Turbins, together.

"My sister," said Dédé, all of a sudden, indicating her with his left hand, the right clutching a wineglass. "Before she got married, my mother told me . . ." The story, whatever it was, engulfed him in laughter. "A



dog tried to bite her," he managed to say.

"You can tell us about it another time," said his sister.

He continued to laugh, softly, just to himself, while Abelarda changed the plates again.

The magistrate examined his clean new plate. No immediate surprises: salad, another plate, cheese, a dessert plate. His wife had given up on Mlle. Turbin. Really, it was his turn now, her silence said.

"I may have mentioned this before," said the magistrate. "And I would not wish to keep saying the same things over and over. But I wonder if you agree that the pivot of French politics today is no longer in France."

"The Middle East," said M. Turbin, nodding his head.

"Washington," said M. Chevallier-Crochet. "Washington calls Paris every morning and says, Do this, Do that."

"The Middle East and the Soviet Union," said M. Turbin.

"There," said M. Brouet. "We are all in agreement."

Many of the magistrate's relatives and friends thought he should be closer to government, to power. But his wife wanted him to stay where he was and get his pension. After he retired, when Pascal was grown, they would visit Tibet and the north of China, and winter in Kashmir.

"You know, this morning—" said Dédé, getting on with something that was on his mind.

"Another time," said his sister. "Never mind about this morning. It is all forgotten. Étienne is speaking, now."

THIS morning! The guests had no idea, couldn't begin to imagine what had taken place, here, in the dining room, at this very table. Dédé had announced, overjoyed, "I've got my degree." For Dédé was taking a correspondence course that could not lead to a degree of any kind. It must have been just his way of trying to stop studying so that he could go home.

"Degree?" The magistrate folded yesterday's *Le Monde* carefully before putting it down. "What do you mean, degree?"

Pascal's mother got up to make fresh coffee. "I'm glad to hear it, Dédé," she said.

"A degree in what?" said the magistrate.

Dédé shrugged, as if no one had bothered to tell him. "It came just the other day," he said. "I've got my degree, and now I can go home."

"Is there something you could show us?"

"There was just a letter, and I lost it," said Dédé. "A real diploma costs two thousand francs. I don't know where I'd find the money."

The magistrate did not seem to disbelieve; that was because of his training. But then he said, "You began your course about a month ago?"

"I had been thinking about it for a long time," said Dédé.

"And now they have awarded you a degree. You are perfectly right—it's time you went home. You can take the train tonight. I'll call your mother."

Pascal's mother returned, carrying a large white coffeepot. "I wonder where your first job will be," she said.

Why were she and her brother so remote from things as they are? Perhaps because of their mother, the grandmother in Colmar. Once, she had taken Pascal by the chin and tried to force him to look her in the eye. She had done it to her children. Pascal knows, now, that you cannot have your chin held in a vise and undividedly meet a blue stare. Somewhere at the back of the mind is a second self with eyes tight shut. Dédé and his sister could seem to meet any glance, even the magistrate's when he was being most nearly wide awake. They seemed to be listening, but the person he thought he was talking to, trying to reach the heart of, was deaf and blind. Pascal's mother listens when she needs to know what might happen next.

All Pascal understood, for the moment, was that when Dédé had mentioned taking a degree, he was saying something he merely wished were true.

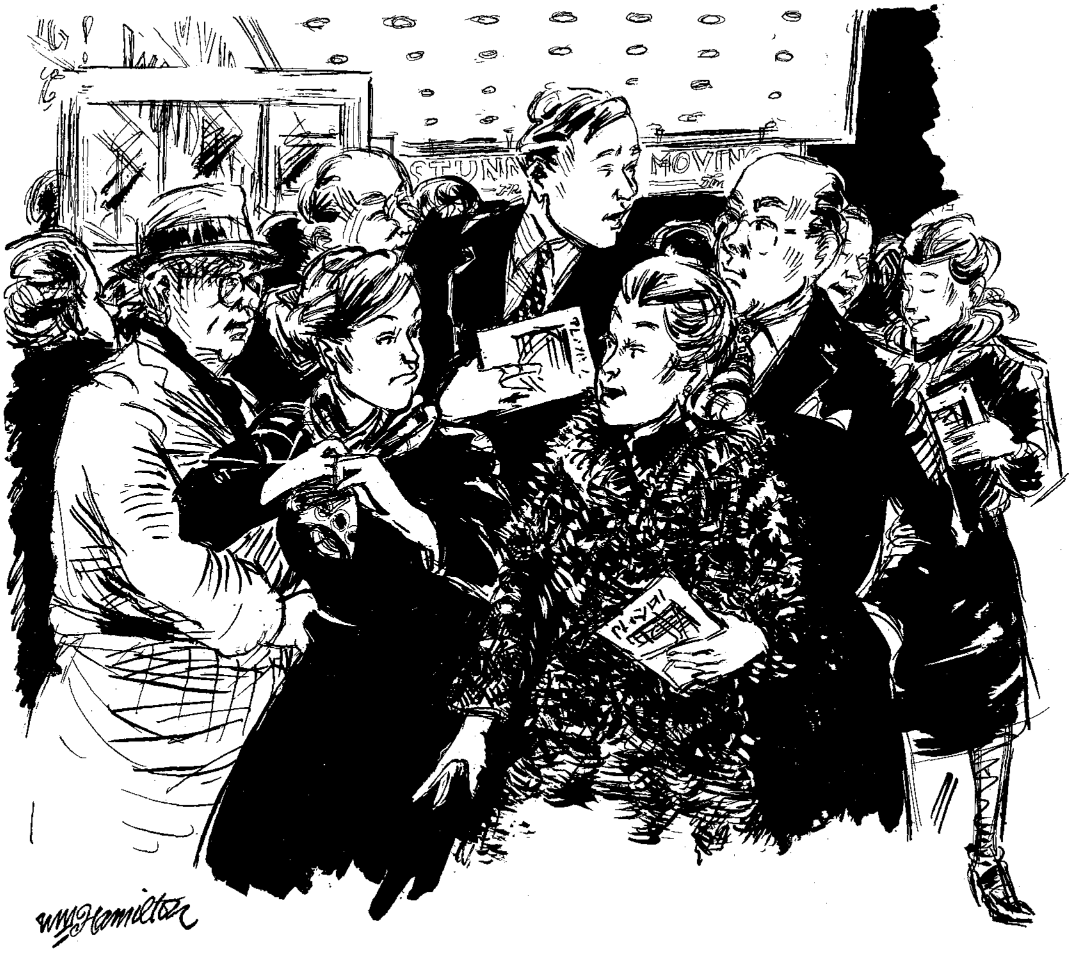
"We'll probably never see you, once you start to work," said Pascal's mother, pouring Dédé's coffee.

The magistrate looked as if such great good luck was not to be expected. Abelarda, who had gone upstairs to make the beds, screamed from the head of the staircase that Dédé's room was full of smoke.

ABELARDA moved slowly around the table carrying a plum tart, purple and gold, caramelized all over its surface, and a bowl of cream. Mme. Turbin glanced at the tart and shook her head no: M. Turbin was not allowed sugar now, and she had got out of the habit of eating desserts. It seemed unfair to tempt him.

It was true, her husband said. She had even given up making sweets, on his account. He described her past achievements—her famous chocolate mousse with candied bitter orange peel, her celebrated pineapple flan.

"My semolina crown mold with apricot sauce," she said. "I must have



"I thought I loved it, but Gordon said we were just manipulated."

given the recipe away a hundred times."

Mme. Chevallier-Crochet wondered if she could have a slice half the size of the wedge Abelarda had already prepared. Abelarda put down the bowl of cream and divided the wedge in half. The half piece was still too much; Abelarda said it could not be cut again without breaking into a mess of crumbs. M. Chevallier-Crochet said to his wife, "For God's sake, just take it and leave what you can't eat." Mme. Chevallier-Crochet replied that everything she said and did seemed to be wrong, she had better just sit here and say and do nothing. Abelarda, crooning encouragement, pushed onto her plate a fragment of pastry and one plum.

"No cream," she said, too late.

Mme. Brouet looked at the portrait of her husband's grandfather, then at her son, perhaps seeking a likeness. Sophie Chevallier-Crochet had seemed lively and intelligent at their history-of-art class. Mme. Brouet had never met the husband before, and was unlikely ever to lay eyes on him again. She accepted large portions of tart and cream, to set an example, in case the other two ladies had inhibited the men.

M. Turbin, after having made certain that no extra sugar had been stirred into the cream, took more cream than tart. His wife, watching him closely, sipped water over her empty plate. "It's only fruit," he said.

The magistrate helped himself to all the crumbs and fragments of burnt sugar on the dish. He rattled the spoon in the bowl of cream, scraping the sides; there was nearly none left. It was the fault of M. Chevallier-Crochet, who had gone on filling his plate, as though in a dream, until Abelarda moved the bowl away.

The guests finished drinking their coffee at half past four, and left at a quarter to five. When they had gone, Mme. Brouet lay down—not on a couch or a settee but on the living-room floor. She stared at the ceiling and told Pascal to leave her alone. Abelarda, Dédé, and the magistrate were up in Dédé's room. Abelarda helped him pack. Late that night, the magistrate drove him to the Gare de l'Est.

DÉDÉ came back to Paris about a year ago. He is said to be different now. He has a part-time job with a television polling service: every day he is given a list of telephone numbers in the Paris area and he calls them to see what people were watching the night before and which program they wish they had watched instead. His mother has bought him a one-room place overlooking Parc de Montsouris. The Brouets have never tried to get in touch with him or invited him to a meal. Dédé's Paris—unknown, foreign almost—lies at an unmapped distance from Pascal's house.

One night, not long ago, when they all three were having dinner, Pascal said, "What if Dédé just came to the door?" He meant the front door, of course, but his parents glanced at the glass doors and the lamps reflected in the dark panes, so that night was screened from sight. Pascal imagined Dédé standing outside, watching and smiling, with that great mop of hair.

He is almost as tall as Dédé, now. Perhaps his father had not really taken notice of his height—it came about so gradually—but when Pascal got up to draw a curtain across the doors that night at dinner, his father looked at him as if he were suddenly setting a value on the kind of man he might become. It was a steady look, neither hot nor cold. For a moment Pascal said to himself, He will never fall asleep again. As for his mother, she sat smiling and dreaming, still hoping for some reason to start loving Dédé once more.

—MAVIS GALLANT

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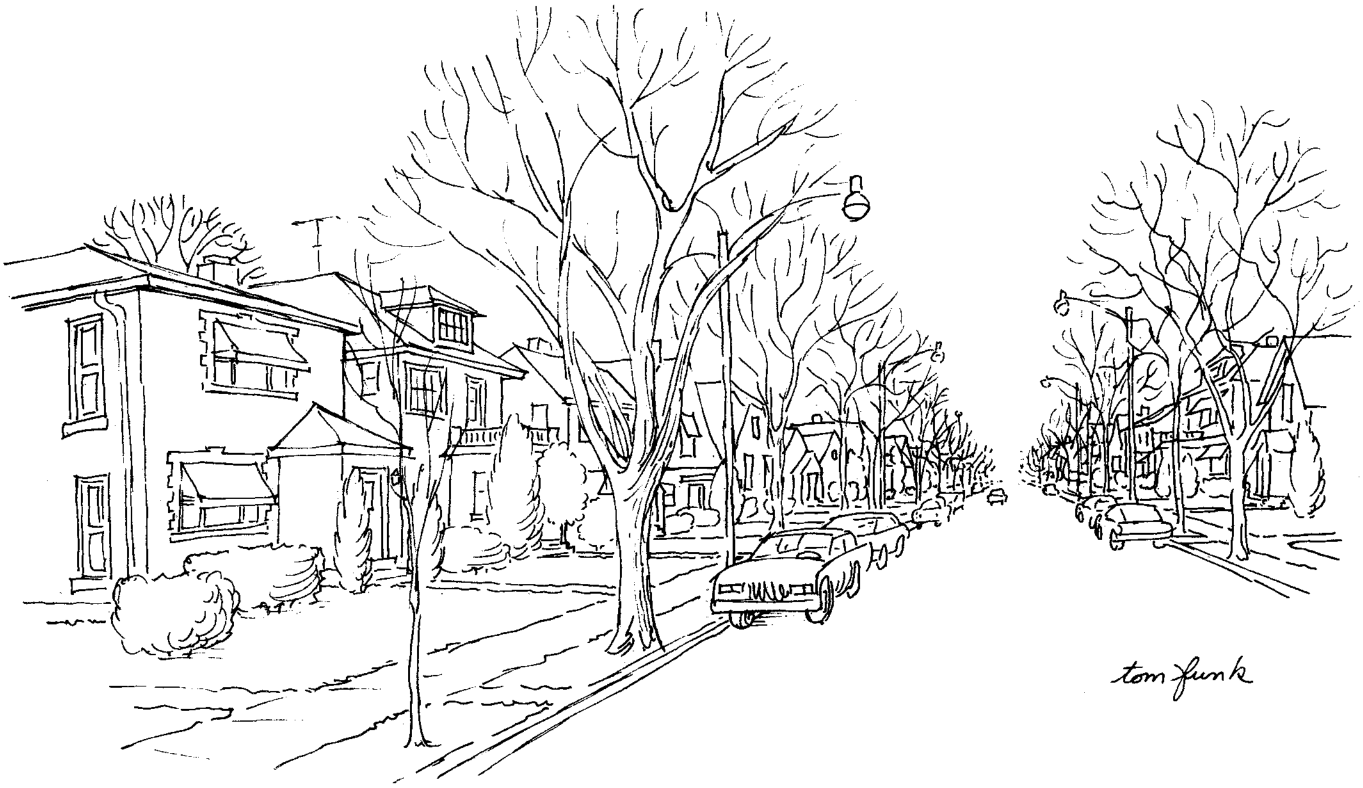
HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Bryan* (*Texas*) *Press*]

According to *The History of Brazos County, Texas*, by Elmer Grady Marshall, this county was not a large slave-holding county compared to those in other Southern states. Of the 446 white people living here in 1850, 148 were black, all of whom were slaves.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

HISTORY IN SHERMAN PARK—I



ONE evening in early September of 1984, I pulled up in front of the home of Gina and William Gapolinsky, in the Milwaukee neighborhood known as Sherman Park. (I have changed their names, the names of some others, and certain details in this article to protect their privacy.) I was there to talk with them about the Presidential election, which had got its start on Labor Day. In every election season, the candidates, the candidates' supporters, the reporters, the commentators, and others in and around the campaigns pour forth their messages—speeches, political advertisements, press conferences, leaks, articles, editorials—hoping to cast light (or to obfuscate), to clarify (or to muddle), to inform, to argue, to persuade, to charm, to dazzle: to win. I wanted to go to some particular place in America where this bombardment was arriving—where some individual voters were making up their minds whom to vote for as they went about the business of their lives. And, having put myself there, I wanted to look back at the campaigns and their interpreters—and to reflect on what was going on. I knew that on the basis of my talks with these people I could not make political generalizations of the kind that political polls allow, but I wanted to find out things that a poll could not reveal. Instead of finding out a little about a lot of votes, I wanted to find out everything I could about a handful of votes. After all, I thought, it was here—in the minds of individual voters—that an election, in the last analysis, took place. As in every campaign, the full range of issues handled by government was being presented for judgment and decision; among innumerable other issues were whether we would go to war or remain at peace, raise taxes or lower them, protect the natural environment or despoil it, expand individual liberties or shrink them, undermine foreign governments or leave them alone, regulate industry or unleash it, increase aid to the poor and disadvantaged or cut it back. And, because the election was taking place in the nuclear age, also at issue was the question of how the species could best assure its survival, and even whether it could survive at all; so the continuation of human life, too, was—fantastically—at issue in the election. In other political systems, those issues are handed over to the few for decision, or to just one person—to a revolutionary council, to a politburo, to a President-for-life, to a sovereign, to a king—but under our system it is the citizens who decide. Citizens, it is true, have much on their minds besides politics, and may take little or no interest in an election or in the issues raised in it (in 1984, as it turned out, nearly forty-seven per cent of the voting-age population did not bother to vote); or they may be swayed or pressured to vote one way or another by powerful forces in the society; or they may be offered such restricted choices in the first place that their true will never has a chance to be expressed. Yet the fact remains that, however the decision whom to vote for is arrived at, it is the people in the voting booths who decide which person takes office. At the very least, if the powerful forces wish to have their way they are forced to exert their influence through the minds of the citizens, and if the citizens, for whatever reason, rebel, their will prevails. So if in going to Sherman Park to talk with Gina and Bill Gapolinsky I was in one sense seeking out people at the bottom of the political hierarchy—people far from the centers of influence and power, on the receiving end of the government's decisions—I was in another sense seeking out the people who, under our system, are at the very pinnacle of power. It was not the President, or the senators, or the representatives who would decide, ultimately, whether taxes would be raised or lowered, whether the poor would be helped or

"The gods have mixed feelings."

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abandoned, whether the world would end or go on; it was Gina and Bill. Whatever their level of interest, or concern, or information, their decisions were the ones that stuck. They were the American sovereign. They were the American king.

In the campaign so far, the polls declared, President Reagan had established a wide lead. At the Republican National Convention, in late August, he had framed the election as a choice between not merely two programs for governing America but two general moods, or temperamental inclinations—"optimism" on the Republican side and "pessimism" on the Democratic side. The Democrats, he said upon arriving in Dallas, offered the country "defeatism, decline, dependency, doom, and despair." Their very fear of these ills beginning with the letter "d," he seemed to be saying, would bring the ills on. The Democrats, he said in his acceptance speech, were pessimists who undermined "the confidence and optimism about the future that has made us unique in the world." They preached that "decline was inevitable," Representative Jack Kemp said at the Convention, because there were forces "beyond our control," and that "America had reached its limits." It was anything but surprising, then, Senator Paul Laxalt said, that under President Carter the nation had been "humbled at home, humiliated abroad." And the Soviet leaders, for their part, United Nations Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick said, had "moved with boldness and skill to exploit their new advantages." But then, the preamble to the Republican platform said, there had begun a "new dawn of the American spirit." Under Ronald Reagan, in just "four short years" (Laxalt), America had become well. The economy roared ahead, the Russians fell back, and America, "respected" once again, was restored to its role as "a model for other nations" (Kemp).

In the weeks following the Convention, the Reagan campaign ran a richly atmospheric series of television advertisements that were much admired by people in the business and whose chief aim seemed to be to create a climate of national well-being and happiness—even of euphoria—and to link this with the Reagan Administration. One ad that was widely commented upon announced, in a soothing deep male voice, "It's morning again in America," and consisted almost entirely of pleasing scenes of American life offered in succession—a tugboat moving up a river at dawn, a beautiful young couple getting married, and more. Reagan also made a series of campaign appearances carefully designed to lend themselves to the brief, impressionistic coverage characteristic of television. In one of these, the President attended a birthday party for the celebrated and loved country-and-Western star Roy Acuff at the Grand Ole Opry, in Nashville, Tennessee, and,

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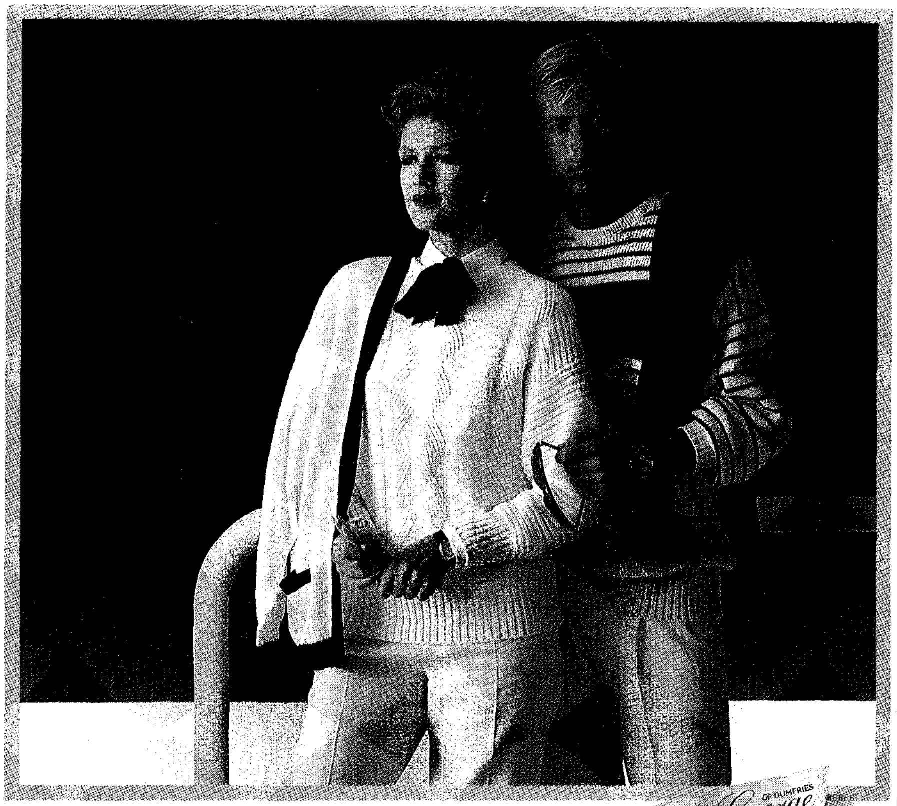
Against this skillful, unified presentation of a happy, confident, optimistic country being led by a strong leader, the Democratic candidate, former Vice-President Walter Mondale, sought to pit a series of quite detailed criticisms of specific policies of the Reagan Administration. He often pointed out that Reagan had failed to conclude any agreements with the Soviet Union on the control of nuclear arms and that during his Presidency the federal budget deficit had risen from seventy-four billion dollars to a hundred and eighty-five billion. He accused the Administration of neglecting the environment, of trying to reverse progress in the field of civil-rights law and legislation, of condoning human-rights abuses by right-wing regimes abroad. In a controversial recommendation at the Democratic National Convention, in mid-July, he also proposed that taxes be raised to cut the budget deficit. So far, however, he had not pulled these criticisms together into any over-all theme, much less created an infectious mood of the kind that had been created by the Reagan campaign. At the Convention, he advocated a "new realism" for the Democratic Party, but the idea did not catch on and was soon forgotten. He tried on occasion to boil down his list of criticisms into something more readily appealing, but managed only to produce a shorter list: "a safer America," "fairness," and "a more competitive America." In early September, he suggested to a reporter that the central message of his campaign was going to be "what kind of people we are"—whether idealistic or selfish, compassionate or cruel—but no concerted or coördinated effort was made to give that idea prominence. If Reagan seemed to slight policy in favor of mood, Mondale at times seemed to get lost in the details of policy. Mondale's early campaign appearances were marked by mistakes. His first official day of campaigning, on Labor Day, became a cross-country demonstration of error and mishap. In the morning, in New York, he showed up for the Labor Day parade before the parade had attracted many spectators, and so was forced to march along sparsely lined streets in front of the television cameras; at mid-day, he flew to Merrill, Wisconsin, where his audience was rained on before he spoke; and in the evening he arrived so late for a



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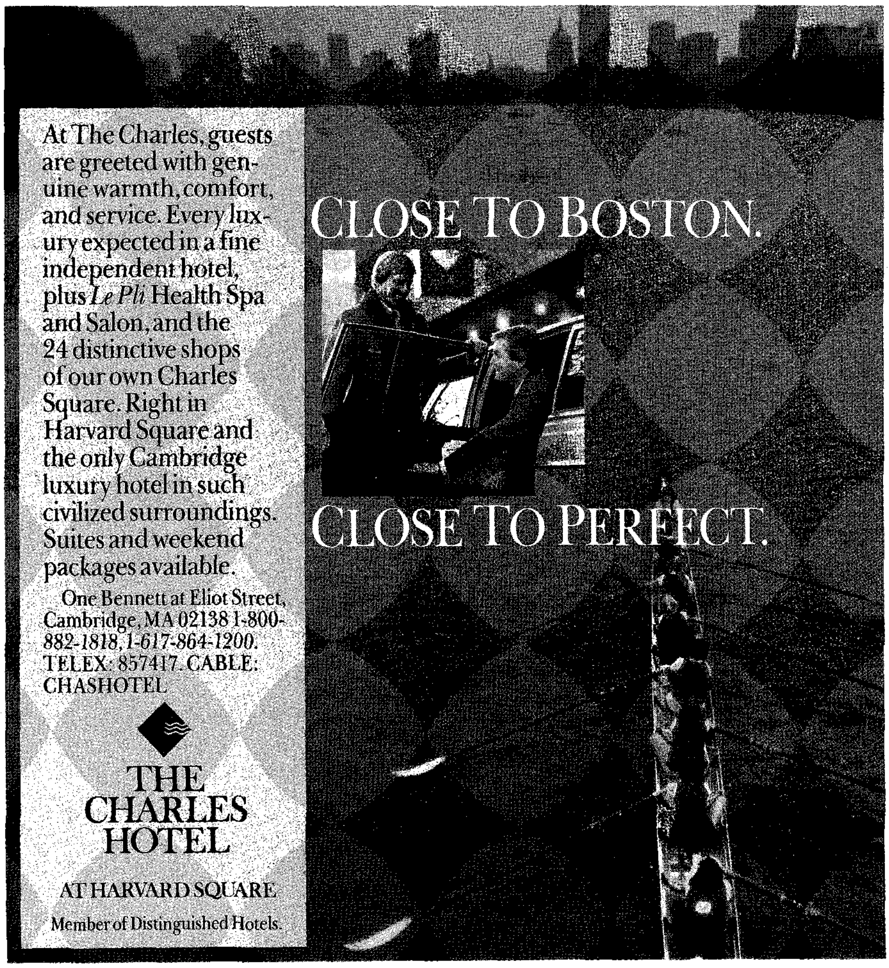

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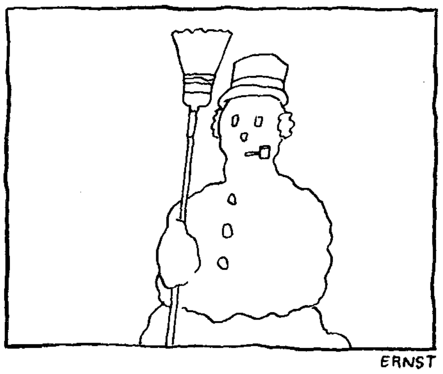
rally at Long Beach, California, that the event could not be covered in the evening news. The manner and method of the two campaigns soon became as much of an issue in the election as any of the supposedly substantial issues mentioned in the candidates' speeches. President Reagan's campaign was praised for its businesslike efficiency and its public-relations creativity and skill but faulted for its lack of concentration on issues, while Mondale's campaign was praised for its concentration on issues but faulted for its inefficiency and its ineptness. In press commentary, it became something of a cliché to say that many people who agreed with Mondale on most of the issues were going to vote for Reagan anyway. Commentators had remarked that Reagan seemed to be shielded by a coat of political Teflon that mysteriously protected him from having to pay any political price with the public for errors of his Administration. Now it was beginning to look as if the Teflon protected him from rival candidates as well. A destructive synergism seemed to be at work in the Mondale campaign. The Republicans had portrayed him as the candidate of "decline;" now the point seemed to be illustrated daily by the waning popularity of his candidacy. And while Mondale, seen as both the apostle and the exemplar of defeat, sank in his vortex of failure Reagan seemed to ascend on a spiral of success.

THE Gapolinskys' house occupied a small lot on a tree-lined street on the north side of Milwaukee. It had two stories—the first of brick, the second of aluminum siding, which overhung the brick by a few inches, like a hat pulled down over it. In front of the house was a small lawn, bisected by a narrow concrete walk, and in back were another lawn, a small garden, and a garage, which was reached by an alley that ran parallel to the street behind all the houses on the block. Facing the street were the front door and a picture window, and above each was a green aluminum awning, with a white stripe on the fringe. A cedar tree stood, sentrylike, next to the door, a box-shaped shrub grew under the picture window, and a white lantern stood on a man-high post that was planted next to the concrete walk. Up and down the street for as far as the eye could see were more such houses on small lots. Milwaukee is, by and large, a city of family-owned houses. Its streets, which are laid out in a strict grid pattern, run for miles in straight lines, and the house numbers mount quickly into the thousands as one drives north or west. Except in the city's downtown—about seven miles as the crow flies from the Gapolinskys' house—where glass-and-steel towers have risen in and around a remarkably handsome and well-preserved core of nineteenth-century and early-twentieth-century urban buildings, tall buildings are rare in Milwaukee. The city's neighborhoods combine features of urban and suburban life. As in many cities, the streets are laid out in numbered blocks intersected by named avenues and a few throughways. Yet, as in the suburbs, commercial and residential areas have become separated as shopping malls have taken over from local stores, and workers have taken to travelling to their jobs by car. In general, people get from one place to another by automobile. No commercial establishment—neither office nor store—was visible from the Gapolinskys' house; they and their neighbors did most of their shopping in a mall about a mile away. Except when people were leaving for work or returning home, the streets were quiet and empty. When I pulled up in front of the Gapolinskys' house, at about five o'clock, no person or moving car was in sight, the living-room windows of most of the houses on the street were lit, usually behind drawn shades, and in many windows the cool light of television sets flickered. When I got out of the car, the sky—its low, slow-moving clouds underlit a dull orange—was a strong presence.

Bill Gapolinsky greeted me at the door, in brown slacks and a T-shirt decorated with a picture of an overflowing stein of beer and, below it, the word "BEER." Bill, who was twenty-six, was a tall, physically powerful man who carried himself somewhat rigidly, as if to hold his energy in check. He had stiff brown hair, parted in the center, small brown eyes, a ski-jump nose, a brown mustache, and a broad, strong mouth. When he smiled, his eyes lit up with a mischievous glint, and a broken front tooth gave him a roguish, piratical air. But when the smile faded the glint was extinguished, and the pirate vanished, and in his place stood a sober, opaque, impassive citizen. Bill showed me into the living room. A plaid-upholstered sofa under the picture window faced two stuffed chairs against the opposite wall, and a nineteen-inch television set stood against a side wall. Above it were two pictures—a glossy photograph of a mountain scene laminated onto a thin-sliced cross-section of a log, and a glassed-in photograph of a sunset over an ocean, in whose lower right-hand corner were the hands of an operating clock. A family of butterflies in a pattern of rising flight was fixed to the wall over one of the chairs. Framed photographs of Gina and the Gapolinskys' two children, Marjorie, four, and Linda, a year and a half, hung next to the picture window. The sound of children's voices and of water running floated down from the second floor, where the family's three bedrooms were. Bill said that Gina was getting the children ready for bed, and that all three would be down soon. We sat down to wait, and I asked Bill to tell me something about his work.

Two months earlier, he said, he had been promoted from salesman at the Standard American Cookie Company (as I'll call it), which sells cookies and other snack foods all over the country, to district manager for sales—an advance in the corporate hierarchy that formally elevated him from the ranks of the workers to management, requiring that he resign from his union. He had got the salesman's job, he said, only two and a half years before that, in February of 1982. With the change in rank came a change in his working uniform: as a salesman, Bill could leave his shirt collar open on the job (company policy discouraged this, but few people paid any attention); now he was required to wear not only a shirt and tie but a sports jacket or a suit. Bill and a brother of his were the first members of his family, he said, to rise to a managerial position. Bill and Gina were both graduates of the University of Wisconsin; neither his nor Gina's parents or grandparents had gone to college. All four of Bill's grandparents had emigrated to the United States from Poland at the beginning of this century. All were Catholic, and so were their children, and Bill himself. All four of Gina's grandparents had



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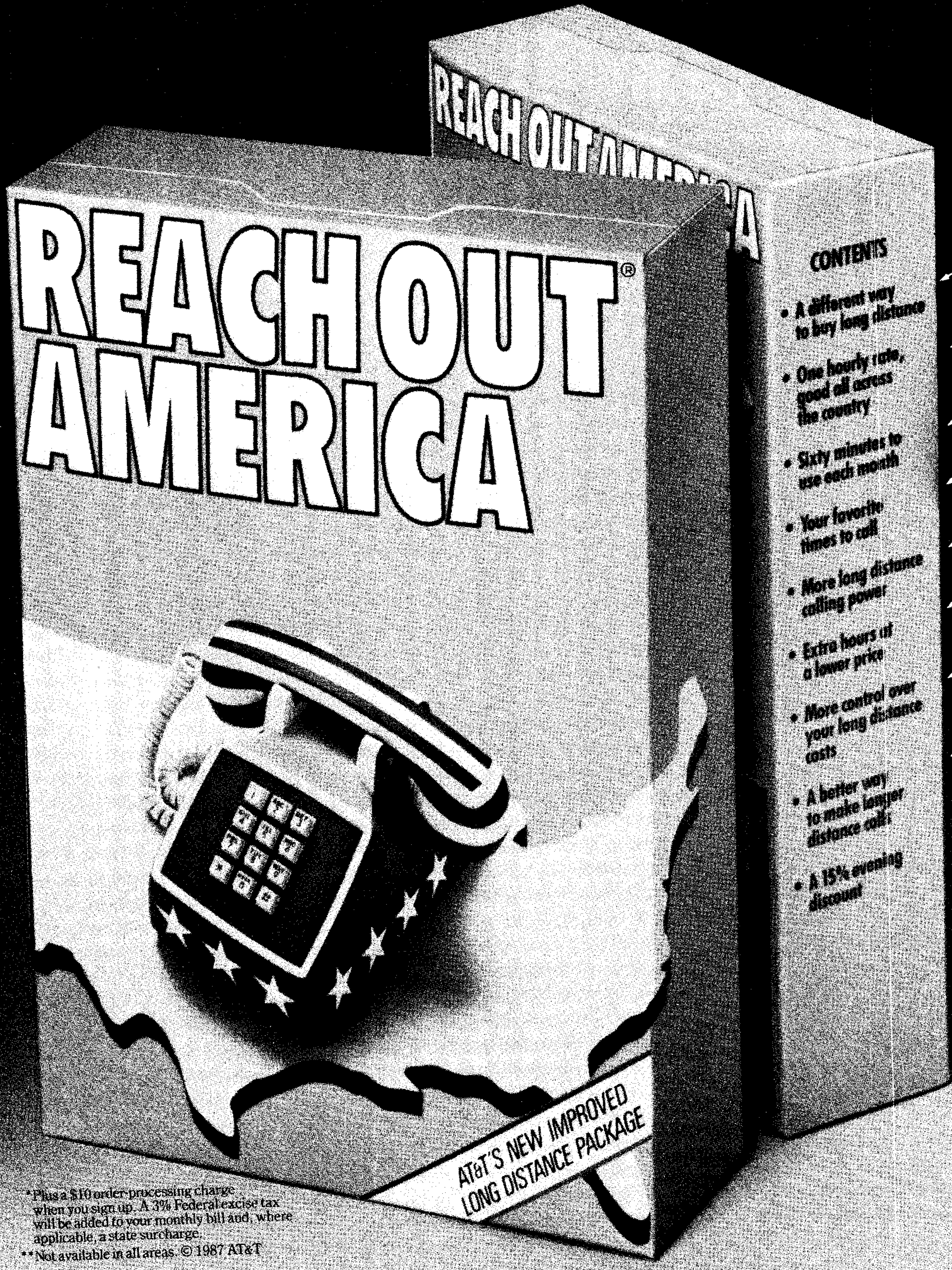
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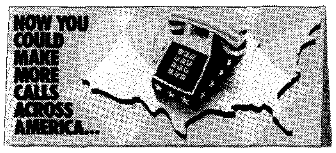

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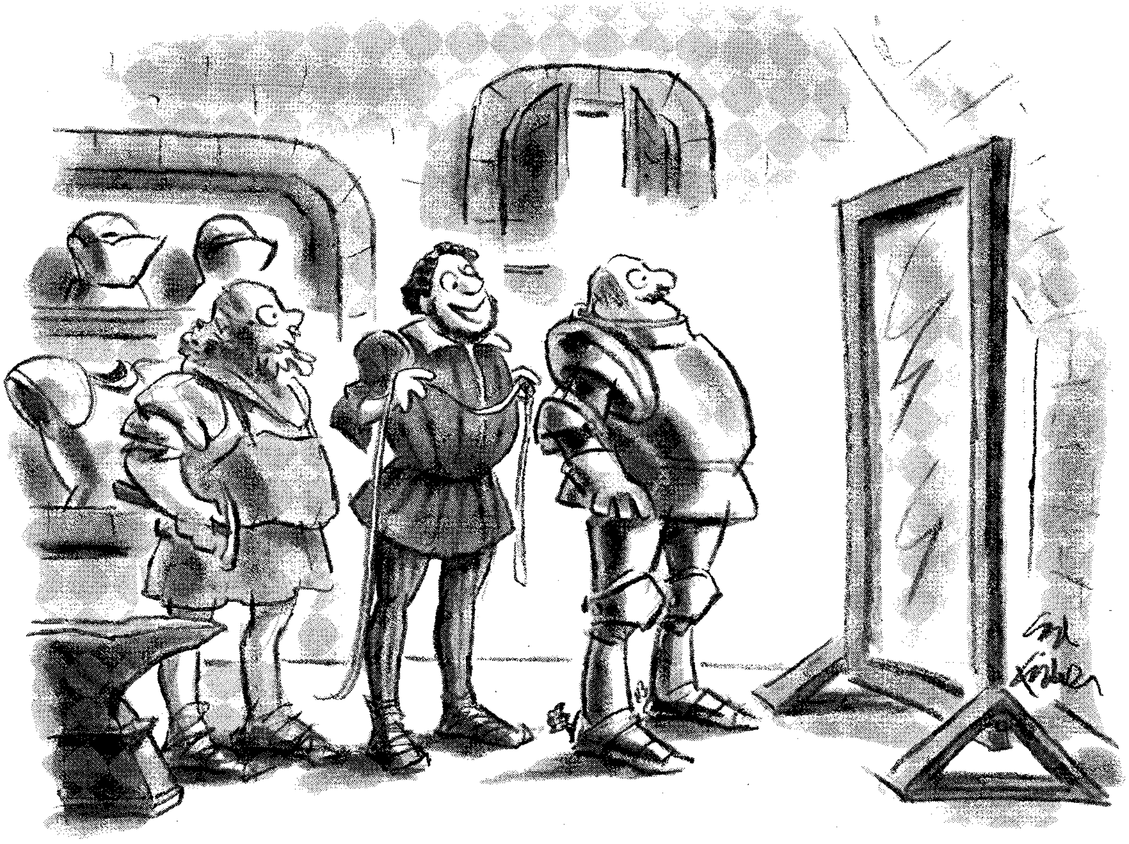


"Invulnerable, if I may say so, sir."

• •

emigrated from Sicily, also around the beginning of the century, and they, too, had all been Catholic, as were their children and Gina. Bill's father, who died in November of 1976, worked for thirty years as a shipping clerk on the night shift at the Pabst Brewing Company. Because Bill had risen into management, he was covered for the first time in his life by a dental plan that would pay to have his front tooth capped, and he intended, he told me, to have this work done soon.

There was a sound of laughter on the stairs, and Gina appeared, smiling, with Linda in her arms. Gina was short, full-figured, vivacious, and pretty. She had dark-brown hair down to her shoulders, large brown eyes, and soft, rounded features, and she was wearing bluejeans and a lemon-colored jersey with a cowl collar. Her smile was broad and her gaze direct, and she conveyed a feeling of warmth, forcefulness, and fun. She handed Linda over to Bill. Linda, who was wearing red one-piece pajamas, had dark curly hair and a willful twinkle in her eye.

"Here's our bundle of joy," Bill boomed. "I haven't seen you all day." He kissed her noisily.

A few moments later, Marjorie came downstairs, wearing a flowered nightgown. She had long dark-brown hair, delicate features, and a tentative smile.

"Hey, I missed you, sweetheart," Bill said to Marjorie. "Do you love Daddy? Give Daddy a kiss."

Marjorie hung back.

"*Mar-jo-rie. Give Dad-dy a kiss*," Bill said again, with menacing emphasis on each syllable, but Marjorie did not move.

"She doesn't have to kiss you if she doesn't want to," Gina interjected.

"You don't think so?" Bill answered, only half joking, and he made an abrupt move toward Marjorie, who started to flee upstairs. Bill followed, and shortly a happy shriek was heard from the top of the stairs, followed by loud kissing sounds and giggles.

"Why do I spank you?" Bill asked, still out of sight at the top of the stairs.

"Because you love me," Marjorie answered. Bill sometimes spoke in a commanding, aggressive tone, but often he would suddenly drop that tone and become docile and reasonable. Bill loved to be reasonable, and he was proud of his ability to listen to other points of view, and to let his own view be changed by them. But even when Bill was commanding, Gina was not overawed. She summoned a commanding voice of her own for these occasions, and talked back. She was also capable of making a public scene, and Bill knew this. On their first date, at the movies, they both recalled with amusement, they had had an argument about some candy that Bill proposed to buy for Gina. He started to buy a four-ounce package of the candy from the concession, for fifty cents, but Gina noticed that a one-ounce package of the same candy was available for ten cents from a vending machine, and she insisted that Bill exchange the two quarters he had for five dimes and get five one-ounce packages from the machine, and he did. Oh, boy, he had thought at the time. I'm arguing with this woman on our first date. This is probably the one I'll wind up marrying. Bill and Gina both were strong personalities, but neither showed the slightest sign of being intimidated by the other.

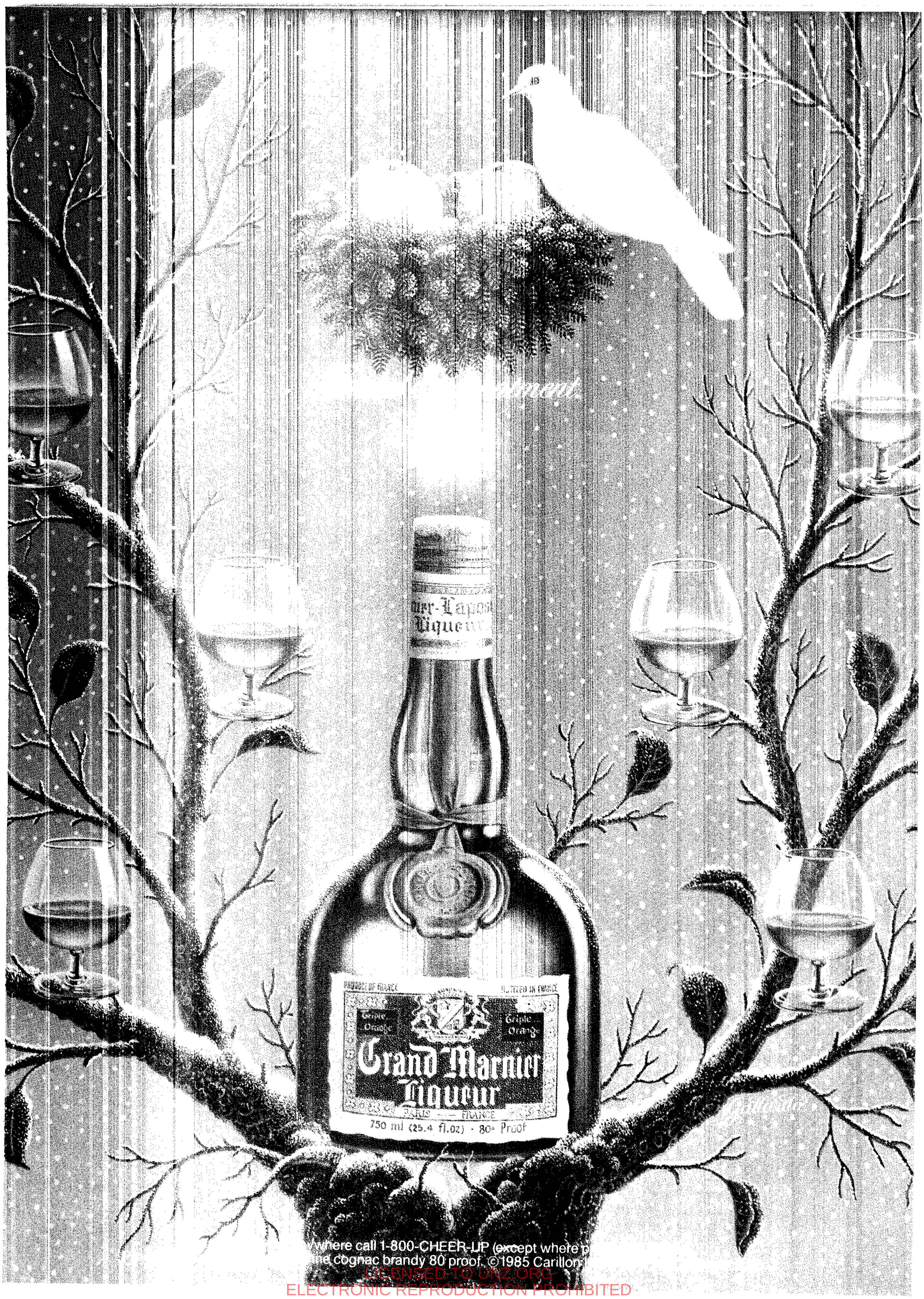
After Gina had put the children to bed, Bill, Gina, and I sat down to discuss the election. I asked Bill how things looked to him at this point.

"I'm leaning to Reagan," he told me. "I'm an optimistic American, and I think America should be able to solve problems. I'm kind of like J. R. Ewing, in 'Dallas.'" He paused. "Maybe I'm a kind of a jerk," he added diffidently.

Gina laughed. Her laugh was explosive; it came up from the depths and rocked her whole frame. "He thinks he's Mr. Executive now," she burst out merrily. "He thinks that if he votes for the Democrat he'll be brought down to blue-collar level."

"Sure," Bill answered, smiling, yet with a competitive glint in narrowed eyes. "But I have to go out and deal with reality and provide for the family. You're just a housewife, and you can stay home in the little warm cocoon of the house all day."

Gina's laugh erupted again. "Oh, ho!" she exclaimed. "'Just'? Did I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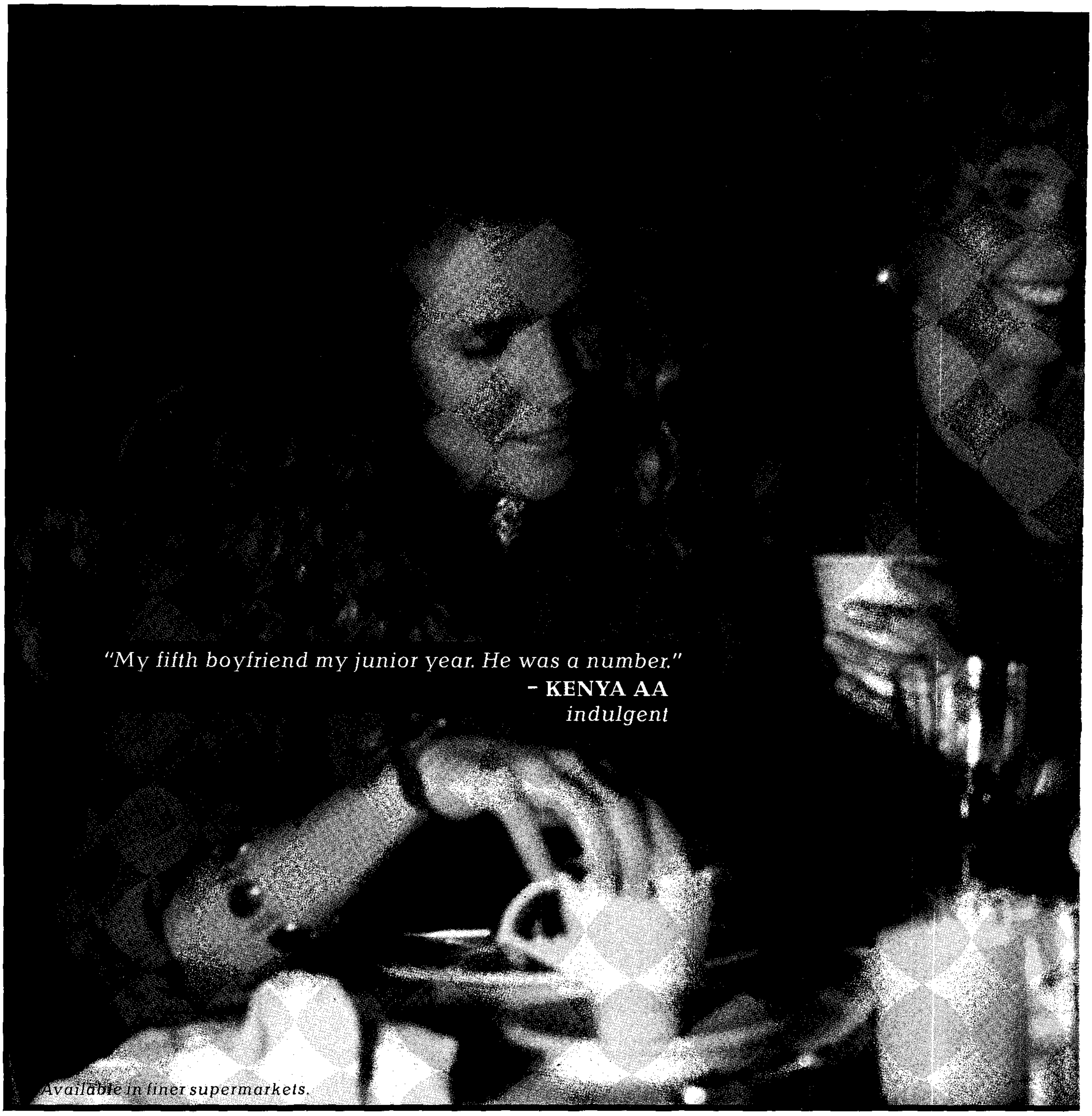
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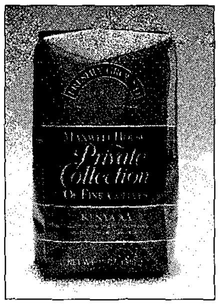
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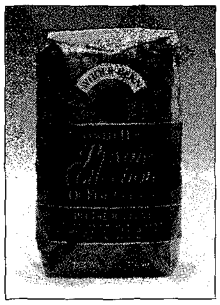

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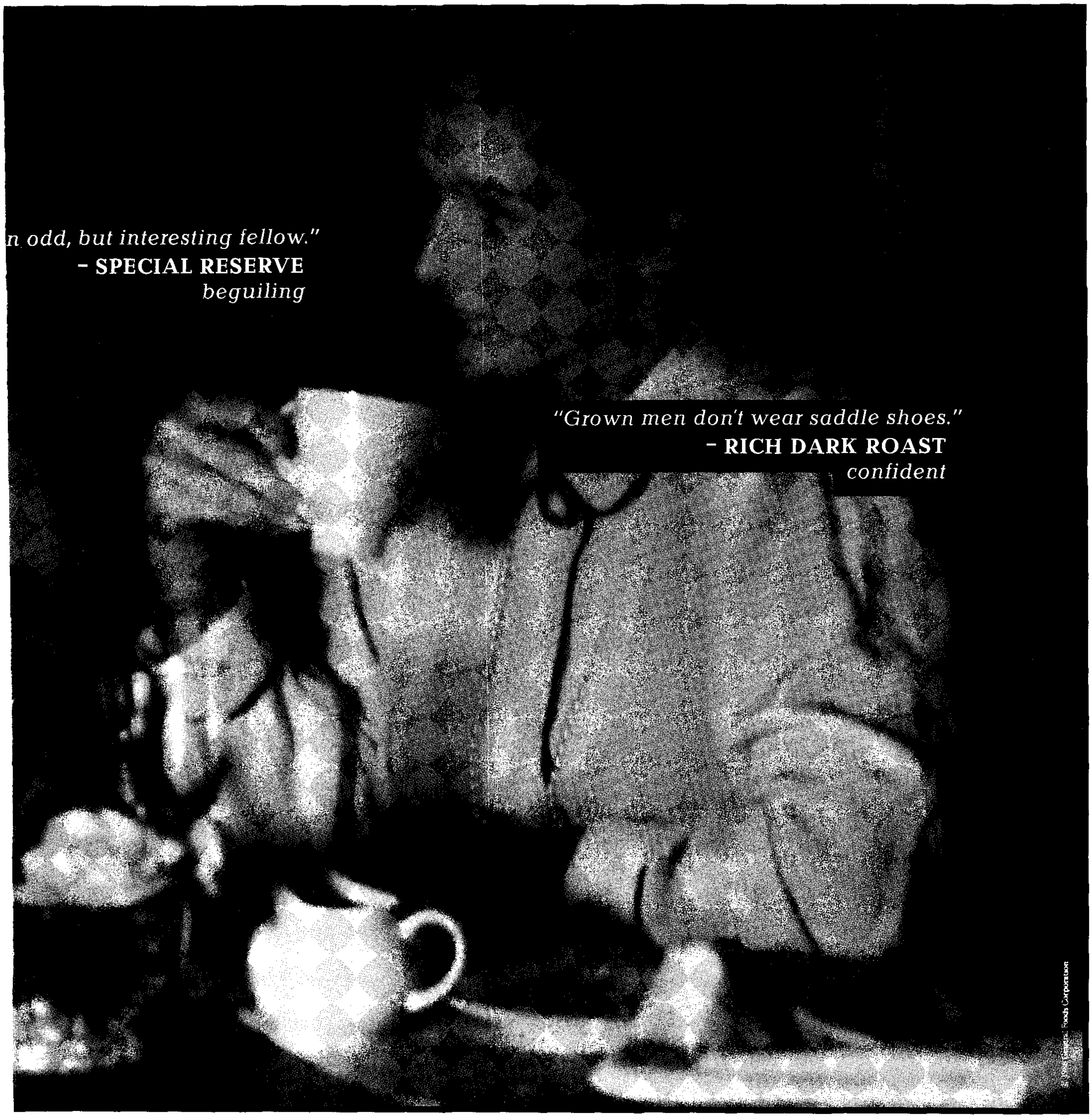

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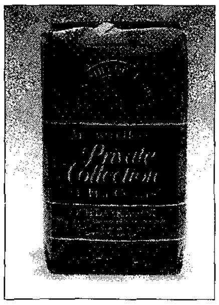

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hear 'just'? I guess you think I'm sitting around here all day watching TV and taking naps."

"No, honey—honest, I don't," Bill said, his voice now soft. "I really think being a housewife is the hardest job there is. I know I couldn't do it. No way." Bill spoke with evident conviction. A sort of harsh kidding was one of Bill's styles with his friends and relatives, and sometimes he carried it to the edge of insult. For instance, he might repeatedly say to a guest, "Are you still here? I thought you'd gone." But before offense was given he would dissolve the joke in affection and hospitality. He enjoyed similar kidding from others, and never took offense. He carried no chip on his shoulder, and in his aggressive banter nothing serious seemed threatened against others or to be at stake for him. Since his promotion at Standard American, I learned later, Bill had been working as much as ten or twelve hours a day. But when he was home he shared the household tasks with Gina—washing dishes and clothes, changing diapers, putting the children to bed. Neither Bill nor Gina, they said, wanted the kind of marriage, common in their parents' generation but much rarer today, in which the husband came home from work, sat down in his favorite armchair, turned on the TV, and was served a cup of coffee or a beer by his wife. Bill admitted that the idea of being served that way sometimes appealed to him, but he said he had decided that the sort of woman who would offer to do it would not be interesting to him. He wanted someone more "challenging," he said, and in Gina he had found her. Gina now did part-time free-lance work as an interviewer for market-research projects, and she and Bill took it for granted that when both children were in school she would get a regular job.

I asked Gina whom she preferred in the election.

"*Definitely* Mondale," she said. "I guess I'm just a social-welfare-type person."

"Anyway," Bill said, resuming his train of thought about the election, "Reagan's selling himself, and I think it's working. He really knows how to get things across to people. He presents himself well. Even when he doesn't *say* something, you *know* what he's thinking. I think he's really a strong leader."

"You say he sells himself well to people," I said. "But does he sell himself well to you? And do you like what it is that he is selling?"

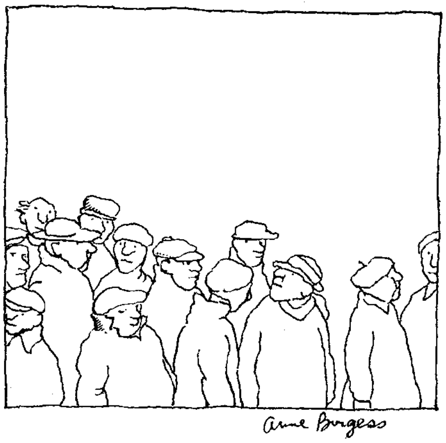
"I do like several things that he's done," Bill answered. "One, he brought down inflation. Two, he brought down interest rates from the twenty per cent where they were under Carter. There's no way we could have bought this house with interest rates at twenty per cent." Bill and Gina bought their house in January of 1984, for forty-nine thousand dollars. They paid only two hundred dollars down and got a mortgage for the rest, at twelve and a half per cent, obligating them to monthly payments of six hundred and fifty-six dollars.

"What he says goes," Gina observed. "Mondale is kind of lukewarm—like he was more of a team player."

"In the sixties and the seventies, it seemed like nothing the country wanted to do ever got done," Bill went on. "We wanted inflation to go down, but it didn't. We wanted American imperialism to stop, but it still went on. What with the Vietnam War, and non-trust in the government, and burning the flag, there was a feeling of 'Why vote? It doesn't matter. Everybody's crooked.' But now it seems that people think that the government *can* do some good things. Reagan had a majority in only one house of Congress, but he talked to the people he had to talk to, and got his program through. Carter had Democratic majorities in both houses and couldn't do zilch. Maybe I feel like I do because of the other Presidents I've known. What did Nixon do? He made friends with China. Ford didn't have time. Carter was a washout. So when I see someone accomplish *anything* I'm impressed. I'm feeling better about the whole country. You know, around the time of the last election I was wondering whether we would all be here four years from now."

"What made you wonder that?" I asked.

"Well, you know, the hydrogen bomb and all," Bill answered, in a low voice, as if embarrassed. "And I didn't know whether I would even have a job or a family. But now I have all of that. I used to think maybe we all had a twenty per cent chance of making it. Now I think it's more like eighty per cent. But I recently met a Jehovah's Witness who said it looks like the world could end any day now. It's still as if there's too much chance for something to go wrong. People talk about putting money away for the future, but—hey—I don't. I would *love* to be here when I'm sixty-five or eighty-five, or a hundred, and with Gina, too, and have Marjorie be a grandmother. But I'm not going to put a lot of money away which would prevent me from enjoying something right now, just so I could enjoy something when I'm sixty-five. I'm not totally convinced I'm going to be here when I'm sixty-five."



"In coming to feel somewhat more optimistic, do you think that the world has changed or that your views have changed?" I asked.

"My views have changed based on the world changing," he said. "Reagan put his foot down and said, 'This is what we're going to do, and this is what we're not going to do.' I remember once, when I was a junior in college and Carter was President, I went with my cousin Karen to hear this Indian folk singer, who talked about how we're 'wasting the good of the land' and how there's no way we're going to 'see twenty more winters.' And I really believed that. I remember asking Karen, 'Do you think we're going to be around in twenty years?' And she said, 'Oh, hell, yeah.' And I said, 'God, I'm really looking forward to having kids, and raising them, and waiting for them to have kids. I want them to go through everything I'm going through, and I want them to enjoy it. But I have the feeling they aren't going to be around.' "

"Do you remember what made you feel this way?" I asked.

"Well, it seemed there wasn't going to be enough oil, the way we were using it," Bill said. "And in London, I read, people were dying of pollution. And in Los Angeles the pollution was getting worse and worse, too. And all the nuclear crap was going on. It seemed like the whole world was closing in on us. Also, it seemed like the environmentalists and the draft-card burners were taking over. And especially the anti-Vietnam, anti-defense protesters. If we cut and cut and cut defense spending, I thought, then pretty soon we aren't going to have any weapons. Once we stop building weapons—once sixty to eighty per cent of the people believe that you don't need weapons, when we reduce to that point—then what do you think is going to happen? The Russians are going to jump on us, that's what."

I asked Bill what he thought about Mondale.

"I don't exactly disagree with him," Bill said. "In fact, if he could do everything that he says he would do I'd vote for him right away. But I just don't think he can. Take his idea of raising taxes, for instance." Bill was referring to Mondale's promise to raise taxes to help reduce the budget deficit. "I think it's a good idea. He wants the rich people to pay more. But they won't. They never have, and they never will. Mondale is just not going to be able to do it. There's no way."

"Why not?" I asked.

"It's just never been done," Bill answered with finality. "A lot of politicians are in office because the rich people put them there. The politicians owe them too many favors to make them pay higher taxes. Money just runs this country. God, I'm convinced of that. If there was no monetary influence or business influence, I'd definitely vote for Mondale. It's too bad, because I agree with him. But I just don't think he can do what he wants to do. He can't do it."

"Why can Reagan get things done?"

"He's more of a realist. He's a Republican, a businessman—he believes in business." Bill thought for a few moments. "So do I," he went on. "Partly because business makes America work and partly because you can't get away from its influence. You can't beat big business. You can't beat big money. I'm a conservative."

"Bill, I think you're beginning to sound a little *pessimistic*," Gina remarked. "I thought you were supposed to be this optimistic American."

"I *am* optimistic," Bill said.

"You don't like the idea of being pegged as pessimistic, but lots of your ideas *are* pessimistic," Gina said. "You know, this thing like 'Sure, Mondale's plan sounds good, but it can never be done, because of the way the world is, so it just won't be put into effect, because you just can't do it.' And without even giving it a try. I think you just want to maintain the status quo by keeping the Republicans in there—because you're a little selfish, a little afraid you may get hurt." She added wistfully, "Bill, you've become so business-minded."

"Maybe," Bill answered, entertaining the thought. "You know," he continued, "at one of the Catholic high schools that I sell cookies to I saw a sign that said, 'Even if you come in first, act as if you came in last.' I think that's un-American. If you think in an uncompetitive way, you're not going to succeed in America." He stopped. Then, as if remembering something, he said, in a quieter voice, "You know, I really believe in pacifism, though. I really do. I was always good at sports—baseball, football, everything. But if people were hitting each other or hurting each other I just never wanted to have anything to do with it. To me, it was just a game. It *could* be done in a fair way. I like to think that there are few people fairer and more honest than me."

"That's *true!*" Gina exclaimed immediately, brought forward in her chair with the force of the realization. "He *is* fair. He really is."

"Now, at my salesman job we were

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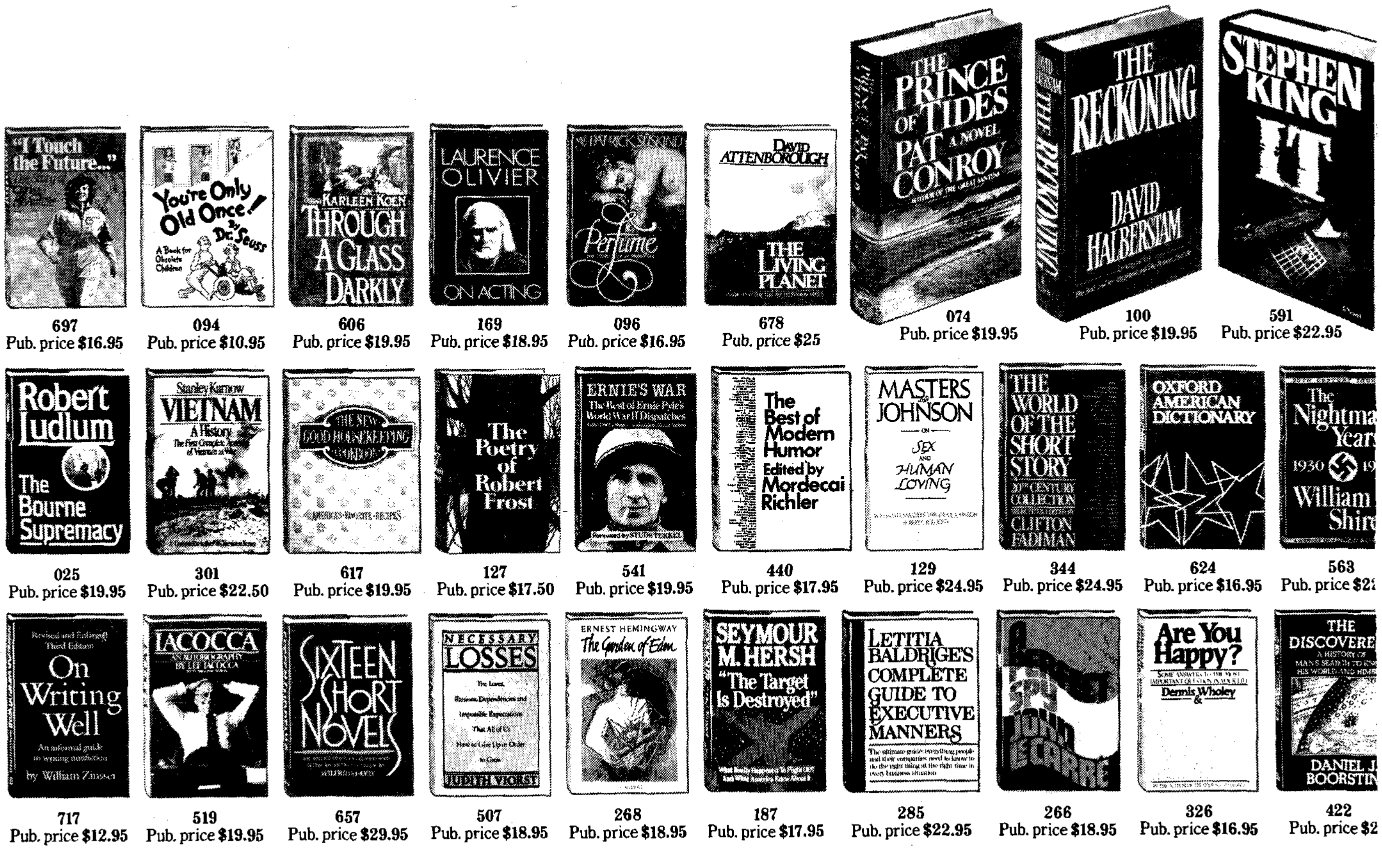
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authorized to give a ten-per-cent reduction on cookies to schools, to bring in business. But some guys cheated and found a way of giving twenty per cent without the main office finding out. That way, their records and commissions improved. But I just wouldn't do it. No way. Maybe my boss even wanted me to. He's a very straight guy, but maybe, although he wouldn't say 'Do it,' he wanted me to do it anyway. But I wouldn't. One of my colleagues says, 'That's what's fun about business—breaking the rules.' But that's what I *hate* about business—when it gets dishonest."

"In your experience, are most people you deal with honest?" I asked.

"Everyone wants a break for himself," Bill said. "That's America. That's capitalism. That's competition. I think that one of the Catholic high schools I was selling cookies to took the account away from me and gave it to another guy because he offered the twenty-per-cent discount."

As Gina heard this, a troubled look came over her face. "But Bill," she asked, "isn't that the time to break the rule? I mean, isn't that what you have to do, ultimately?"

"So what *is* the ultimate thing, Gina?"

"Isn't it to break the rule? Isn't that it? Isn't that what Standard American really wants?"

"Yeah, sure it is," Bill answered. "But I'm not Standard American. I'm Bill Gapolinsky."

THE commentators were talking about nuclear-arms control, the budget deficit, and other issues of the day, and Bill and Gina were concerned with these things, too, but as I talked to them it seemed to me that what divided them politically as much as anything was the question of how bad the world was—how unreformably, irredeemably bad. For Bill, the world—meaning, roughly, the upper reaches of power and money, where the politicians made their decisions and the businessmen made their deals—was a place where corruption was endemic, or, at any rate, more widespread than it was in the private spheres of most people's lives. But because the corruption was inexpungeably ingrained in the world it in a way lost the character of corruption and became necessary, and therefore even desirable. Certainly you didn't want as your representative in this harsh realm someone who indulged himself in inappropriate, private virtues—virtues whose only effect was to put him and you at a competitive disadvantage. And yet when Bill contemplated moving up into that harsh realm himself, as a businessman, part of him held back—nothing less than the part he proudly called Bill Gapolinsky. To be "conservative" did not mean that he thought it was a good idea that big money ruled society; it meant that he believed this to be the case, and thought that there was nothing to be done about it. Gina agreed that big money ruled society, but she hoped that this state of affairs could be changed, and wanted to put up a fight against it. She believed that acceptance of the rule of big money was not wisdom or realism but apathy, or even selfishness. Bill saw the world as in its nature quite bad; Gina saw it as improvable. Neither of the political parties was taking a position on how intrinsically good or bad the world was, but Bill's dark, fatalistic view of the world somehow was inclining him toward the "confident," "optimistic" Republicans and Gina's comparatively brighter view was inclining her

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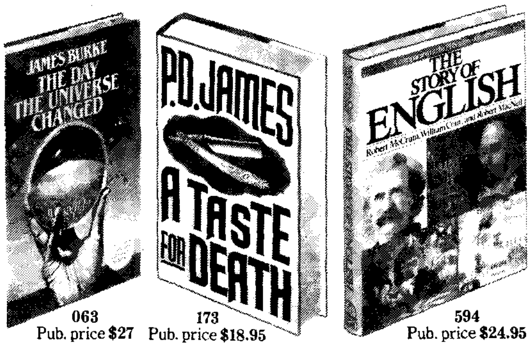

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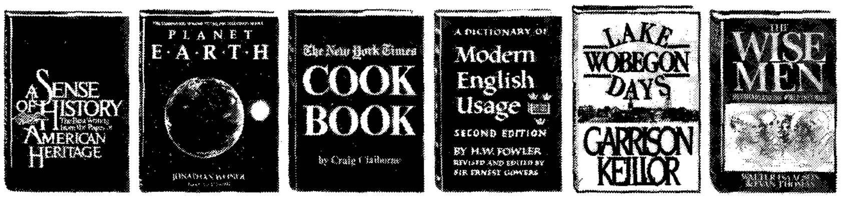

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toward the "defeatist," "pessimistic" Democrats.

A MAP representing the world of Bill and Gina Gapolinsky would have on it very few places outside Milwaukee. Two key points on the map would be the homes of Bill's mother, Barbara Gapolinsky, and Gina's mother, Martha Bellacchio, both of whom lived alone, in retirement. Mrs. Gapolinsky lived a few miles to the north of Bill and Gina's house, in the house in which Bill grew up, and Mrs. Bellacchio lived a few miles to the east of their house, in a rented apartment. Mrs. Gapolinsky, who was the sixth of nine children, was born in the suburb of South Milwaukee, where her father ran a hardware store. Bill's father, Thomas Gapolinsky, died of a heart attack when Bill was eighteen, and Gina's father, Richard Bellacchio, deserted the family in 1961, when Gina was eighteen months. His present home, in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, would be a dim point on Gina's map. He had returned a few times to Milwaukee—unexpectedly, as often as not—to see the children. Gina had not enjoyed those occasions. She resented what she felt was an assumption on his part that he should be treated as their father. She had no interest in further relations with him. Mrs. Bellacchio was the fifth of twelve children born to Pietro and Anna Giardini, in Springfield, Illinois. Pietro had held many jobs—railway worker, coal miner, and, briefly, bootlegger. Anna had raised the children and taken care of the house, which had two stories and six rooms. Her grandchildren, who spent happy vacations there, recalled a woman perpetually covered with flour standing behind a stove handing out individual meatballs on forks to swarms of children; they remembered her as "a saint." Barbara Gapolinsky and Martha Bellacchio had abundant time to keep a vigilant, critical, affectionate eye on their children and grandchildren, and the views they expressed over the phone and in person, censorious or otherwise, were the subject of many hours of lively conversation among their children.

The neighborhood in which Bill had grown up, and in which Mrs. Gapolinsky still lived, had changed since the family had moved there, in 1951. During the war, Barbara's husband-to-be, Thomas, had served in the Army, as a medic in Australia and New Guinea. After he returned, in 1945, he courted Barbara for a year, wooing her away from another man, to whom she had been unofficially engaged, and they were married in July of 1946. In the next dozen years, they had four children: Paula, in 1949; Fred, in 1952; Katharine (Kate), in 1955; and Bill, in 1958. All over the United States, men back from the war were marrying, buying houses, often with the help of loans under the G.I. Bill of Rights, and having families. The Gapolinskys bought an unfinished house in an unfinished development on Thirtieth Street, for ten thousand nine hundred dollars, of which they paid three thousand dollars down. (Thomas was eligible to take out a loan under the G.I. Bill but decided instead to obtain one from a bank that offered nearly the same interest rate.) While the house was under construction, they would stop by every Sunday to see how it was coming. All around them were the sights and sounds of building, and of other people moving into the development, most of whom were young couples, like them. Many of the husbands were veterans of the war, and Thomas discovered that a friend of his from the Army had bought a house on the same block. Soon the new neighbors were helping one another. As it happened, the builder of the Gapolinskys' house died just before it was finished, so Thomas, his brothers, his brothers-in-law, and several neighbors completed it themselves—framing and hanging doors, and doing other work. For Thomas, the task marked the beginning of what became a lifelong hobby of woodworking, at which he became expert. The Gapolinskys were quickly caught up in the life of a thriving and growing neighborhood, which suddenly sprang into existence around them. Many of those moving in were Catholic, and a new Catholic church was built nearby, and a new parish established. Dozens of family activities were organized, by the church and other groups. A parochial school was founded. The neighborhood children came to be so numerous that the parochial school before long had to improvise new classrooms behind the chapel in the church. The Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts flourished. There were spaghetti dinners and Friday fish fries (a Milwaukee tradition), organized by the church. For church festivals, Thomas made prizes in a woodworking shop in his basement. He became an usher at the church. The neighbors became friends, and took turns holding cookouts at their houses. The Gapolinsky family became engrossed in sports. Tickets for Green Bay Packers games went on sale in late summer and the children and their father took turns camping out in line for as long as five nights to get seats. Paula began to play golf, and she still played in 1984, and liked to watch golf tournaments on television—especially the Hawaiian Open. In the memories of all the Gapolinskys, their life as a family in their old neighborhood was a golden time. Those memories, which have already developed the aura of family legend, are inseparable from their memories of Thomas Gapolinsky, whom they remembered as intelligent, self-sacrificing, kindly, and loving, and held in reverence.

Bill's earliest memory is of being dressed up like a girl by his older sisters. When I spoke to his sisters recently, they recalled dressing him in dolls' clothes, draping pigtails over his head, walking him up and down the street, and calling him Jill. They also liked to play hospital, with him as their patient. Bill now saw himself as a self-confident person, and attributed this in part to being the "pampered baby" of the family. His sisters remembered him as energetic, intelligent, and outgoing, but they also remembered a careless streak. In the year after he got his driver's license, he had three car accidents. The entire Gapolinsky family—with the possible exception of Fred—loved to talk. Mrs. Gapolinsky, in particular, was renowned in the family and outside it for her talkativeness. At the time I met Kate, she spoke at approximately twice the speed of most people, and Paula, too, poured out her words at a rapid clip, though in a quieter and less assertive way than Kate. In family lore, Paula was the well-behaved, "good" sister, and Kate the rebellious, "bad" one. Paula did as she was told; Kate argued or, more often, procrastinated. In the room they shared on the second story of the house, Paula's half was always tidy, Kate's a mess. Kate's fighting with her mother continued up to the moment of her marriage, for which Mrs. Gapolinsky demanded that Kate wear a girdle. Kate refused, and wore no girdle. Paula became expert in what then were considered feminine accomplishments: sewing, knitting, crocheting, needlepoint; Kate mastered none of these skills. Paula received the highest Girl Scout award available, called the Marian Award. Kate summed up the situation for me by saying, "She's perfect, but I'm nice." The sisters are now good friends. In spite of Kate's rebelliousness, and in spite of a policy of Barbara and Thomas's of treating all their children equally, the family were agreed that Kate had been Thomas's favorite. He had loved to read history books—especially those having to do with the Second World War—and Kate came to share his passion. Often, she would ask him about historical subjects, and he would tell her what he had learned from his reading. He and Kate also shared a passion for country music, and particularly for the music of the country singer Jim Reeves, whose albums they bought faithfully, and listened to together.

Thomas's sudden, unexpected, and greatly mourned death, in 1976, marked the end of the Gapolinskys' family life under the same roof. Within a year, the house was empty of children, and their mother was left there alone. Paula had left four months before Thomas's death, when she got married, and Bill left a month after Paula, when he had entered the University of Wisconsin. On that occasion, Thomas had looked into Barbara's eyes and said, "Now, Barbara, it's just going to be you and me, because our baby is gone." Six weeks after his father died, Fred enlisted in the Marines. An American flag had been placed in Thomas's casket, and the sight had filled Fred with overwhelming pride. It meant that his father, who had been strongly patriotic, had stood for something in his life, Fred felt, and he wanted a similar flag to be placed in his own casket when he died. Mourning and patriotism fused, and he made his decision to join the Marines, in which he served for three years. Now he lived in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, working as a manufacturing engineer for a company that made trucks. Fred's intense patriotism, his devotion to the military, and what Bill felt was sometimes an excessive, "macho" rigidity and emotional tightness had placed a distance between the two brothers for a while; now they were closer, and once in a while, Bill told me, they would go out and drink

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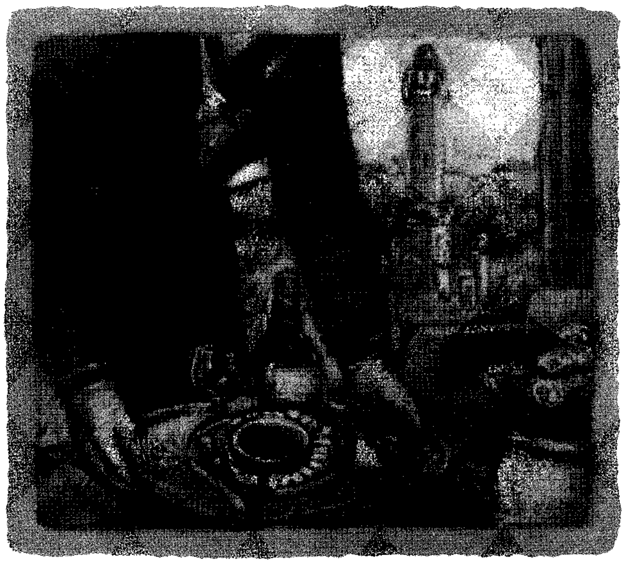

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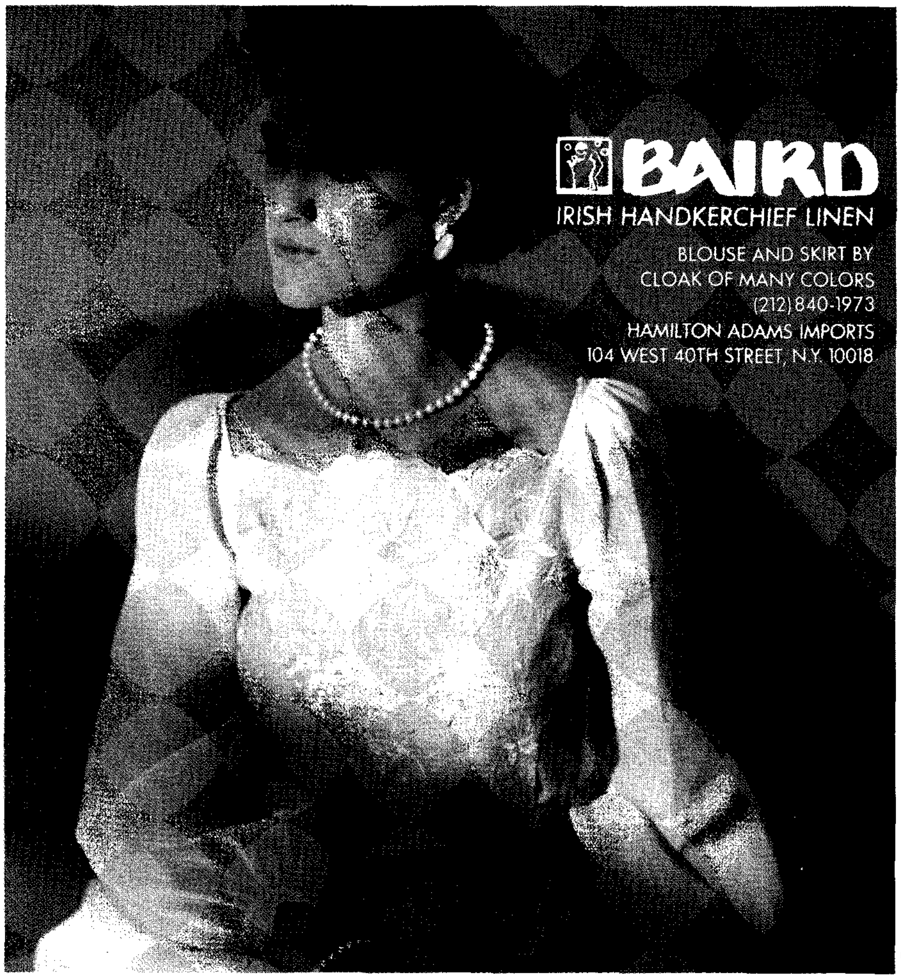
themselves under the table. Fred usually voted Republican, but he had voted for Jimmy Carter in 1976. This year, he favored Reagan. Bill attributed some of his own conservatism to the influence of Fred during his years of military service. While Bill was in college, Fred had suggested that Bill might enter the officer-training program, and then serve after graduation, but Gina, who has little taste for the military life, strenuously and successfully opposed this. Kate had been the last to leave the house. In 1977, she had got a job sorting mail at the Milwaukee main post office, and in September of 1977 she had married a chemical-company employee named Pete Lueders, who subsequently got a job at the post office. Now she was six months pregnant. She and Pete had decided that when the baby was born he would quit his job and stay home to take care of the baby and the house, while Kate continued working for the post office. Kate liked the work there but disliked housework; for Pete, it was the other way around.

The prospect that Kate would work while Pete stayed at home taking care of the baby upset Mrs. Gapolinsky; in this and in other matters, she preferred conventional arrangements. Kate and Pete, however, felt that she was sometimes too much interested in appearances—in what the neighbors would say. But Pete pointed out to me that those neighbors could know of his and Kate's unorthodox decision only because Mrs. Gapolinsky, indulging her love of talking, had told them in the first place. Both Kate and Pete were strongly committed Democrats, for whom a vote for Mondale was all but a foregone conclusion. Paula's husband, Richard Mueller, had been married before, and had two children, who lived with their mother. He was not a Catholic, and Paula's choice of him had been a further jolt to Mrs. Gapolinsky's conventional hopes for her children's lives. Still another shock came along soon: the discovery that Bill had started to smoke marijuana in college. "My sophomore year was pretty much obliterated," Bill told me. Later, he quit. Both sisters had defended their unconventional decisions to their mother by pointing out to her that unconventional things were now going on all around her, including in her own neighborhood. They pointed out that not far from Mrs. Gapolinsky's house a forty-year-old woman was living with her twenty-five-year-old lover, and that the couple living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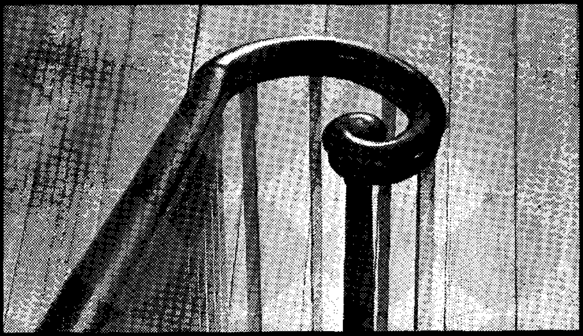

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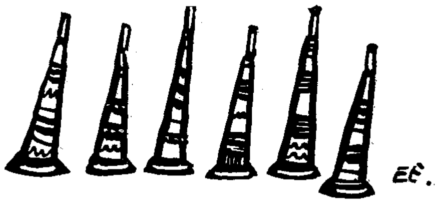
right next door to her were not married, either. Mrs. Gapolinsky had disapproved of this arrangement, but had softened toward the couple after the man began doing odd jobs for her around the house. In several houses, the daughters observed, elderly couples had been obliged to welcome their grown children back after the children had been through divorces. And one of Mrs. Gapolinsky's own sisters was considering divorce, after thirty-five years of marriage. Sometimes the daughters liked to try to ruffle their mother's composure by telling risqué stories. Paula—"perfect" Paula—once said to me, "I go over there and just start talking about sex. And Ma is like 'Oh, geez!' So, big deal, I think." Once, she and Richard told her mother about a time when they had had sex on a golf course. "We laughed so hard," Paula told me. "She was so shocked." It remains an open question, though, just how shocked their mother really was. Once, when Kate was dating Pete, her mother went away for the weekend, leaving Kate in the house alone. "Oh, boy, Pete can spend the night," Kate said to herself. "In those days, that's all you thought about," Kate told me. "At any rate, it's all I thought about." Her mother, however, forbade Kate to let Pete spend the night. He did anyway. Later, Kate heard something from a neighbor that surprised her greatly. Before her mother went away for the weekend, she had told the neighbor that because Kate was afraid to stay in the house alone Pete would be spending the night. "So while she was telling me not to let Pete stay over she was making excuses for me to the neighbors," Kate pointed out. "I was floored," she said, adding, "I think it's kind of neat." And when I talked to Mrs. Gapolinsky about some of the surprises that her children had provided for her she said, "You know, much as I want the children to do the right thing, I've learned over the years that if I try to correct them too much I'll become cut off from them. Then they won't even tell me what is happening to them. So sometimes I hold my peace. The most important thing in life, I think, is family, and I want to keep mine together."

For Paula, the closeness and warmth of the Gapolinsky family were thrown into relief by her husband's family, the Muellers, who rarely visited one another. Richard was estranged from his first wife and his two children. He rarely saw them or talked to them. They used post-office boxes as addresses, and he did not know exactly where they lived. (He and Paula have not had children.) His mother lived in Milwaukee, but in the eight years since he had married Paula they saw her infrequently. "She's very busy," Paula explained. "She plays bingo two nights a week, and sometimes more often." There were five brothers in the family, and they all lived in Milwaukee, but the last time they had all got together was when their father died, twenty years earlier. "They're all loners," Paula commented. When Richard attended the Gapolinsky family get-togethers, he was likely at some point to turn on a football game or some other program on television rather than stay in the conversation. His and Paula's life together had been marked by frequent changes. After leaving the military, he worked for three years as a food-service supervisor in a nursing home and then for eight years as a telephone repairman; then, knowing that he was going to be laid off, he took a job as a manager-trainee at a pizza chain. He and Paula had moved four times, twice because they had trouble with their mortgage payments. Nevertheless, they took annual vacations. His favorite vacation spot was Las Vegas, where he gambled, and they had been there six or seven times since their marriage. "It's great for me," Paula explained to me. "I can lie around the pool at the hotel all day doing nothing or I can shop. I have more friends in the Las Vegas Fashion Show Mall than almost anywhere else. The people in the stores remember me from year to year." Whatever the state of Richard's relations with her family, Paula was completely absorbed in him and devoted to him. During the day, when both of them were at work, she often missed him. A year before, when he was managing the pizza parlor, she had travelled at lunchtime to the place where he worked, secretly positioned herself across the street with a pair of binoculars, and watched him make pizzas. When I asked her why she had done this, she said she just liked the sight of her husband throwing the round pizza dough in the air and catching it on his fist. Paula professed little interest in politics, yet when I inquired what her views were it turned out that she was a convinced Democrat, and had never voted for a Republican.



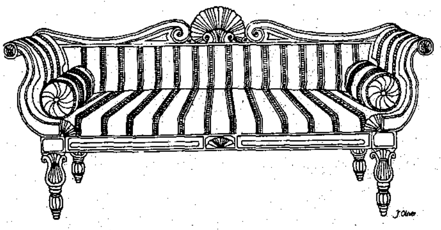
Gina and Bill regarded Kate and Pete as the intellectuals of the family. "Kate is very cultural," Bill told me, and Gina said, "She and Pete read English literature and history and listen to classical music, and everything like that." However, Bill feared that Kate was becoming "too blue-collar"—that she was being too much influenced by the union she belonged to at the post office. He worried that she was "lowering herself by letting the sort of thing that unions complain about get to her." One example of a union complaint, he said, might be a demand that the mail sorters be permitted to sit in some particular way—back, rather than forward, for instance—as they punched the keys on their mail-sorting machines. "Kate and Pete don't get enough intellectual stimulation at work," Gina said. "It's almost like they're so lofty they can't apply their intellectualness. But if they get to a party, boy, can they show their stuff to advantage. Wow! They are *really* smart."

The old neighborhood had a friendliness, a liveliness, and a cohesiveness that some of the Gapolinsky children found lacking in their new ones. Kate and Pete were not well acquainted with even their immediate neighbors. Neither were Paula and Richard. During the day, many houses stood silent and empty. When Paula reflected on the differences between the old neighborhood and her new one, she was filled with melancholy. "Nothing remains the same," she said. "People are realizing now that those were the best of times. They'll never come back."

A few miles to the east of Bill and Gina's house was the three-story house in which Gina was brought up. It had belonged to one of Martha Bellacchio's father's relatives, who had become prosperous making custom-made boots—a craft he had learned as a boy from his father, in Sicily. He and his wife, who were childless, had taken a liking to Martha, and after she married Richard Bellacchio, in 1937, they invited the couple to live with them, in an apartment in their house. In the next eight years, Martha and Richard had three children: Louise, in 1939; Art, in 1942; and Harry, in 1945. Richard moved from job to job. For a while, he worked in a factory that made parking meters. Then he worked as a shoe salesman. Later, he became a part-time bartender. In 1959, Gina was born, and a year and a half afterward he left the family. "He married a whole string of women from here to Louisiana," Gina told me. During the first half of the century, the house was one of the most luxurious and well-to-do in Milwaukee, but by the time Gina was growing up there, it was in the middle of the city's expanding black ghetto.

Gina, born fourteen years after her brother Harry, had not shared a childhood with her brothers and her sister, and she saw them less often than Bill saw his brother and sisters, but when they did get together—on holidays, or sometimes just for dinner—the atmosphere was close and affectionate. Louise had contracted multiple sclerosis, and was confined to a wheelchair, in an apartment across the street from her mother's. Harry had married, had three sons, divorced, and remarried; he worked as a painter at Evinrude Motors. Art was married and had two sons, of whom one was about to go into the Air Force, and the other had just graduated from the University of Wisconsin; Art was the general manager for a Datsun dealer. In the absence of their father, Gina said, Art had become the patriarch of the family. Bill and Gina visited especially often with Art, who loved to cook, and lived in a house in an expensive new development a few miles north of the city limits. Bill described him as "a big-shot car dealer" who was friends with "some pretty rich people."

Next to their own neighborhood, their childhood neighborhoods, and the homes of their relatives, probably the most important place on any map of Gina and Bill's existence would be St. Paul's High School, which they had both attended. It was at St. Paul's, a parochial school, that political awareness dawned, if dimly. Gina did not recall that her family took any interest in politics whatever. "They were more interested in the fun side of life," she remembered. Bill recalled that his father was an unshakable Democrat, but said that politics were rarely discussed at their house, either. When Gina once asked her mother how she was voting, her mother answered, secretively, "I can't tell you." But on another occasion, when Gina asked her mother "what she was" politically, she had answered, "A Democrat, of course," and when Gina had asked why, she had said that the Democrats were for ordinary people like herself. And Bill remembered his father's saying, "The Republicans are for the rich, like the people who live on the East and West Coast, and the Democrats are for everyone else." Both Gina and Bill recalled that among their parents' friends—most of them working-class people—support for the Democrats, though not often mentioned, tended to be taken for granted. Bill entered St. Paul's in 1972, two years before President Nixon resigned from office, and three years before the end of the Vietnam War, and Gina was a year behind him. The wave of youthful rebellion that so noisily and visibly raced through American cultural and political life in the nineteen-sixties did not hit St. Paul's directly, but long after the restless news media had moved on to other preoccupations the social and cultural residues of the rebellion sifted down into the high school. However, by that time—the early- and mid-nineteen-seventies—the stereotypes that had been so vivid in the media (hippie, yippie, dropout, square, and so on) had blurred or assumed new meanings. For example, one of the cliques in Gina's class at St. Paul's was "the freaks," but its members were neither hippie dropouts from middle-class society nor the "effete corps of impudent snobs"—an educated élite in rebellion against the society that had extended them its privileges—whose political protest had so agitated Vice-President Spiro Agnew in the late sixties and had caused President Nixon to invoke a loyal "silent majority" of conventional people in support of his policies. They were, in fact, sons and daughters of factory workers, and, Gina told me, turned out in most cases to have been headed for factory jobs themselves. Neither academically successful nor politically aware, on the whole, they adopted only the style of the "freaks" of media fame—wearing their hair long, sometimes with headbands, smoking a lot of marijuana, listening to a lot of rock music (especially heavy metal), and adopting a contemptuous attitude toward school and what it taught. "They were just dirtballs," according to Gina. Since success in school was one of the paths to economic advancement, their rejection of it tended to insure that they would remain in the economic class into which they were born. (In Milwaukee as a whole, I noticed, as in other parts of the nation, long hair, which was once associated with college students, had slipped down a notch in the economic scale, and was now to be seen almost exclusively among blue-collar workers—gas-station attendants, construction workers, repairmen, and so on. I remembered that some of the strongest resistance to the youth movement of the sixties had come from blue-collar parents, and I wondered whether they might not have feared—correctly, as it turned out—that a style of life that was a passing fad for privileged college students might prove more lasting for their sons and daughters.) Two other cliques at St. Paul's were "the jocks" and the "smart," academically capable students, and it was usually they, Gina had found, who moved upward economically, into white-collar or professional jobs. Bill, whom Gina referred to as having been "Mr. Collegiate" at St. Paul's, was in the jock clique, and Gina drifted between cliques.



Generally speaking, by the time the influence of the youth movement made itself felt at St. Paul's its political content had been left behind, and only its social and cultural content—the rock music, the drugs, and a general loosening of sexual and other restrictions—remained. A survey made by a St. Paul's student paper in 1976 found that half of those responding had experimented with drugs. Bill's sister Kate remembered that when she learned that someone who smoked as much marijuana as Bill did in his first years at college was becoming politically conservative she had at first been surprised. "You know, I thought, Dopehead: liberal," she told me. "But that wasn't the case anymore at all." Now she believed that drug use was not a good indicator of political opinion. Sexual prohibitions seemed to relax at St. Paul's in the early seventies, but by the time Gina graduated a reaction had set in. In a class above hers, she recalled, some of the students had gone to one girl's basement to play a game called Seven Minutes in Heaven, in which a couple were shut into a darkened room for seven minutes, with the idea that they could do whatever they liked with each other sexually while the others waited outside. In Gina's class, such wildness had halted, and the girls adopted a virginal, almost babyish style of behavior, which Gina described to me as "cutesy," and "goody two shoes." For example, they would bring one another lollipops with ribbons tied around the sticks, and send one another sentimental greeting cards or notes. Bill still had a letter written to him in the cutesy style by a girlfriend in his senior year. It read:

> Dear my you
> My you's very special, cuz no one's specialer as a you, than you. You & i are us no one else could ever make up an us, 'cept "us" i do love you forever
> patti

"I guess we wanted to hold onto our childhoods a little longer—to be immature and innocent," Gina explained. "Our attitude supposedly was 'Necking in the back of a car—oh, ugh, how horrible!' " Later, though, she came to doubt whether the most proper-seeming, goody-two-shoes girls had been as proper as they made themselves out to be. "They were in the back seat of the car like everyone else—only more so," she surmised. "And drinking and dope certainly continued. I was heavy into dope—but only on Saturday, and never in school."

Large and important events of the first half of this century—the Depression, the Second World War—had left most of the blue-collar voters of Milwaukee with their strong, if often tacit, allegiance to the Democratic Party, but if the students at St. Paul's were any indication the parents had not passed this allegiance along to their children. Being unspoken, perhaps, it had gone unlearned. Yet neither did the most dramatic political events of their children's own lives so far—for example, the Vietnam War and the resignation of Richard Nixon after the Watergate disclosures—leave deep political marks. In fact, as Gina and Bill and other graduates of St. Paul's whom I talked to remembered it, there had been very little interest in politics at St. Paul's. The only sign of political concern that Gina and Bill could remember was that in 1976, Bill's senior year, when Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter were running for President, there had been one student in the class, Bruce Franklin, who was an impassioned and active campaigner for Ford. From the fact that Franklin's activity was so notable and odd-seeming at the time, Gina and Bill now deduced that the political sentiment of the class had been tepid, taken-for-granted support of Carter, if only because he was the Democrat.

"Bruce thought Ford was the next George Washington," Bill recalled.

"He had a locker full of Republican campaign literature, and we thought he was weird," Gina said.

The Watergate crisis ended with the resignation of President Nixon in the summer of 1974, when Bill was about to enter his junior year and Gina her sophomore year, and the Vietnam War ended with the fall of Saigon in April of 1975, but neither event made a large impression on either of them. When I asked Gina whether she had taken an interest in the Watergate affair, she answered, "I have no memory of it. There were so many *names*. My body was changing rapidly. I was interested in interpersonal things. I was more concerned with whether I could find a sweater that matched my skirt than I was with anything political." When I asked what the level of her interest in the Vietnam War had been, she answered, "Pretty much the same." She did remember one thing about the war, however: napalm. "Burning up women and children with *that* stuff couldn't be right," she said to me. "I knew that much." Bill recalled that his interest in the Watergate crisis and the Vietnam War had been equally low. In talking to them about either of these things, I sensed that both events had sunk below the horizon of the past well before they began to think about politics. When I asked Bill what his feelings about Watergate were now, he said he thought that Nixon had been "a crook" of some kind. However, he thought that most politicians were no less corrupt than Nixon had been, and so did not hold Nixon's misbehavior against him. What he did hold against Nixon was that he had let himself be caught. Believing, as he did, that politicians often had no choice but to be corrupt, Bill wanted them at least to be competent in their corruption. That was part of their job. If they were incompetent in their corruption, and let themselves get caught, they deserved to be forced out of office, as Nixon had been. When I asked Bill whether he now believed that the Vietnam War had been a mistake, his answer was "Just about everyone in the country had decided that it was a mistake;" and when I asked whether, disregarding the opinions of others, *he* thought that it had been a mistake, he

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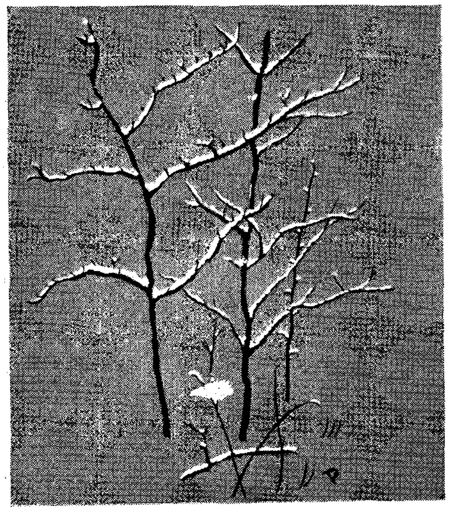
answered that he didn't have enough information to judge, but that "we shouldn't have fought there if we didn't plan to win." But when I asked whether he meant that we should never have entered the war or that we should have persisted in it until we won he again answered that he would need more information to judge. He felt, however, that in any case the Reagan Administration had studied the Vietnam War and would avoid making a similar mistake. "They have calibrated things more carefully," he said.

In her senior year, Gina dated a boy named Jim Krauss, who had founded an unofficial student newspaper called *Speak-Easy*. Krauss (whom I talked to later) remembered that on their first date he and Gina had gone to the Milwaukee lakefront, where they stopped at a local gun club, and then had gone back to Gina's house and baked cookies. The *Speak-Easy* logo was an American eagle holding a bottle of liquor in its talons, and its motto was "The ultimate newspaper." In a front-page article, Krauss described the editorial philosophy of his paper in these terms: "Unless an article can approach an event from a unique angle, it would be better left unwritten. That is why most *Speak-Easy* articles are either editorialistic or humorous—school news is bland." An article on the dean of students, a Mr. Nordberg, described him as a "domineering and even hard-nosed person," yet granted that he "is not harsh or insensitive to reason, nor does he close his mind to new ideas." In another issue, there was an article by Gina on the social-science teacher, Mr. Lytinsky, which was entirely favorable to its subject. Gina wrote of "Mr. Lyt" that "his understanding of yesterday, his help today, and his knowledgeable predictions for our tomorrows can be an invaluable resource to anyone with a personal or academic problem." Another article, called "You've Got to Change Your Evil Ways, Teachers," took some of the teachers to task for using bad language on occasion.

When I asked Krauss what the political atmosphere of the school had been, he answered, "Malleable." He offered his own behavior as an example. His political inclinations were left-leaning anti-establishment, yet in 1976, when he was a junior, and a friend invited him to do some work for the Reagan campaign, he agreed. He actually met Reagan, in a Milwaukee hotel. Krauss, too, remembered Bruce Franklin's zealotry for Gerald Ford. "Certainly no one was for Carter very strongly," he recalled. As for the turbulence of the nineteen-sixties, it had been boiled down in people's minds, he thought, to a "kind of newsreel": "Here's marching in the streets; here is the Vietnam War; here are the Beatles; here's J.F.K. being shot—oops, sorry—and here is the concert at Woodstock." As for the Vietnam War, it had been "like catching your parents in bed having sex," Krauss said, explaining, "Something disturbing had happened, but no one was saying exactly what. Probably because of Vietnam, our teachers did not raise us to believe that the United States could do no wrong. But we weren't told that the United States had *done* something wrong, either." Instead of feeling mounting dismay as the Vietnam debacle led into the Watergate debacle, Krauss and his friends were conditioned by the first event not to be shocked by the second. In his opinion, the cynicism bred by Vietnam helped to explain the indifference to Watergate. " 'Nixon stole something' was the general impression," he said. "I think that the most important effect of Vietnam on our education was what we were *not* told: that the United States was an altruistic country that always did right, which is what kids used to be told in school. Not having been taught to expect much of our country or our leaders, we weren't disappointed when they turned out to be corrupt. We were not startled that a President should be forced from office for misconduct."

Bill's office, at the local headquarters of Standard American, was about twenty minutes' drive away, on the south side of the city, and his delivery routes had taken him, at one time or another, all over the city. No map of Gina's life would be complete without a few clothing stores—especially Gimbels, in a downtown shopping center. There were few things she liked better, she told me, than to go into a clothing store with a walletful of money and spend it. Until recently, Gina and Bill had dined out about once a week; since Bill had assumed his new responsibilities at Standard American, however, they went out much less. One favorite place was a local bar and dance place called Tomter's. Another was a combined restaurant, discothèque, and video arcade called Tom Foolery, on a main route leading out of town. For a while, Gina and Bill became mildly addicted to playing video games. They both particularly liked Ms. Pac Man.



At the heart of Gina and Bill's world was, of course, their own neighborhood, Sherman Park. It was a mixed neighborhood, and they enjoyed the variety. Immediately around them were a machine-shop foreman, a registered nurse, and a factory worker and his family. Up the block were, among others, a concert cellist, a mailman, and a woman executive whose husband was a cabinetmaker. Also up the block were Gina and Bill's best friends, Paul and Betty Toruncyk. He was a former seminarian who now worked for his father-in-law's oil company; she worked as a counsellor for children of parents who suffered from alcoholism and other forms of addiction. They had two children—a son, aged three, and a daughter, aged two—who played with the Gapolinskys' children. Other friends on the block included the mailman, Steve O'Rourke, and his wife, Wendy, who was a housewife; Eugene Dzundza, who worked in an auto factory, and his wife, Helen, who was a nurse; and Fred and Elizabeth Skoretsky, who both worked as occupational therapists for the handicapped, and were devoted Catholics and dedicated activists in the anti-abortion movement. They were known in the neighborhood—a predominantly Catholic one, with a fairly large Jewish minority—for their religious and political zeal, which also included opposition to nuclear weapons. On the back of their car was a bumper sticker that read "Ban the Bomb, Not the Baby." Bill and Gina were Catholics of a more relaxed sort; they attended church on and off, and planned to send their daughters to the local parochial school, but rarely discussed religious matters away from church.

Bill and Gina's neighborhood

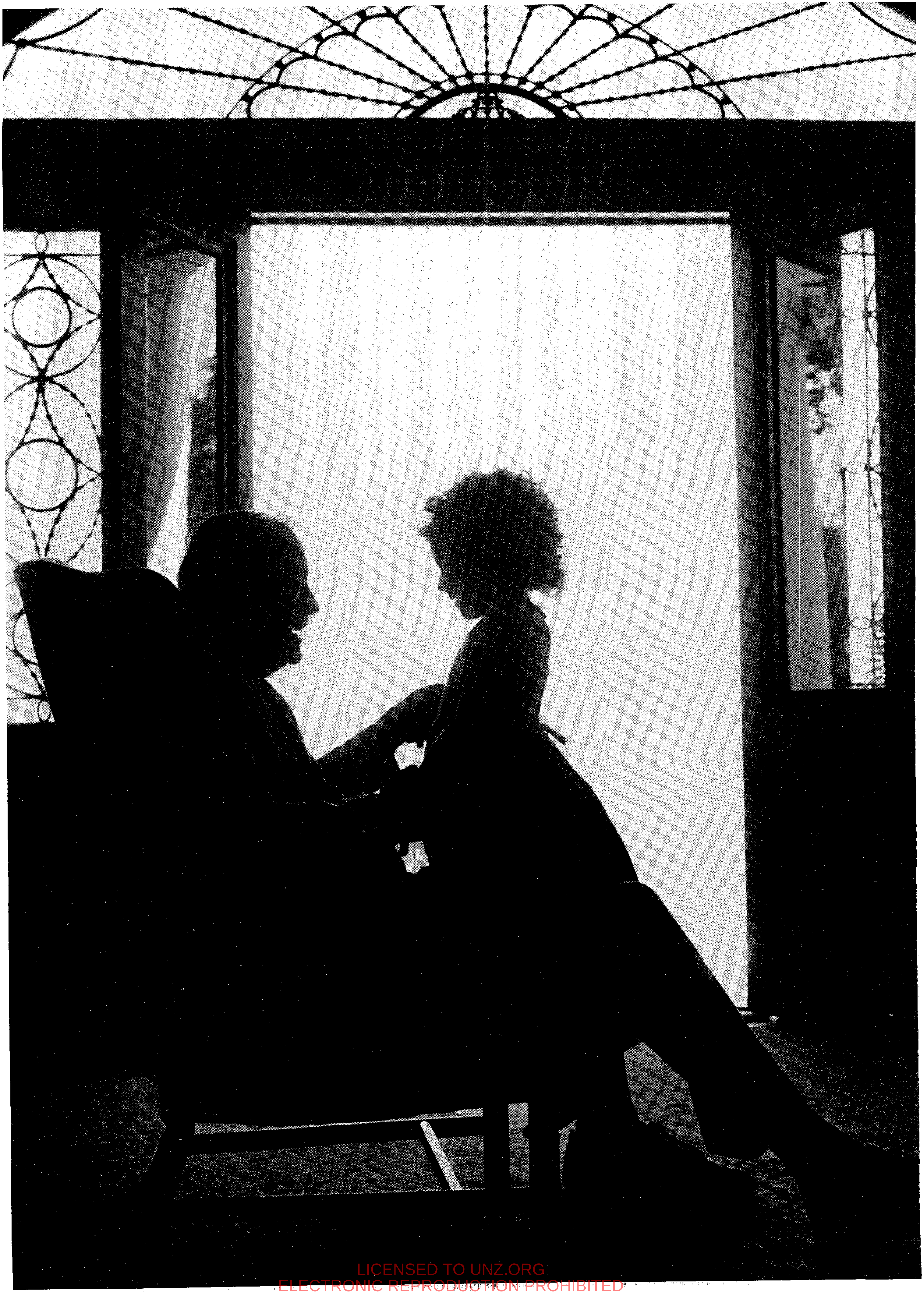
lacked the homogeneity and cohesiveness that Bill's old neighborhood had possessed; yet life on their block was lively, and in point of friendliness yielded nothing to the old neighborhood. If anything, just because the cast of characters on the block was diverse and was constantly changing, a greater effort was required, and made, to hold the community together. The young couples who formed most of Bill and Gina's acquaintance were largely newcomers, but they were sociable newcomers. They gathered often, in a spirit of hospitable, neighborly camaraderie—in a "women's group" (devoted mostly to the problems of child-raising and other family tasks), in block parties (a popular institution in Milwaukee), and for less formal activities of all kinds; there were showers, Tupperware parties, Halloween parties, Christmas parties. While Bill missed the homogeneity of his old neighborhood, he was proud of the diversity of the new one, and associated it with a broadmindedness on his part of which he was also proud. One of his delivery routes had taken him into the black neighborhoods of the inner city, and he was pleased that he had been able to work harmoniously with people there. "I want black people around us," he said to me. "Maybe not all around, with ninety per cent in school with my daughter, but around. They're part of America, too." Once, when Gina suggested that his racial tolerance was mostly lip service, he protested vigorously. "When I'm on the job, and someone uses the word 'nigger,' then even if there are no black guys around I feel offended. Sometimes I'll say something like 'Hey, grow up, man, this is the nineteen-eighties.' " His tolerance extended to other minorities as well. Not far from the Gapolinskys, two homosexual men shared a house. "I give them as many free cookies from Standard American as anyone else," Bill told me. "They're real nice guys—friendly and normal-acting. Now, if they started kissing each other in the back yard, that would *turn my stomach*. But they don't do anything like that. I like them. I really do." Something about the Gapolinskys' life had led Gina's two brothers to refer to her as "our sister the Yuppie." When I asked Gina what that meant, she said that it meant that although she and Bill had enough money to move out to the suburbs, they had not done so. Both of them, she said, had decided that they preferred city living. "I get itchy if I see more than one tree on a lot," Gina said. Also Yuppie-ish, she added, was the fact that Bill was "very ambitious." When I asked what she thought being a Yuppie meant politically, she said that to Bill it meant being a business executive, and that meant Republican, and she agreed with him.

The Gapolinskys and others I spoke to expressed pleasure and pride in their neighborhood, but an undercurrent of anxiety was also evident. The Sherman Park neighborhood had been a battleground in a drama whose actors were not so much individual people as impersonal forces—the drama, enacted in many American cities in the last few decades, in which a growing population of black people in the inner city expands into traditionally white neighborhoods, driving down real-estate values and precipitating white flight to the suburbs. It is a drama that has often been exacerbated by real-estate companies, which, since they get a commission on each sale of a house and have a financial interest in rapid turnover, may deliberately "steer" black customers into a particular white neighborhood, in the hope of panicking the white population and touching off a chain reaction of sales. Sherman Park differed from some other neighborhoods faced with steering and white flight in that it fought back. In 1971, a group of community activists, some of them veterans of the civil-rights movement, founded the Sherman Park Community Association, which proceeded to bring a lawsuit against real-estate companies for steering, an illegal activity. In 1981, the association won a court-approved settlement with the Wauwatosa Realty Company for forty thousand dollars. Later, the association brought a contempt-of-court motion against Wauwatosa for its alleged failure to abide by the terms of the settlement, but lost it. The Gapolinskys and their neighbors now kept an eye on property values in the neighborhood, so that news of how much a house on the block sold for travelled fast. The amount of crime, much of it attributable to young black men, had risen. One night when the Gapolinskys returned from an evening out, they found that two pumpkins that they had put out in preparation for Halloween had been smashed. Recently, they heard that someone's house had been robbed. On many windows up and down the block were signs announcing participation in Block Watch—an association organized to report crime or the presence of suspicious-looking people in the neighborhood. There were few black residents on the Gapolinskys' street or on the streets immediately around theirs, but twenty blocks to the east most of the houses were owned by black people, and a majority of the people in the local shopping mall were black. Kate lived in a thoroughly integrated neighborhood, and an increasing number of black people were moving into Bill's old neighborhood, in which his mother still lived. Bill estimated that the price of an average house there had been falling by about a thousand dollars a year for the last five years or so, and he attributed the fall to the fears of "ignorant white prejudiced bigots." In general, Bill associated racial prejudice with lack of education and with economic unsuccess, and was glad that his own rise in the world had freed him from intolerance.

One place outside Milwaukee that loomed large (prospectively, at least) in Bill and Gina's world was "the tower"—the national headquarters of the Standard American Cookie Company, in Houston, where Bill was likely to find himself posted if he got another promotion or two. The thought aroused ambivalence in him. Promotion would mean the fulfillment of his ambition. But it would also take him and Gina away from Milwaukee—the known world for them so far—and that possibility filled both of them with profound uneasiness.

GINA turned the Gapolinskys' blue Toyota Corolla east onto Capitol Drive—a broad avenue that runs nearly nine miles in a straight line from Lake Michigan, in the east, to the western boundary of the city. She and I were on our way to East Milwaukee, to visit the house in which she grew up. We passed factories, service stations, warehouses, homes, half-hearted shopping malls, storage lots, fast-food places, drive-in stores, and parking lots, among other things—a planless assortment of residences and commercial enterprises of a kind that is now often found in and outside of American cities but that none of the usual words, such as "urban" or "suburban," seem quite to evoke.

"I didn't know I wasn't black until



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I was about seven years old," Gina told me. "Our neighborhood turned almost completely black several years before I was born. All my friends were black. A few blocks from our house, there was a Lutheran church whose congregation was mostly white, and I remember that when I saw them one day I was astonished to see so many white people. That's probably why I have absolutely no racial prejudice now."

We passed a sandwich-and-frozen-custard place called Pig'N Whistle, which had a parking lot on three sides, and Gina exclaimed, "That's where I was first kissed, on a date, in the eighth grade! It was in the parking lot, and my mother was waiting in a car, with a bunch of my friends in the back seat. They were all watching. The guy couldn't figure out what to do with his nose, and he banged it really hard on my forehead. It was just such a poorly planned thing." She went on, "Bill and I were both at St. Paul's, but we didn't get involved until he was a freshman at college and I was getting ready to go there the next year. He asked me if he could 'help plan my curriculum.' Ha, ha, ha."

I asked how she had liked high school.

"It was wonderful," she said. "You know how in high school you want to compete to be popular. I was real into that. I did everything. I was a pom-pom girl: rah-rah, short skirt, jumping—all of those things. One of my biggest disappointments was when I wasn't made a pom-pom girl in my senior year. Boy, was that a crisis! I guess I always loved school—maybe because I had a sense of sadness about the fact that I didn't have a family to fall back on at home, since my brothers and sister had all grown up and left the house by then and my mother was out working and my father wasn't there. When I got home, no one was there. Mom didn't get home from work until seven o'clock. Sometimes I'd spend the afternoon at her sister's house. She became a sort of second mother to me."

I asked how she and Bill had got married.

"At college, Bill and I got heavily involved. I lived in a house with nine other women, and Bill stayed over a lot. We practically lived together." In those years, Gina recalled, the women in college were becoming more open and assertive sexually. As a joke, Gina's roommate, Kim, would sometimes crawl into bed for a moment with Gina and Bill. Once, when they were in bed, she stood on top of a bureau at the foot of the bed, yelled "Superma-a-a-n!" and leaped on top of them. It was around that time that Bill began to smoke marijuana, at the urging of Gina. Before that, he had told me, he considered it "immoral and socially degrading." Gina went on, "And then we discovered Marjorie. I remember going on the back of Bill's motorcycle to get a pregnancy test, and they had them on sale, two for the price of one. We wondered how on earth anybody could need two pregnancy tests at the same time. You know—'And this one's for my sister,' or something. We got married in January of 1980. Marjorie was born in July. We had as much fun at college with Marjorie as we had had before without her. Bill belonged to a fraternity, and all of the fraternity guys helped us take care of Marjorie, babysitting for us when we wanted to go out. His fraternity was the first one that had a month-old baby. One difference was that Bill's grades just shot up—from a two-point-three average to a three-point-five average. He knew he was working to meet a responsibility to a family. After college, we had a rough period. I worked for a while at the Milwaukee public defender's office. My job was to help clients write up mitigating circumstances in their cases. But that work burned me out fast. I learned from the experience that I didn't want to go into the field of criminal justice. Bill took a test at the post office for the job his sister had, sorting mail, and he got the very top grade in the test, but they weren't doing any hiring until '82. Meanwhile, he did odd jobs. He worked for a couple of landscaping outfits, raking leaves, mowing lawns, and plowing snow. For a while, he had a paper route, delivering the New York *Times*. I hated that—my husband the college graduate delivering papers. But then, in February of '82, he met a friend who told him that Standard American was looking for salesmen, and he got that job."

Linda was born in April of 1983, and they bought their house in January of 1984. Meanwhile, Gina had begun to do some free-lance work as an interviewer for market-research companies. Big changes in their lives, Gina observed—marriage, the birth of their first child, graduation, a job for Bill, the birth of their second child, buying their first house, Bill's promotion into management at his company—had come in rapid succession, leaving them a little dizzy. Financial and family worries pressed in on them. Gina was now worried, she said, that the fun, partying days of their youth, when all they had to do was "drink beer, smoke dope, and have sex" ("I'm exaggerating," she added, with a smile), were coming to a close and that the days of mortgage paying and bill paying, housework and job pressure were upon them. They found themselves in a tight web of interlocking pressures. Sometimes they considered having a third child, but that would cost money. One way of making more money would be for Gina to get a regular job, but if she did she couldn't be at home to care for the new child. Another way of making more money would be for Bill to seek further promotion, but then he would probably have to work even longer hours than he did now, and the whole family might have to leave Milwaukee for "the tower." Bill's salary at present was about thirty thousand dollars a year; he took home seven hundred and fifty dollars every two weeks, and received about two thousand dollars in tax refunds. To this, Gina added a few thousand from her interviewing. The Gapolinskys found that even as things were now they were a few hundred dollars short at the end of each month. They made up the shortfall by means of quarterly bonuses and the annual tax refunds.

I asked Gina if she thought that the swift changes in their circumstances had affected Bill's political views.

"His parents were always Democratic," she said. "But he always inclined a little in the conservative direction. Also, he likes to get a rise out of people. He likes to twit the typical 'Reagan's going to blow up the world' blue-collar type."

"What type is that?"

"You know: the unthinking, down-the-line-union-supporting, uneducated, Democratic blue-collar worker. You see, sometimes Bill likes to be outrageous. His becoming a Mr. Executive Big Deal is kind of like a joke to us. It's so unbelievable. When he came home with his first Standard American business card, we looked at it and just giggled. I feel like he's trying to live out that role now. After Bill got his promotion, we went to visit a friend of ours who is a lawyer, and he said, 'O.K., you're moving up in the world. Have you got your Republican Party card yet?' We all laughed and laughed."

"How do you think your political views were formed?" I asked.

"Once, on the Phil Donahue show, I saw a group of women—Women Against War, or something—hold up a banner covered with dots that showed the number of nuclear weapons in the world," she answered. "It covered the whole stage. Then they pointed to just a *few* dots, and said, 'That's how much it takes to blow up the whole world.' So we have these bombs that can blow the world up a couple of hundred times, and we can't even create a hot-lunch program for school kids. Now, that doesn't make sense. I guess my ideas got fixed when I was growing up. We had civil-rights marches going on right in our front yard, and although I didn't understand them very well at the time, they influenced me a lot. Father Groppi led marches right down our street." Father James Groppi, a Catholic priest and civil-rights leader, led a movement in the nineteen-sixties to integrate all-white neighborhoods in Milwaukee, with emphasis on its largely blue-collar south side. "Once, around that time, people were shooting shotguns right in front of our house," Gina went on. "My mother—I can hardly believe this—was lying on the floor. The shots rang out. People were running down the street with torches and banners, singing. In the summer of 1967, the National Guard was brought in to restore order. There was a curfew, and I remember doing those little paint-by-number kits for a few days, because I couldn't leave the house. On the worst day, my brother Art drove in and took us out. The National Guard was in the streets, and they were beating people up. Art had a shotgun in the back of his car, and I lay down on the floor as we drove out. It was like the Second World War.

"After that, I really started questioning things. When I came into a room, conversations would suddenly stop. Then, I'd hear things like 'Those damn niggers, why can't they remain in their place?' But those are my *friends* they're talking about, I thought. What I mainly remember is that I couldn't understand what was going on. Later, in high school, I had a mulatto boyfriend—his father was black. My mom just wouldn't accept it, and I had several run-ins with her about it. It was real bad. One athletics coach always cut me when he saw me after that. Actually, though, I think my family influenced me to be tolerant, even though they weren't so tolerant of blacks. They were always thinking about other people. They were so generous and gracious to most people, and I didn't see why that didn't apply to blacks. Anyway, that's what I did. I don't know why. It was just right. I was pretty much taught to grow up nice and right morally. I remember one teacher in grade school who had a big influence on me. His name was Lawrence Kenny, and he's a county supervisor now. He had a way of dealing with kids—he liked to do the fun thing. I think he helped me understand what was happening in the civil-rights marches. I had nowhere to go after school, and I remember staying with him in the big, empty school. Then, when it began to get dark, I'd go home to the big, empty house."

We turned a corner, and Gina said, "This is the street." Stately three-story Victorian houses, adorned with porches, gables, towers, dormer windows, crenellations, and other architectural features of an earlier time, lined a street that was shaded by tall, spreading elms and chestnut trees. Everyone in sight on the sidewalks and in the yards was black, and most looked poor. Some of Milwaukee's least fortunate people, it seemed, had wound up in some of its most splendid dwellings. We pulled up in front of one particularly handsome house. It had three stories, a châteaulike round tower with a cupola, an upstairs porch, several chimneys, and an elaborately gabled roof. "That's it," Gina said, with a sigh. "It's like 'Gone with the Wind.' It's such a beautiful house, and I loved growing up there."

There were no lights on in the house, but we spotted a young white man entering a similarly splendid three-story house on the corner of the block. Gina said that she recalled playing there with some of her young

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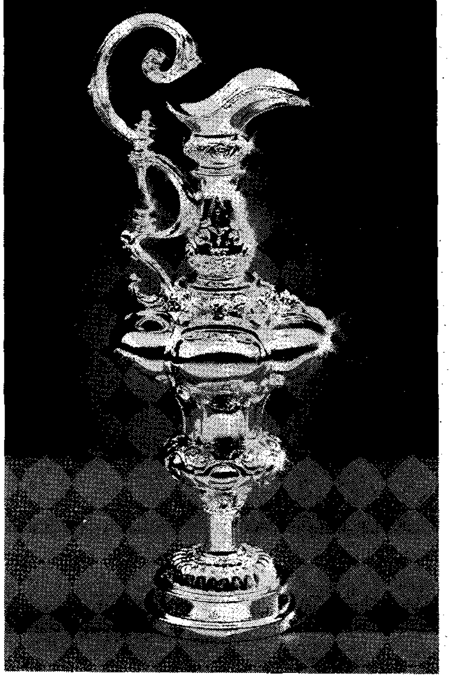

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black friends. However, her mother had forbidden her to eat in their house, and had scolded her once after she accepted some fried chicken from the family. She remembered it as the most delicious fried chicken she had ever eaten. We asked if we could look inside, and the young man agreed, and gave us his card, which revealed him to be a developer of "classic" houses. He owned this house with a partner, he said, and was planning to renovate it and rent it out as apartments. "Adventurous" white people were starting to move back into the neighborhood again, he said. More than once, he used the words "Yuppies" and "gentrification." The interior of the downstairs was done in intricately carved, dark-oak panelling. Though it was true then that some of Milwaukee's poorest people were living in its most beautiful houses, I reflected, that situation might not last long.

WHEN Thomas Donegan, who was the alderman representing the Sherman Park neighborhood in the Common Council, the city's legislative body, was getting his education, in the nineteen-sixties and early seventies, there was almost no form of liberal-minded protest available to someone of his generation which he did not engage in. Born in 1945, in Chicago, into a lower-middle-class family (his father was a salesman for a wholesale electrical company), he moved to Milwaukee when he was six years old and attended parochial grade school and high school. In 1963, he entered the Jesuit College, in St. Bonifacius, Minnesota, where he began training for the priesthood. In 1967, as part of his training, he was sent to St. Louis University; there he began to have doubts about becoming a priest, joined Students for a Democratic Society, became active in protest against the Vietnam War, and helped found a program to tutor poor children. When Father Groppi made a trip to St. Louis to hold a rally to protest racial discrimination, Donegan attended. In 1968, he joined a group of students occupying the university administration building in support of demands for greater student involvement in the decisions of the university. In the Presidential primaries of 1968, he worked for the campaign of Robert Kennedy. And in the summer of 1970, after graduating from St. Louis, he worked for the congressional campaign of Father Robert Drinan, in Watertown, Massachusetts. In 1974, after graduating from New York University Law School, he returned to Milwaukee. There he got married and had two children, and became involved in the fight of the Sherman Park Community Association against racial steering. In April of 1984, he was elected alderman. In early October, I met him in his office in the spacious, ornate City Hall building in downtown Milwaukee. He had curly, sandy hair, and a short sandy mustache, and was wearing a blue shirt, a striped tie, and chino pants. Working at a second desk in his office was Terry Perry, a slender woman with shoulder-length graying black hair, who was his assistant. I asked Donegan to tell me something about the Sherman Park community.

"Sherman Park is probably the most interesting—the most diverse—neighborhood in the city," he said. He spoke with brisk authority, like an efficient tour guide. "It used to be a predominantly professional Catholic community, with many people of German extraction. Now many of those people remain, but it also contains the heart of the Orthodox Jewish Community, who are concentrated mostly within a few blocks. They make up a very stable, intelligent voting population. They're concerned about the safety issue. Having founded their synagogues there, they are not as free to move as others are. Sherman Park has also come to contain the heart of the liberal white community. The Sherman Park Community Association was one of the earliest and most successful organizations of its kind in the city. It hasn't achieved true integration, though, in spite of its partial victories in the courts. The races do not do things together. The eastern part of the community is predominantly black, the western part is almost exclusively white. When a black mother and her children moved into the western part recently, you never heard so much talk. 'It's not that I'm against black people, but . . .' and so on. I grew up nearby, and back then it was solid upper middle class. Now it's a little farther down the social scale. I just moved back into the area. There are a lot of people there who are urban professionals—without being Yuppies—and who are committed to organizing and preserving neighborhoods. These are people who are not quite as committed to making bucks as some others are."

I asked how the effort to preserve the neighborhood was going.

"Is it working? It's a tough question," Donegan answered. "There are a lot of old-time Catholics who *want* to stay, but their Yuppie children are moving to the suburbs. People are just on edge. You know, there were some *of us in my generation who really* hoped that we could create a new society, a new age." Donegan had a faraway, sad look in his eyes. "But I have to admit that it's a *fact* that a fifty-year-old Irish Catholic wouldn't feel as comfortable in an integrated neighborhood as I would. Of course, the black couple may be just as angry as the white couple about crime, property taxes, and so on. Actually, the white and black communities have very similar interests on the local level."

I asked Donegan what he was hearing about the national election.

"A lot more people are voting Republican," he said, dispiritedly. "It might be something like sixty per cent Democratic and forty per cent Republican this year. When I was in college, we thought that through politics we could make life a hell of a lot more bearable—that we could create a better educational system, open up corporations to new people, stop unjust wars. But almost none of those goals were achieved. There was a lot of disillusionment, suffering, and pain. Our younger brothers and sisters were watching, and they saw that we didn't have the answers. One of my younger brothers is like that. He's not so much conservative as moving into *himself*. He sees no benefit in what his older brother is doing. More and more, I'm out of it. Or maybe it's just that the people in my age range are finding out from experience that it really does hurt to pay taxes. You hit forty and have a couple of kids and a mortgage, and you know once and for all that you're in the class that's writing the checks for what the government does. It can get depressing."

I asked if he saw any signs of a reverse trend.

"Well, the pendulum could swing," he said. "But what we seem to be getting now—in more ways than I can understand—is a reaction against the answer to social problems that the Democrats have been proposing all the way back to the New Deal: things like F.H.A.-insured mortgages, Social Security, housing aid, welfare payments. We had been hoping that these measures would strengthen the social fabric—make it solid. They have been in place a long time; they were not taken apart—even in the Nixon years, for instance. Yet now we're finding that the social fabric is full of holes: crime is up, the housing stock is bad. People are now perhaps running to Reagan to find new answers, even if perhaps it makes them feel guilty. Maybe Reagan and Jack Kemp have an answer." He shrugged, and the shrug seemed almost to suggest that although he couldn't agree with Reagan and Kemp, and would fight them, they should have their chance.

"*That's* an interesting opinion," Terry Perry put in sardonically, evidently impatient with Donegan's saddened long-term philosophical talk of pendulums. She went on, with almost bitter intensity, "You hear things like that from constituents all the time. *I* find it *stunning*, *depressing*, and *inexplicable* that young people are voting for Reagan. For instance, one young Jewish professional guy I know is leaning toward Reagan, even though he considers himself a liberal. He moved back into the city so he could be near a synagogue. He doesn't trust the Democrats on economic issues anymore. He *wants* to believe in social programs but thinks, Well, maybe it's not charitable, but let's let the economy do its work, and anyway with Reagan in we won't have to pay higher taxes. And yet on most issues he disagrees with Reagan. He's worried about the nuclear issue, and he's worried that Reagan will appoint a right-wing Supreme Court. As for me, I still cling to that old nineteen-sixties attitude. I've *got* to stick it out. I've got to keep on screaming. I've always wanted to be involved. I'm staying with my old views. I'm making everyone *endure* them, whether they feel like hearing them or not."

BILL and Gina's best friends, Paul Toruncyk, the former seminarian, and his wife, Betty, who worked as a counsellor to children of addicted parents, moved into their house in 1982. Gina described them to me as "really *interesting* people," adding that if there was one thing she couldn't stand it was *superficial* people—the kind who liked to talk about nothing but food, and while eating one dinner would tell you what they had had for a previous one. The Toruncyks were "real seventies-type people," she said, and, when I asked what that was, answered, "You know—humanistic. People who care about other people rather than just money." She added, "Of course, they're used to having money. Her father owns the oil company that Paul now works for." After dropping out of the seminary and before taking the job at the oil company, Paul, too, had worked as a counsellor—to addicted adolescents, adults, and their families—and that job, Gina thought, had been closer to his true nature than his present one. "He's unhappy," she said. "The company job is not really Paul."

I met Paul and Betty one evening when the two couples went, at Paul's suggestion, to a lecture on "Christian Parenting in the 80s." The speaker was Dale Olen, a former Catholic priest who had left the priesthood and married a former nun and now lectured on the family to Catholic and other audiences, and he was speaking in a large, bare, fluorescent-lit, classroomlike room at the Archbishop Cousins Catholic Center, on the city's south side. The center had formerly been St. Francis De Sales Preparatory Seminary, and it had been there that Paul had been a seminarian. Olen was a tall, slender man of soap-opera handsomeness, with a quiet, soothing voice and an even, contained smile. He was dressed in soft shades of tan and gray—light-tan corduroy jacket, darker-tan knit tie, and light-gray slacks. An audience of forty or fifty listened with earnest, upturned faces. On a blackboard Olen wrote "How I Feel." His topic was how to deal with negative feelings in the family. As he talked, he often adopted the listener's "I" himself, saying, for example, "I have negative feelings," to mean "Let's say you have negative feelings."

He began by asking the audience, "What is the most satisfying thing in your life?"

Bill was the first to answer. "The feeling of love that I have when I'm hugging my wife or children," he said, in a hearty voice.

Gina was the next to answer. "The most satisfying thing in my life is

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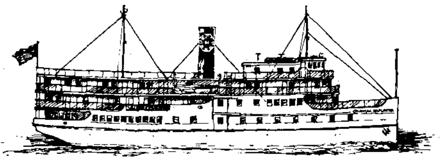

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when I see my daughters hug each other," she said.

Other, shorter answers in softer voices floated up from around the room: "Joy," "Peace," "My family," "Pride."

Olen went on to ask the audience to name some negative feelings—the real subject of his lecture—and, after hearing "depression," "anger," and "pain," among other things, said that people *should* have those feelings sometimes, that they were valid. His message was the need to accept one's feelings and emotions in family life, and only then—after accepting them—to attempt to deal with them. He drew a diagram of the inner life. It was a box, inside of which he drew curved lines, showing the emotions. Arrows pointing from without showed outside forces. Flexibility, he suggested, was one of the clearest signs of mental health, and rigidity one of the clearest signs of mental trouble. On the blackboard he wrote, "I Know What I Feel." He recommended that in order to preserve flexibility the family "play with change"—for example, by altering the seating arrangement at the dinner table.

During an intermission, an assistant informed the audience that members could buy tapes of Olen giving his advice, and suggested that if they played these tapes on tape recorders in their cars they would find them even more exciting than rock music.

At the end of the lecture, Olen invited written evaluations of his performance. Bill wrote, "It seemed to an extent that you were speaking to some undirected, underprivileged people of the nineteen-sixties. You stressed some very obvious things. I would like to see you instill interest rather than to sell interest. That makes you seem too much of a business. I did hear and learn some very worthwhile ideas."

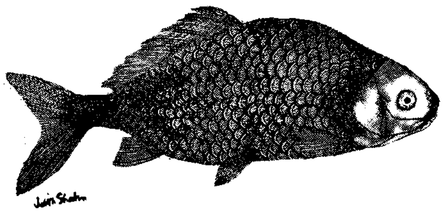
Afterward, Bill told Gina, Paul, and Betty that he had been "turned off" by the sales pitch in the intermission. Paul said that in his opinion Bill's reservations represented a "typical Midwestern attitude," and that if Bill had spent more time on the two coasts of the United States he would be used to this sort of "slick, glamorous promotion."

At this, Gina cried out, "Oh, Paul, you're always pulling rank on us, culturally."

"Not on *you*, Gina," Paul answered.

Gina explained to me that Bill and Paul were highly competitive, and enjoyed kidding each other. Later in the evening, while they were discussing the visits back and forth of their children, Bill said to Paul, "We *take* your kids. You *get* our kids."

"I BELIEVE in what Olen said—that flexibility is the move toward maturity," Paul said to me when I visited him the next evening, in the living room of their house—a two-story brick- and stone-faced structure up the block from the Gapolinskys' house. On one wall was a picture of Christ wearing the crown of thorns, His face twisted in agony. Over a fireplace was a painting of jagged, stalagmitelike yellow peaks against a dark-brown background that might have been a desert at night or might have been the surface of the moon. Paul, who was wearing a tweed jacket, a blue button-down oxford-cloth shirt, and bluejeans, was over six feet tall, and had a large, round face fringed with slightly shaggy hair. His movements were languid, and there was melancholy in the back of his brown eyes. Betty was not yet home from work, and he was taking care of the children. "The seminary in the nineteen-sixties, where some of the ideas mentioned by Olen were developed, was a dynamic place," he continued. "After Vatican II"—the Second Vatican Council, which met from 1962 to 1965—"the old order was passing away, but the new order wasn't there yet. For me, religion has always had an active component. My uncle, who was a priest and principal of St. Paul's High before Bill and Gina went there, was a very active and vigorous man. When I was seven years old, inspired by his example, I decided to become a priest. The political movements of the sixties—especially the civil-rights movement led by Father Groppi—had a strong impact on the seminary. My brother, who is now a book editor in Boston, had big fights about the war in Vietnam with my father, who was a lieutenant colonel in the National Guard. I was living at the seminary, so I didn't fight with my dad much. He fought in the South Pacific during the Second World War, and was very gung ho about the military. But at the same time, you know, I think he really hated war. He wanted us to win in Vietnam and get it over with. Politically, he was pretty independent. After leaving the seminary, I stayed active in the church. When Betty and I moved to this neighborhood, we found that we were in a pretty typical 'Going My Way' parish. It may sound snobbish, but we didn't want to hear some Bing Crosby type lecturing us about family responsibility, so we started going to a quite activist-oriented parish called St. Agnes, in a neighborhood that is about sixty per cent black and forty per cent white. In the sixties, that neighborhood experienced a lot of white flight from the city, and a couple of activist priests decided to try to apply post-Vatican II principles, and involve the community heavily in the church's work, trying to root the parish in the grass roots of the community rather than in the priesthood, and they did a really good job. But now the parish has been spending more money than it takes in. The parish school runs a big deficit each year, and I've been involved in a big pledge drive to improve the long-term finances of the parish. The present bishop is not very strong on keeping schools open if they are not financially viable. We're in a bind."



Paul went into the kitchen and started to prepare supper for the children.

"Can I get in your lap?" Gordon asked.

"No, me," said Therese.

"You guys!" Paul said. "You're really doing a lot of attention-getting." He gave each a turn on his lap.

I asked whom he favored in the Presidential election.

"I'm leaning toward Reagan," he said. "But I'm really indecisive about it."

"How have you proceeded from your life of social activism to considering a vote for a man as opposed to spending on social programs as President Reagan is?" I asked.

"Well, of course, I've now had the life-experience of business," he answered musingly. "I've been around people who are constantly criticizing 'big government.' And then I've had some practical experience with government regulation. For instance, I've been putting together a new filling station, and I called the city to ask what permits I'd need. Of course, I'm new to all this. The guy I talked to said that they were going to run a test on the tank we were putting in, and that if it checked out we could proceed. But he failed to tell me that we'd need a different permit for the pumps we operated. So later, after I'd opened the station, a guy comes along and says, 'Where is your permit to install pumps? You have to pay six dollars per gas hose to the city.' I had to make a special trip downtown to get the extra permit. It was an inconvenience and a total waste of time. So I can see how the attitude of the businessman becomes 'Get the government out, and keep your hands off our business, because we can do it all ourselves. Let the free market operate.' It's the first time I've had that perspective. And I can see the logic that follows from that point of view. So I find myself strangely and uncomfortably agreeing with what Reagan says. You know—I agree *if I work within that model*. Within that framework."

Paul was becoming steadily more animated. "And at the same time, " he continued, "Mondale is beginning to sound like tired old liberalism to me. It goes nowhere. It just doesn't work." Paul hit the table with his palm for emphasis. "I'm not sure what the reasons are. I think that *ideally* his philosophy is nice but that . . . that . . ." Paul searched for his thought. "Well, it just doesn't work—whatever the reason. Maybe it's cultural bias—that people fight these ideas too much, or that they don't want to do these things, or that they are unwilling to change. It's just that—I don't know—I don't find Mondale talking about the real world anymore." Paul was speaking with strong conviction, as if borne along by the logic that followed from the political framework he had come into contact with at his father-in-law's business. But then a cloud passed over his features.

"Except on nuclear arms," he said, in a quieter voice. "Mondale is making more sense on that, which is an important issue for me. Reagan seems to have no understanding of the danger. I just don't like Reagan's insensitive bravado—this idea of just trampling on the sensibilities of foreigners, as if they had no right to *be*, just because they're not like us." Paul was now speaking in tones of strong conviction again.

"You mentioned 'tired old liberalism,' " I remarked. "But aren't some of the tenets of that tired old liberalism the very things that you have believed in most strongly and, in fact, lived by for more than a decade now?"

"I guess I'm not sure that I believe in those things anymore," he answered. "Mondale just sounds like

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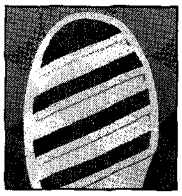

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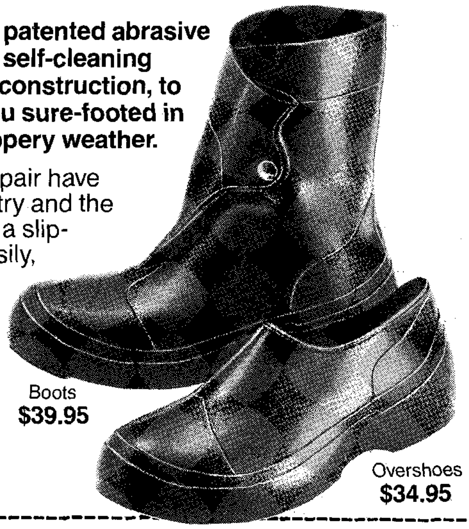

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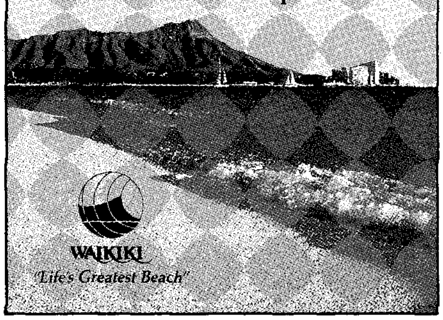

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Hubert Humphrey," he said, in a scornful tone. Then he added, "The welfare system needs reform."

The front door opened, and Betty came in. The children rushed into the hall to embrace her, and she took them up to bed.

" 'Tired old liberalism,' " Paul resumed, picking up the thread of his thought. "Yeah, I believe real strongly in the welfare system. I was formed politically by the Catholic social teaching, which talks about the dignity of work—the right to have a job. And I see the economic system grinding people down, especially in the last four years. The rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer. And there's a lot of pressure in the culture to get on board the gravy train. When I reflect on my life, I see that that's what I'm doing. I chose to jump on that train, to go for everything I could get." Paul looked despondent for a moment. Then he continued, "I have some seminary friends who are very left-wing—certainly socialist, if not Communist. We get into discussions about the way things should be—about the need for justice for the poor. A big catchword I hear is 'solidarity' with the poor. Now, I grew up in Whitefish Bay—a rich suburb, just north of the city, that some people call White Folks Bay, because it's sort of the essence of preppie culture. My parents lived on the poor side of the street, in a typical Milwaukee bungalow. So we were one of the poorer families in a well-off neighborhood. I saw a lot of nice things around me. I grew up envying kids who belonged to the tennis club, with parents who belonged to the golf club, because our family couldn't afford those things. I married a rich girl, O.K.? And, incidentally, two of my brothers also married wealthy, and my sister married a rich businessman. I grew up exposed to the wealthy side of life, and even though I didn't have any part in it, wealthy people became legitimate to me. They're people, too; they're human beings, just like the poor. So when I have some of these discussions with my radical friends, many of whom grew up in Cudahy, which is a working-class part of town, in union families, I can't stomach some of their radicalism—for instance, when they suggest that every businessman is the devil incarnate. I just can't believe that. I know that my father-in-law is just a wonderfully good man. He does more for the poor than almost anyone I know—he's incredibly generous with his charitable contributions."

Paul paused again. "But then I reflect on what business is," he continued, "and I see the whole exploitive side of it. For example, the way you really push to get your employees to do as much work as possible, in order to keep your overhead down and maximize your profits. It's exploitive. If one guy comes into the office with an account for five thousand dollars, and another guy comes in with an account for fifty thousand dollars, my impulse is to treat them exactly the same. But in business you don't do that. You invite the fifty-thousand-dollar guy to lunch, and you let the five-thousand-dollar guy sit for a while in the waiting room." Paul shook his head in dismay. "I happen to work in a company held by a family, of which I'm lucky enough to be a member, by way of stocks and other things. But the employee who's not a member doesn't benefit in this way. He takes home his salary, and maybe he's happy and maybe he's not, but nobody really asks."

"Of the two candidates, Mondale is the one who looks as if he would spend more on social programs," I said. "Are you in favor of that?"

"At this point in history, I don't like it," he said. "Not because I'm against helping people but because of pressing financial problems. Say," he went on—an idea coming to him—"you know, in a way, the national situation parallels my personal situation. Now that I have a family of four, I face the financial problem of making that work. I was faced with a financial dilemma, and I took significant action. I made a break in my career, giving up something that I like more, and that was more in keeping with my beliefs, in order to make money. And maybe the country is doing that, too."

Betty came downstairs, and she and Paul and I moved into the living room. Betty was a slender, attractive young woman with a pale, girlish face framed by blond bangs and shoulder-length straight hair. She wore a tailored tweed jacket, an ivory blouse with a floppy bow at the neck, and a gray flannel skirt. I asked her whom she favored in the election.

"I think Reagan is going to win," she said. "I don't see Mondale as a real strong Democrat. Although I do feel that a lot of social programs have been cut too much, I'm not sure I want to see them back full force. I have never voted Republican before in my life. Never. I tend to be more of a liberal thinker. But the thing is—and this is what's really important to me now—the one thing that I am really strongly against is abortion. And I guess—sad to say—I'm just single-issuing the whole election. In the next term, three or four more appointments are going to be made to the Supreme Court, and I want them to be against abortion. To me, that's more important than who is in the White House. So I'll be voting for Reagan." She spoke placidly and slowly, with little emphasis, as if thinking aloud, and she paused often.

"Is the intensity of your feeling about abortion new?" I asked.

"It's a feeling that I've always had," she said. "I was told as a kid that there was nothing more important in life than people—than respect for human life. That you open your door for all. Just the fact that there is a question about when life starts makes me feel that we can't take the risk of taking a life in the womb. I think there's a life there as soon as there's energy there, so I think abortion is murder. You know, I've always tended to see both sides of things, and I've always wanted to see something really clearly, and feel really strongly about it, and I guess abortion is it."

I asked her how she thought she might have formed her political views.

"My father isn't politically liberal—he probably votes Republican—but it was always his belief that people are the most important thing. His rule is: Always be kind and loving to all people. He puts human beings at the top of the line. If he sees someone who is hurt, he takes steps to help him."

"He's sort of like God," Paul added. "You don't even need to ask for help."

"Dad was the great protector," Betty went on. "He could fix anything. In the small town of Kimberly, north of here in Wisconsin, where I grew up, our family was highly respected. I remember being put on a pedestal as a girl. I was a leader in my class. I was at the top of the class academically. I was also seen as a 'Holy Roller,' a 'do-gooder,' a 'religious fanatic.' I didn't drink or do anything that was wrong."

"She wore the strangest clothes then," Paul put in.

"Maybe because of the values I learned at home, I've done volunteer work at various times in my life. In high school, I worked with Indians in Canada, and then, at the invitation of a priest who was a friend of mine, I went and worked in the ghetto in Philadelphia. I went to St. Norbert College, in De Pere, and when I was a sophomore I went to Peru and lived with a Peruvian family and worked at an orphanage. It was certainly the most invaluable experience of my education. I saw a whole different culture, and dealt with real poverty for the first time. I grew up in the sixties, so my father's money was something I decided to rebel against. I tried to calculate what I needed to be happy. I made a commitment to living life simply."

"Do you think abortion should be illegal?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"If it's equivalent to murder, should people go to jail for having abortions?"

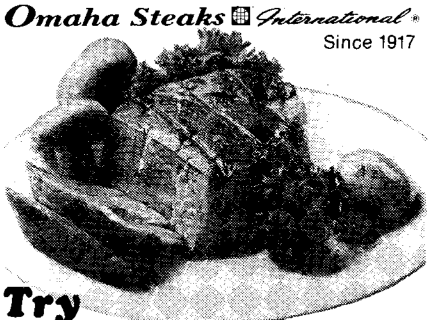
"No. I don't think so. I guess what I don't want is our government giving money for it or promoting it. It's really a dilemma." Betty looked vexed. "I have friends who have had an abortion, and certainly they shouldn't go to jail. If someone chooses to do that, I'm not going to stand in judgment on them. But I don't want the government to support it." She looked even more vexed. "Gee, I'm going to have to think this whole thing through some more."

I asked whether she would vote for Mondale if it were not for the abortion issue.

"Yes," she answered. "Because I think it's true that the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer. Also, I think we should start to get rid of nuclear arms, and see if the other side follows us. I remember that when Gordon was born I had this feeling of being vulnerable, and wondering, 'Oh, my God, what have I got him into?' I had this feeling that I really loved this child, and that he was going to go through so much pain. One of the things that were real clear to me was that he was going to have to deal with nuclear war. But in recent years my fear has sort of gone down."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, because people have really started to speak out about it, and to demonstrate. But, on the other hand, if Reagan stays in, and continues to build nuclear weapons, and you have these people who are trained to use them, *then they're going to do it.* I



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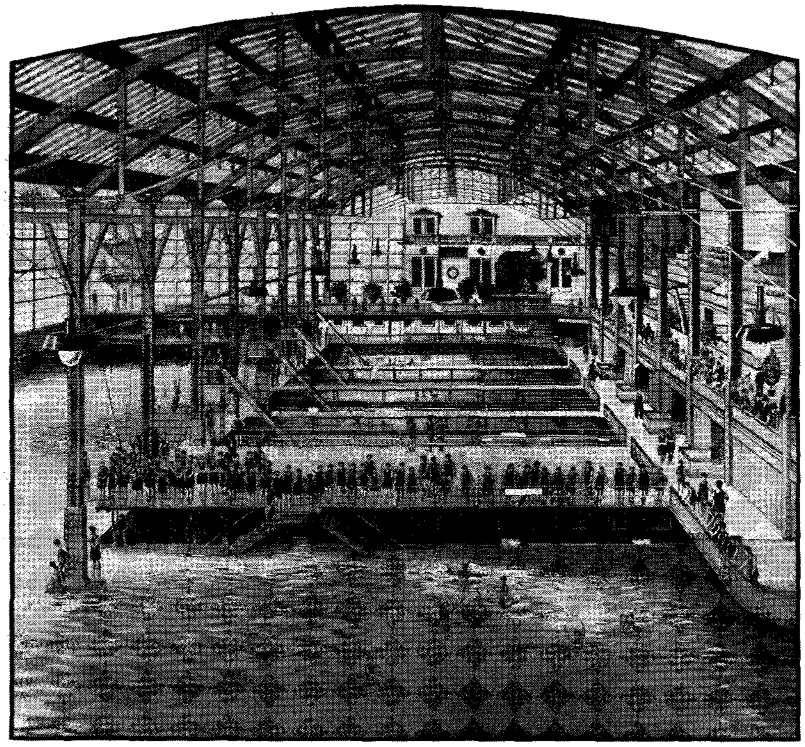

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don't know. Maybe I'm going to have to change my vote."

The hour was late, and the discussion drifted to some of the philosophical and religious aspects of nuclear war. Paul and Betty began to discuss the possible end of the world.

"You see, it's my view that the world will be remade," Paul said slowly. "It's not a question of . . ."

"The end?" Betty asked.

"Yeah," Paul said. "I mean, I'm not worried about that. I mean, it's going to be the end of the world as we know it. But it's not going to be a 'The End' end. You know, it's going to be another step in evolution. Whatever that is. It doesn't necessarily remain in a physical sense."

"So how does it remain for you, Paul?" Betty asked.

"How does what remain?" Paul asked sleepily.

"If the world is blown up, how does it remain?"

"It doesn't," Paul said with a yawn. "It's blown up. Physically, but . . ."

"But spiritually it remains," Betty said. "I believe, anyway, that the energy, the spirit—that which is life, the thing that connects us with all living things, with everything that is alive—continues to evolve to a higher form. And I think that I believe in reincarnation, where when I die my spirit may come back as another person, and you continue to evolve, and become more human and Godlike." Betty spoke dreamily, in a sort of sing song, as if reciting. "I think that in the end what it is is continuing to grow in awareness. In peaceful, loving awareness. And I think that total awareness, and total connection, and total love is somehow the end product. There's a cycle. You know, in terms of Christ's death, and of a child's birth: through a mother's labor, a child is born."

"Yin and yang," Paul added softly.

—JONATHAN SCHELL

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

April is the reluctant star, who defies the "*one ineluctable law of nature at work* in the universe . . . that every girl under the age of 30 wants to be in the movies." Too honest to play the Hollywood game, too much in love with Frank to follow the unspoken rules, her reputation and eventually her mind are shattered by circumstances and tragedies. That Tryon named this character after Chaucer's "cruelest month" is no accident.—*Christine Vogel in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Oh yes it is.

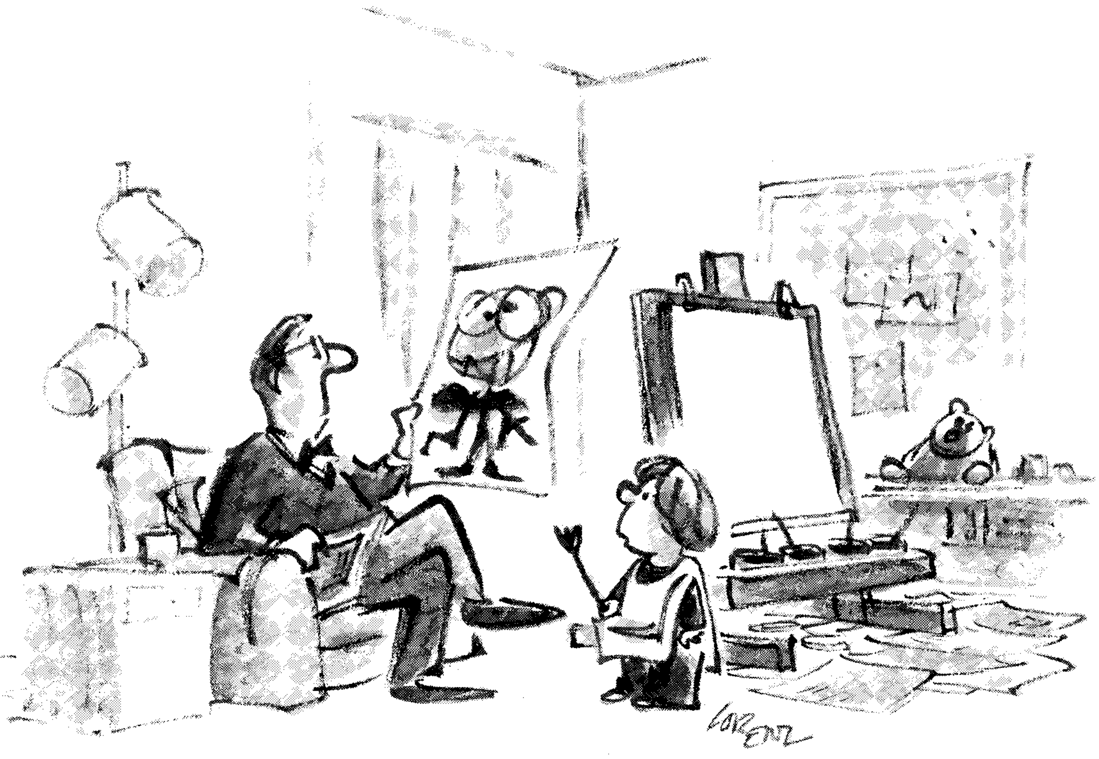
MUSICAL EVENTS

Discoursing Most Eloquent Music

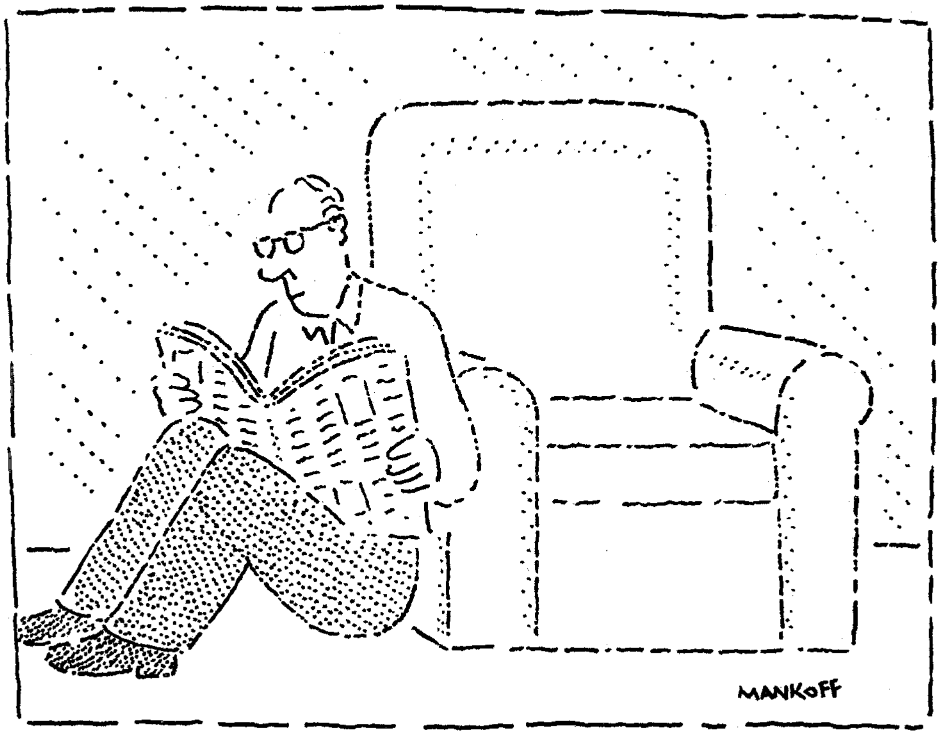
IN Merkin Hall last month, I heard three enjoyable evenings of chamber music. One was provided by the Composers String Quartet, which began its recital with Beethoven's Opus 18, No. 1, and ended it with Beethoven's Opus 130 (the Big Fugue played as finale), and between those works gave the New York première of Elliott Carter's Fourth String Quartet. I wrote about the Carter too recently—after the Composers played it at Vassar College, in November—to feel any need to say much more. But in that first review, being unwilling to spoil the surprise of the very last bar, I failed to describe the extraordinary beauty of the final pages: an alternation of soft, shining chords on muted strings—built up note by note, with each note tenderly and lovingly placed—and bold, vigorous gestures, unmuted. There was no disappointment, no feeling that in the excitement of a first encounter I had overpraised the work—or its performers. During the intermission that followed, many people expressed regret that the quartet was not going to be played again. (The program had failed to announce that the performance *could* be heard again, the following evening, by tuning in to WNYC.) But Opus 130 proved to be a well-chosen companion piece. One tended to listen to it in light still lingering from the Carter quartet—to hear polyrhythms, independence of characterization in the four instruments, abruptnesses that did not conceal continuity of discourse, transfigurations of metrical time. And understood why the string quartet has been, and remains, the ideal medium for great composers' adventurous, intimate thoughts—why Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Bartók, Schoenberg, Shostakovich, Tippett, Britten, Carter have returned to it again and again. Sometimes I look forward to retirement in a house well stocked with scores and records where string quartets will fill the days, and Haydn works still unheard will become familiar. The phonograph has given Everyman musical resources richer than Prince Esterházy's. And each quartet—using the word for the players, not the works—has its own character. The Léner, the Busch, and the Budapest Quartets provide complementary traversals of Beethoven. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert also need rediscovery in performances played on instruments, with techniques, and in styles that the composers themselves would have recognized; and such restoration has become a specialty of our day. The Composers Quartet does not provide the sensual sonic pleasures to be had from the Léner, the Italian, or the LaSalle Quartet. In that department, perhaps only the full, nutty melodies of the second violin, Anahid Ajemian, provide a thrill of pleasure, whenever she has the lead, whereas the leader, Mathew Raimondi, has a tone somewhat unrounded, and, on occasion, even errant in pitch. I murmured as much to a friend and colleague after the Merkin recital, and was reproved: "One doesn't go to a Composers Quartet concert for 'tone;' those players have other virtues." And so they have. One—and in itself it would be enough—is *command* of the music: an understanding of why at each moment the composition makes the moves it does. Their performances are fine-grained, energetic, and compelling.

Another of the recitals was the second in Merkin Hall's On Original Instruments series. The program was built on Mozart's two piano quartets, played by Malcolm Bilson and three members of the Gainsborough Quartet: Elizabeth Wilcock, Jan Schlapp, and Timothy Mason. Eighteenth-century quartets for piano, violin, viola, and cello—Mozart's and Beethoven's were written at much the same time, 1785-86—are hard to balance on powerful modern instruments. Mr. Bilson played an instrument based on the c. 1795 Jean-Louis Dulcken piano in the Smithsonian, and its sweet, intimate singing blended perfectly with the unmodernized string instruments. The Gainsborough players are not in themselves striking interpreters—modest, sensitive enactors, rather, of a great composer's will. Mr. Bilson's piano seemed unsettled, reluctant to stay in tune. It was an evening not of rapture but of quiet, intense pleasure in Mozart's inventions. The Violin Sonata K. 305 and the Piano Sonata K. 330 completed the bill.

The third recital was given by Judith Pearce, flute, and Elizabeth DiFelice, piano. Miss Pearce is a rare and beautiful performer. Once upon a



"You moved."



ROUGHING IT

time, budding instrumentalists were urged to study and emulate the tone control, articulation, phrasing, and shaping of great singers; today's budding singers would do well to attend to Miss Pearce's handling of such things. She is an artist who can transport listeners with a single note: by purity and beauty of timbre, by the way the note lives, shines, swells and subsides or, according to context, is held unchanged for just the right length of time. Her recital began with C. P. E. Bach's sonata for solo flute, in whose Poco Adagio there was a Casals-like feeling for emphasis and inflection. Then there was Duncan Druce's five-minute miniature "Lacerta Agilis" (1984)—the sand lizard, which alternates immobility and quicksilver motion. The first half ended with Antoine Reicha's Grand Duo Concertant. Reicha, who played flute in the Bonn orchestra when Beethoven was viola there, and who taught Liszt, Berlioz, Gounod, and César Franck, piques curiosity. Early in the century, he was practicing polymetrics and bitonality; he championed quarter-tone notation and speaking choruses; he had a Bartók-like enthusiasm for folk music as a living force; he foresaw the dissolution of classical tonality; he insisted that students should listen to contemporary music (and as a result some of them concluded that conservatory lessons had little to do with what was going on in the real world). I wish someone would revive his opera "Sapho," about which Berlioz had good things to say. The Grand Duo is a poised, galant composition of considerable melodic and harmonic charm, but it hardly demonstrates Reicha's adventurous concerns with the stuff itself of music.

The carefully planned program was a loving tribute to the instrument in all its aspects. At the heart of the recital Miss Pearce placed Albert Roussel's "Flute Players." The players are Pan, Tityrus, Krishna, and M. de la Péjaudie, from Henri de Régnier's novel "La Pécheresse." The suite is an exploration of the instrument's mythic and mystical powers, from its origin as a notched reed, raped from the riverbank ("Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan! Piercing sweet by the river! Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!"), to the modern, metal precision instrument. "Krishna" evoked some of Miss Pearce's loveliest tone, untainted by the throbbing wobble that many famous flutists affect, but not unwarmed by touches of gentle vibrato. She played an instrument by Albert Cooper, a maker who recalculated distances and dimensions to insure flute intonation more nearly perfect. Once or twice, I questioned Miss Pearce's, but decided that an ill-tuned piano was disturbing purest concord. Bartók's Hungarian Peasant Songs (the piano suite arranged for flute and piano by Paul Arma), which ended the billed program, contained some piquant contradictions between Miss Pearce's flexible flute, obedient to nature's inflections, and Miss DiFelice's strictly twelve-tone—but out-of-tune—piano. As an encore, there was Fauré's serenely rapturous "Morceau de Lecture."

Between the Roussel and the Bartók, Miss Pearce and Miss DiFelice gave the American première of Jonathan Harvey's "Nataraja" (1983), for piccolo, flute, and piano. Nataraja is Shiva in his aspect as the dancing god, creator and destroyer of matter throughout eternity. The piece is ten minutes of very exciting music, now dazzling, aflame, then sunk in smoky mystery. The vague, whispery chords of modern flute technique are used for expressive, not merely quaint, effect. Both players were brilliant.

JONATHAN HARVEY'S wonderful electronic composition "Mortuos Plango, Vivos Voco," built from the sounds of a bell and boy, which I wrote about after Tanglewood, has now appeared on disk (Erato/RCA). His remarkable Second String Quartet—based on Rudolf Steiner's idea "If we immerse ourselves in an individual note, it reveals three, five, or more notes; the single note expands into a melody and harmony leading straight into the world of spirit"—has been recorded by the Arditti Quartet (British RCA, along with Carter's Third, and Brian Ferneyhough's Second). His "Madonna of Winter and Spring," commissioned by the BBC, had its première at the London Proms, in August, in the Albert Hall. It is a forty-minute composition for large orchestra, three synthesizers, and five sound operators who can send the tones of the piano, harp, and vibraphone, ring-modulated, and of the clarinet, English horn, horn, and trumpet, amplified, winging around or hovering in space, through two banks of loudspeakers, one stationed high, one low. Reverberation devices some-

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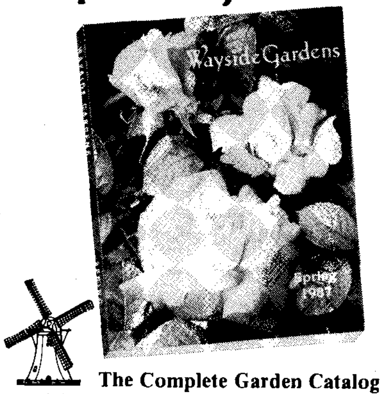
times hold a fragment of the music suspended aloft while the orchestra continues; in a program note the composer suggests the image of "Tiepolo's ceiling paintings with their flying cherub-trumpeters."

An arresting chapter in Paul Griffiths' "New Sounds, New Personalities" (Faber) has Harvey as its subject. The composer recalls encounters with Wagner, Stockhausen, and Babbitt on his quest for a spiritual music. "Conflict," the first movement of "Madonna of Winter and Spring," is thematically active and suggests "an unsettled, unredeemed existence . . . reflecting a society of entrepreneurial thrust and competition." In "Descent," a chord slowly sinks from high to low, into "Depths," a still, frozen meditation. Its winter yields to spring for the last, longest movement, "Mary," which enshrines "the vision of a society based on soft, generous, feminine values in place of the preceding adversarial ones." A radiant new melody steals out, transfiguring the earlier ones, and fills the hall in tender, ever-changing colors. Listeners suspicious of programs, wanting absolute music, will find a satisfactory pattern of conflict leading to resolution such as many symphonies through the centuries have traced. "Madonna of Winter and Spring" seems to me one of the two large, exciting, beautiful compositions for orchestra and electronics which have appeared in recent years. Boulez's "Rêpons" is more glittering and impressive, and a greater work. "Madonna" moves more easily into the expectations of a traditional audience, even while leading it into an enchanted world of new timbres. The piece would probably be beyond the resources of an American symphony orchestra. (Even Stockhausen's "Trans," less exigent in its electronic demands, proved more than the New York Philharmonic could worthily perform.) But of Harvey's fifty-minute "Bhakti," for fifteen or sixteen players and tape—which Boulez regards as one of IRCAM's high achievements—an American première is overdue.

The Prom continued with Messiaen's hymn to love and marriage "Poèmes pour Mi," and concluded with Harrison Birtwistle's "Earth Dances" (1986), dedicated to Boulez, for which critical shorthand has been simply "the 'Rite of Spring' of the eighties." It is forty minutes of marvel upon marvel, Varèse-like in its power, strenuous in its demands upon the listener. The contrast with "Madonna of Winter and Spring" was striking: a transcendental vision of what might be, and an uncompromising, shattering presentation of what *is*. The BBC Symphony was conducted by Peter Eötvös. When it visits Fisher Hall this month, it should be playing "Earth Dances." Instead, it is playing Britten, Tchaikovsky, and Shostakovich.

THE other Prom premières were Gordon Crosse's "Array," a BBC commission, and Oliver Knussen's "Frammenti da 'Chiara.' " "Array" (the title alludes to both the ceremonial senses of the word and Milton Babbitt's technical term: arrays military and mathematical) is a concerto for trumpet with a string orchestra divided into quartet, chamber, and symphonic components—Vaughan Williams' "Tallis" Fantasy the model. It is a skillful and agreeable work, with a melodious slow movement, a bit stingy in thematic provision elsewhere. The solo part, exacting but not flashy, was wonderfully played by the young Swedish trumpeter Håkan Hardenberger. (He can be heard on a Bis compact disk, whose program ranges from J.-B. Arban's "Norma" variations to Peter Maxwell Davies' Trumpet Sonata.) James Loughran conducted the BBC Welsh Symphony.

The Knussen première, originally announced as "Chiara," became "Frammenti da 'Chiara' " because he had not finished the piece. The fragments were seven minutes of euphonious music for female chorus—one layer of a work-in-progress for soprano solo, harps, chorus, and orchestra. They were beguiling: lapped entries and echoes, swelling harmonies, luminous chords of changing densities and dimensions. "Frammenti da 'Chiara' " was the second item in a long, three-part, ten-work program—four hours of civilized pleasures for those who began the evening at a pre-Prom talk. (The meet-the-composer introductions are held in the Royal College of Art, beside the Albert Hall.) The concert began with Bruno Maderna's "Amanda," contained pieces by Webern, Luigi Nono, and Alexander Goehr, and ended with Stravinsky's "Reynard." Stravinsky's Double Canon, Webern's orchestration of the six-part ricercare from "The Musical Offering," and Goehr's ". . . a musical offering (J.S.B. 1985) . . ." provided a stretch of counterpoints at once playful and



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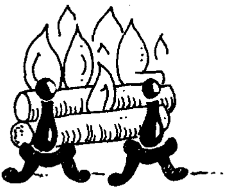

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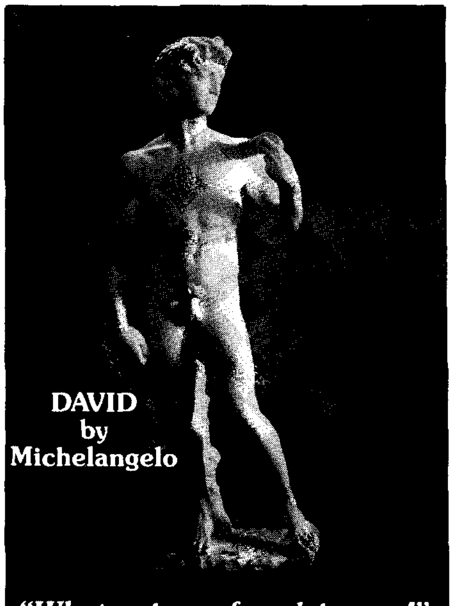

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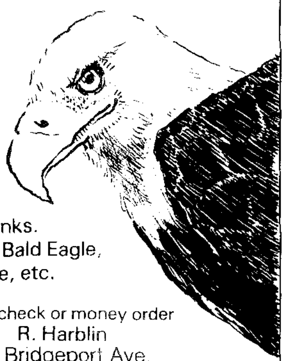

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profound. Knussen conducted the London Sinfonietta.

OPERA at the Proms further included the Florentine 1589 Intermedi—harbingers of "real opera," which had still to be invented—stagings of Monteverdi's "Orfeo" and Britten's "Curlew River," a semi-staged "Simon Boccanegra," from Glyndebourne, and a concert performance of Dallapiccola's "Il Prigioniero." The "Boccanegra," conducted by Bernard Haitink, was disappointing: Timothy Noble, in the title role, tended to bluster; Carol Vaness, the Amelia, made nothing of the text. "Il Prigioniero," first heard in 1949, is a great opera that has somehow not been taken into the repertory. (The City Opera gave it three times in 1960—with Norman Treigle as the Prisoner, and Stokowski conducting—but has never revived it.) The three Prom principals were American. William Cochran was well cast as the Jailer/Inquisitor. Lucy Shelton and Dale Duesing, two subtle artists, gave precise, intense performances as the Mother and the Prisoner, but since their voices, unaided, would be too light to surmount Dallapiccola's large orchestra they were heavily amplified. This was disconcerting. Discreet electronic assistance is one thing: a singer's phonographic image, like her photographic image, can often be made more effective by careful, unobtrusive retouching; the "truth" is compromised, carried a stage closer to the ideal. Miking Miss Shelton and Mr. Duesing in live concert till they rang out like a Brünnhilde and a Wotan was absurd. It had one advantage, however: David Atherton and his orchestra, the BBC Symphony, could play the strong, rich music with ardor unrestrained. The Met, which is building up a useful repertory of one-act operas, should consider "Il Prigioniero." Anja Silja or Hildegard Behrens, Jon Vickers, and James Morris would be a good cast.

—ANDREW PORTER

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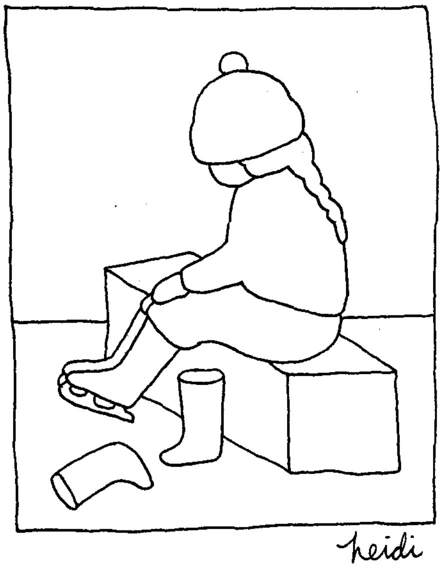
AROUND CITY HALL

A FINE MESS

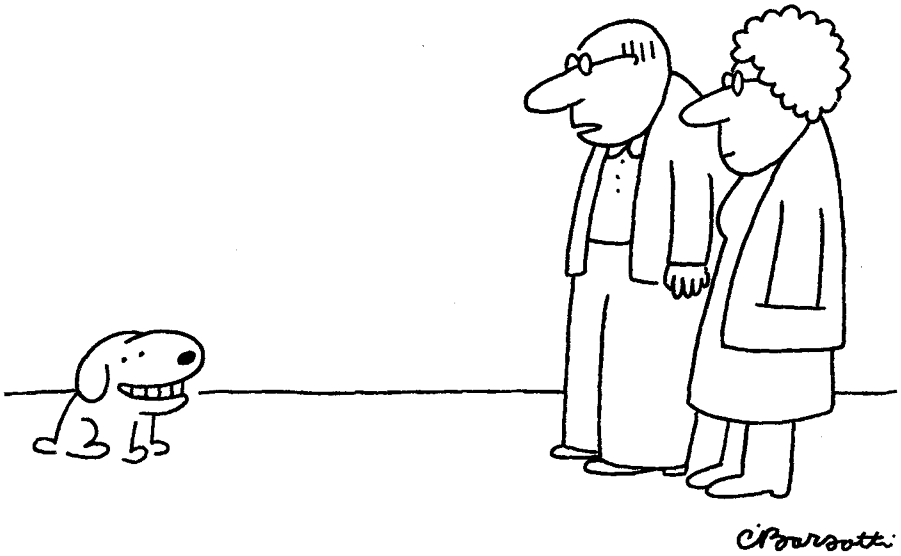
WHILE such names as Meese, McFarlane, Regan, Poindexter, and North—the last of which, it is now astonishing to remember, only a handful of Americans had heard eight or nine weeks ago—spin about in the national consciousness, civically responsible residents of this city have tried to leave room in their minds for such other names as Shafran, Lazar, Friedman, Botnick, Turoff, Lindenauer, McLaughlin, and Ameruso, few of which most New Yorkers could have properly identified in January, 1986, and whose owners have since been indicted or called before grand juries, or have precipitately departed from City Hall during this year of New York's municipal scandals. Some days, it has been especially hard to keep up with simultaneous national and local demonstrations of the relationship between governments and questions of criminal law. Shortly before noon on November 25th, the jury in the federal courthouse in New Haven announced that it had reached a verdict in the case of four men charged in what was widely referred to as the Friedman trial—in honor of the best-known defendant, Stanley Friedman, the Democratic boss of the Bronx. Friedman, like Donald Manes, the Democratic boss of Queens, who was also Queens borough president, had been Mayor Edward Koch's good friend and close political ally. Much of the evidence against the defendants in this first major case resulting from the corruption investigations revolved around their successful effort to win for a company called Citisource a twenty-two-million-seven-hundred-thousand-dollar contract to provide the city's Parking Violations Bureau with hand-held computers for traffic agents to use in writing parking tickets. At the time the contract was voted by the Board of Estimate—which is made up of the Mayor, the president of the City Council, the city comptroller, and the presidents of the five boroughs—Citisource had no manufacturing facilities, and not even a working prototype of the hand-held computer. Its only asset would be the city contract. The board's decision came in July, 1984, having been hurried along after a meeting Friedman held with one of Koch's deputy mayors, Stanley Brezenoff, and Anthony Ameruso, the head of the Department of Transportation, of which the P.V.B. is a subsidiary, and within weeks Citisource was being traded on the stock exchange. By the following February, the value of stock that Citisource had given Friedman for steering the contract through the board—stock that he expected to divide up with Manes, who was named as an unindicted co-conspirator, and with the P.V.B. deputy director, Geoffrey Lindenauer, who had manipulated the P.V.B. contract process so that Citisource had no significant competition—had soared to over two and a half million dollars.

By the end of the trial, to many local citizens following the corruption story (even as they also tried to keep up with what the President's men had been up to in the Middle East and elsewhere) the details of the Citisource coup had become as familiar as the stops on the family Monopoly board—including "Go to Jail." On November 25th in New Haven (to which the trial had been removed at the request of defense attorneys, who argued that because of the immense publicity the corruption story had received here a fair trial was impossible in this city), the four defendants, tried under the federal Racketeer-Influenced Corrupt Organizations law (or RICO), were all found guilty of a series of charges that amounted to their having turned a city agency into a racketeering enterprise for their own enrichment. Besides Friedman, those convicted included Michael Lazar, a former head of the city's Transportation Department who subsequently became a real-estate developer with a number of lucrative city contracts, and Lester Shafran, who, in May, 1978, had been named director of the P.V.B. by the Koch administration. In July, 1978, the administration had promoted Lindenauer to the post of deputy director of the P.V.B., thus putting the two men in positions in which they could conspire to fleece the city. (Lindenauer, having pleaded guilty last March to RICO charges, provided much of the evidence against his former partners in crime at the New Haven trial, where, according to the evidence of other witnesses, Manes and the even more rotund Lindenauer were routinely referred to by their co-conspirators as Fat Boy One and Fat Boy Two.) The fourth defendant was Marvin Kaplan, the president of Citisource. Although the trial dwelt at length on the Citisource contract, the testimony was full of descriptions of other transactions in which the Bronx and Queens Democratic bosses had exercised their powers over city government "like medieval barons," in the words of local United States Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, who tried the case. During Giuliani's cross-examination of Friedman, the prosecutor asked if someone eager for a city contract had once paid him ten thousand dollars to make two phone calls. "One phone call," Friedman corrected him. Each of the four convicted men—who are scheduled to be sentenced on March 1st, when the appeals processes will presumably have been completed—faces a possible million-dollar fine and as much as fifty years in jail.



This sweeping judgment in a court of law affirming a corrupt situation at New York's City Hall would surely have been the lead story the next morning if it had been an ordinary news day. It did make the front pages, but the top story was the White House press conference—also held about noon on November 25th—at which it was announced that up to thirty million dollars of profits from America's clandestine arms shipments to Iran (news of which had itself shaken confidence in Reagan's Administration when it was revealed, three weeks earlier) had been secretly diverted to the Nicaraguan Contras. New York City had been outscandaled.

THE midwinter holidays are often a time for reminiscence. Where did we go last year for Christmas? For New Year's? Who was there? And ten years ago? The new year begins, after all, with a month that the Romans named for a god who looked backward



"You're right, he is smiling. Now get him to stop."

as well as forward. And long before Charles Dickens, writing "A Christmas Carol," invented much of Christmas as we know it, Yuletide celebrators doubtless on occasion conjured up ghosts of Christmas Past to remind them of the way things used to be. Only a couple of months ago, before what President Reagan has called "that rag in Beirut" published the news of American arms shipments to Iran, most Americans, including New Yorkers, would have found it unimaginable that some cartoonists would be marking this holiday season by portraying the popular President, winner of reëlection by a landslide, being visited by a spirit of Christmas Past in the form of a ghostly Richard Nixon, urging him, in one cartoon, to "burn the tapes." In this city a year ago, the events of these past twelve months would have seemed similarly incredible. It was on the morning of January 1, 1986, that Edward Koch, who was about to be inaugurated for a third term after his landslide reëlection the previous November, told a group of reporters that he saw the whole City Hall scene as suffused with "sweetness and light." In his inaugural speech, expounding on all the good things that had come about in the city since he took over as mayor, in 1978, he said, "It is time to put aside uncertainty and give ourselves the credit we deserve . . . to pat ourselves on the back." John Cardinal O'Connor and Governor Mario Cuomo were on hand for the event. The Mayor was sworn in by Sol Wachtler, who is the chief judge of the Court of Appeals, New York State's highest court. Before the ceremony, Koch met in his office for coffee with a small group of dignitaries, including Wachtler, and some friends, among them Friedman, who made a few jokes—an occasion that Friedman and the Judge may remember if Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau proceeds with his plan to try Friedman on other charges in the state courts, and the case should reach the Court of Appeals.

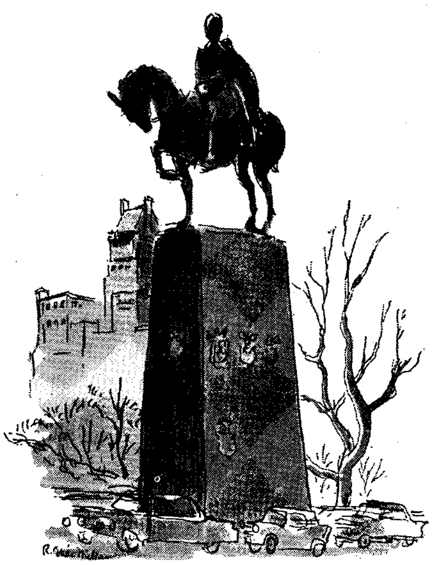
Manes was also among Koch's friends at that gathering. About eighteen hours earlier, around twilight on New Year's Eve, he had met Lindenauer at East Eighty-second Street and Park Avenue, and they had got into a car and started driving north. A few minutes later, Manes handed the deputy director of the P.V.B. an envelope containing fifty-eight thousand dollars in cash, which he hoped—vainly, as it turned out—he had persuaded Lindenauer to use to leave this country for one from which he could not be extradited. Manes occupied a prominent place at Koch's inauguration on the steps of City Hall the next day. Also present was United States Attorney Giuliani. In the fall of 1985, in a federal sting operation in Chicago, a man named Bernard Sandow, the owner of a collection agency that had contracts with the P.V.B., had been implicated as the payer of bribes to a similar municipal agency in the Midwestern city in return for lucrative collection contracts. Sandow, hoping to improve his chances for a lenient sentence, agreed to be helpful to federal authorities here. On November 26, 1985, in the men's room of Hisae's Place, a restaurant on Cooper Square, near the P.V.B. offices, he paid a five-thousand-dollar bribe to Lindenauer, who, if the usual pattern was followed, would split it with Manes. A short while later, Lindenauer learned that he was under investigation. Giuliani told the *News* recently that at Koch's inauguration, having learned that the trail led directly to Manes and Friedman, he sat through the ceremony looking from one man to the other trying "to figure out whether it was all true or not." It was in the early morning of January 10th that, in the first dramatic act of what has now taken on the fascination of a grisly local folktale, Manes was found in his car, near Shea Stadium, bleeding profusely from self-inflicted stab wounds—the first signal to most New Yorkers that there might be something terribly wrong with some areas of their city government. Understandably, New York's Mayor may wish he had the power to rewrite the City Hall script "Dallas" style, so that it would turn out that the whole year was just a dream, and never really happened. On his sixty-second birthday, this December 12th, Koch assured reporters that he didn't feel a day over thirty-one—but added that he had aged nine years since his last birthday.

ANYONE recently arrived at City Hall can have little inkling of how crowded it is with ghosts of December (and all other months) Past: that is, with spectres of familiar, often popular figures who only a year ago were in and out of the place nearly every day but aren't seen around there anymore. These include, of course, Manes, who on March 13th succeeded in a second suicide attempt, plunging a knife into his heart in the kitchen of his home in Queens. In the case of any political scandal—as will surely be true for decades to come—references to events during Richard Nixon's final years in office are obligatory, although in the corruption story here, and in what some people are calling Iranscam, the question of what the chief executive knew and when has become such a cliché that it now tends to be used only with variations. The caption on a Washington *Post* cartoon has the President saying, "What do I know? And when will I know it?" And there is the local headline "DID THE MAYOR WANT TO KNOW?" In this city's current scandals, in view of what happened on March 13th, variations on the old bumper stickers that said "Nobody

Died at Watergate" will not apply.

Other recent City Hall regulars are missing for reasons that include indictment. Jay Turoff, the former head of the city's Taxi and Limousine Commission (routinely referred to as the T.L.C.), who left office involuntarily last February, is scheduled to go on trial February 17th in federal court in Brooklyn. He is charged with fraud, conspiracy, and tax evasion, in connection with promoting the purchase of taximeters from a company owned by several friends, and with the financing of the company through illegal diversions of funds from a credit union called HYFIN. (In this city, at least, principals in the taxi industry are not widely associated with the more compassionate aspects of life, and some local citizens find it ironic that Turoff's trial will require frequent references to initials that are otherwise short for "tender loving care" and to HYFIN, which stands for Help Your Friend in Need.) Another high-level Koch official who is not around City Hall anymore on account of legal problems is Ameruso, the former head of the Department of Transportation. When Ameruso resigned, last January 29th, the Mayor explained that his departure was required because he "had to be held accountable" for what was discovered to have been going on in the P.V.B. The Mayor said that Ameruso's own integrity was, however, "impeccable." He was quite severe with reporters who reminded him that until about a week earlier he had been saying much the same thing about Manes, whom by this time he was denouncing as a crook. The Mayor was also harsh with reporters who reminded him that before he first took office, he had appointed a commission of public-spirited New Yorkers to consider candidates for transportation commissioner, and that when the panel declared Ameruso to be unqualified he had dismissed the panel and appointed Ameruso anyway. Despite the Mayor's estimation of Ameruso's integrity, various actions of his former commissioner of transportation have been targets of legal inquiries ever since he made it. One consequence has been that Ameruso has been unable to collect sixty-two thousand dollars due him in severance pay, because the application for such funds required him to swear that he was not under criminal investigation. Last summer, both he and the general counsel of the D.O.T. declined to testify without a grant of immunity in a Bronx investigation—which is still going on—into possible corruption in the awarding of towing contracts by his department. (At that time, refusing to testify without immunity was not being treated by so many Americans as the act of a hero.) Last December 2nd, Ameruso was indicted for having lied under oath, to conceal the fact that as of last January 24th he had owned a quarter of a million dollars' worth of stock in a real-estate concern associated with a company to which on January 16th—thirteen days before his resignation—he had awarded a controversial franchise, covering at least five times the customary period of time, to run a ferry across the Hudson between Weehawken, New Jersey, and West Thirty-eighth Street, in Manhattan. Ferry service began last month. There are New Yorkers who feel that the revival of such service after almost twenty years is such a boon that it is picky to ask questions about how it came about. But, for that matter, the Tweed courthouse, whose construction made William Marcy Tweed a rich man (and where the reception was held after Koch's most recent inauguration), is now a highly valued example of nineteenth-century urban architecture.

On December 9th, John McLaughlin, who had served in the Koch administration as head of the Health and Hospitals Corporation, the municipal hospital system, which has an annual budget of nearly two billion dollars, became the first city official to be sentenced since the corruption scandal broke. He had been convicted in August of forgery, grand larceny, and filing false documents. The first two charges involved his relations with a private client; the third concerned his having filed false financial-disclosure statements with two city agencies—statements intended to reveal possible corruption or conflict of interest. His sentence was five years' probation, one year of community service, in the form of assisting in the care of AIDS patients, and six months in the city jail on Riker's Island—a sentence that his lawyer, Thomas Puccio (who was also Stanley Friedman's lawyer), immediately appealed. "It took a lot less time going down than it did going up," McLaughlin, once thought of as the rising star of the Koch administration, said sadly in the courtroom. Readers of an article about him in the Spring/Summer, 1985, issue of the alumni magazine of the University of Pennsylvania Law School, from which McLaughlin graduated in 1970, had special reason to be reminded of how swiftly someone's fortunes may change. "McLaughlin thrives on the power he wields as president of the H.H.C.," said the article, which, while noting that he had high praise for Koch, concluded, "McLaughlin insists that he would not take Mayor Edward I. Koch's job 'for anything.' Let us wait and watch." The former H.H.C. president was acquitted on a bribery count that charged that, in the summer of 1983, in the name of a client, he had received at a cut rate a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock in Nu-Med, a California company that, not long afterward, was awarded a million-dollar no-bid contract with the H.H.C. However, there appears to be some question in McLaughlin's mind whether District Attorney Morgenthau's investigation of that matter is over. After his sentencing, McLaughlin told Joe Calderone, a reporter for *Newsday*, that his taking of the stock had been "ratified" by Victor Botnick, Koch's good friend, campaign assistant, and special adviser on health matters. Botnick, McLaughlin said, had been in the room when the stock deal was made. (About the same time, Botnick solicited from Nu-Med a five-thousand-dollar contribution for Koch's campaign treasury, which the Mayor did not return until eight months later, after reporters inquired about it.) Botnick denied McLaughlin's story, and the Mayor said he had every confidence that Botnick was telling the truth. The thirty-two-year-old Botnick succeeded McLaughlin as head of the H.H.C. last January but was forced to resign six months later, when it developed



that he had lied about his educational credentials not only in interviews with reporters but on official documents. Like Ameruso, Botnick, as of late last month, had failed to sign the papers saying he was not under criminal investigation, which would allow him to collect seventeen thousand dollars in severance pay. A few weeks ago, he told Marcia Kramer, City Hall bureau chief of the *News*, "I'm going to get Fritz Schwarz," referring to Frederick Schwarz, the city's corporation counsel, who he believed had unduly insisted on adhering to legalities in his case, and who had proposed that Botnick put in some months of service in a hospital ward for the terminally ill. This led to such local headlines as "BEDPANS FOR BOTNICK" after, as Botnick pointed out to the *News*, "nine years of putting my life on the line for Ed Koch." The Mayor said that Botnick's statement about Schwarz had been foolish but that Botnick was understandably "frustrated"—possibly because nearly six months after he left, the former head of a city agency with a nearly two-billion-dollar annual budget had not found permanent work. The Mayor also commended Schwarz for what he saw as the corporation counsel's large-minded comment after Botnick's threat. Schwarz had said, "One has to have sympathy for someone like him."

Schwarz is the most recent official to announce that he is leaving the Koch City Hall. So far, according to the *News* bureau chief, who is the keeper of the master list, the number of high-level figures who have left the administration since the Mayor's reëlection has reached fifty-four, meaning that it makes more sense to count those who are still around than those who have disappeared from the scene. Of commissioners who didn't leave by reason of impending indictment or fears thereof, some resigned at the Mayor's instigation, because he had let it be known that they had offended him in some way; some undoubtedly concluded that it was a prudent time to loosen their ties to the beleaguered Mayor; and some simply opted for a change in career course—a group that surely includes Schwarz, who, after four years as corporation counsel, will be going back to his old downtown law firm. Among those who have left are not only the heads of the Taxi and Limousine Commission, the Department of Transportation, and the Health and Hospitals Corporation but also the top figures in the Human Resources Administration, the Housing Authority, the Department of Housing Preservation and Development, the Sanitation Department, the Department of Correction, the Department of General Services, the Personnel Department, the City Planning Commission, and the Department of Investigation. The last official to leave before Schwarz was Koch's press secretary, William Rauch, who announced his departure, to take a job in the private sector, two weeks before Reagan's press spokesman, Larry Speakes, made a similar announcement at the White House. (Rauch's successor is George Arzt, the former *Post* bureau chief at City Hall. Some critics of the *Post* have grumbled that this was a natural progression: in its coverage of City Hall, that paper has often been accused of publishing all the news the Mayor sees as fit to print. It has not proved to be reliable on all occasions, however. During an interview with *Post* editors and reporters last winter, the Mayor protested, as he often did throughout the year, that there was no way he could have known of the corruption in his government—a claim that won him an *Esquire* Dubious Achievement Award for 1986. Arzt reminded the Mayor that there had been some clues—that, for example, *Post* reporter David Seifman, having looked at the Citisource prospectus, had written a column-and-a-half story on August 30, 1984, describing Friedman's role as the major shareholder in the company that had just pulled off the lucrative hand-held computer deal.) It's little wonder that 1986 is known here as not only the year of the scandals but the year of the big City Hall recessional.

WHETHER or not every well-ordered government is well ordered in its own way, administrations that are in deep trouble tend to act much alike. There will be talk of stonewalling and shredding. (One of the counts in the Ameruso indictment is that the impeccable transportation commissioner arranged to have documents destroyed that would demonstrate the alleged conflict of interest on his part.) The chief executives involved will put as much distance as possible between themselves and the source of embarrassment, will speak often of the need to put it all behind them, and will imply that those who try to track down the corrupters are interfering with the business of gov-

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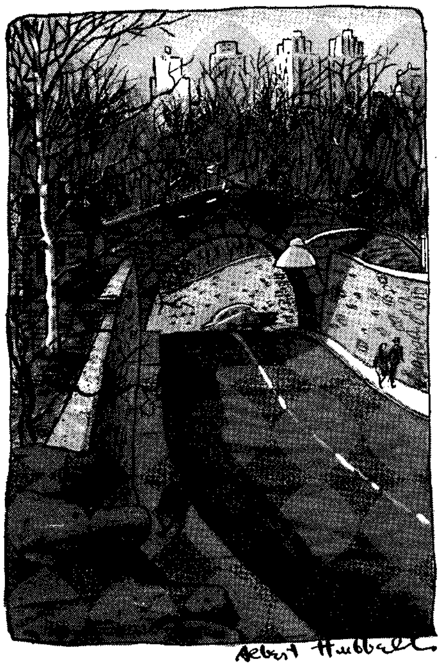
erning. Though polls may show that their favorable ratings have dropped alarmingly (those of both Koch and Reagan plunged twenty-one points soon after their respective scandals broke), the politicians at the top will insist that before you know it they will bounce back—or, alternatively, that they have already bounced back (as the Mayor claimed was the case here last March). They will agree that other people made mistakes. At the annual Gracie Mansion party for the City Hall press corps last month (Koch does not invite reporters whom he sees as having offended him, just as Reagan does not invite the columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak to his annual White House press party), the guests gave the Mayor a mug that said "Once I Thought I Made a Mistake, But I Was Wrong." Koch has admitted that he made a mistake, but he maintains that it was committed long ago and in a good cause: in early 1978, he should not have named Ameruso commissioner of transportation over his advisers' objections. He had done so, the Mayor explained, because of the importance of insuring ethnic and geographic diversity in his cabinet. This explanation startled City Hall observers who have heard the Mayor denounce ethnic quotas hundreds of times, insisting that it is his responsibility to make appointments entirely on merit—a moral stance whose result seems to be that there are few blacks and Hispanics in policymaking positions in his administration. (In a school system in which nearly eighty per cent of the children are black, Hispanic, or Asian, the Mayor's two entirely-on-merit appointees to the Board of Education are Richard Beattie and Robert Wagner, Jr., who is also the board's president. Both are white; moreover, neither attended the city's public schools, and neither has children who did.) In any event, if the Mayor had felt a need to have an Italian-American from Brooklyn in his 1978 cabinet he already had one: Anthony Vaccarello, his sanitation commissioner. Meade Esposito, the former Democratic boss of Brooklyn, whose support helped elect Koch mayor in 1977—although the two men agreed that Esposito would not go public about it, since Koch was running on an anti-clubhouse ticket—has another explanation for Ameruso's appointment. "I saved him by telling Koch that he's my guy," he has said. One of the major casualties of the local corruption scandals has been the Mayor's ability to boast, as he often had in the past, that clubhouse bosses such as Esposito, Manes, and Friedman—who, on the stand in New Haven, bragged that he had placed "hundreds and hundreds" of people in government—were out of luck if they expected any patronage from him.

Chief executives who, when the news of their administrations is good, are right up front in the glare of the television lights, apparently in total charge, are often less conspicuous about accepting responsibility when things go wrong. Koch, when he is asked by reporters, will say that he is, of course, accountable for what has been done in his administration. He will then quickly add that by this he means he is *politically* accountable, and that, in turn, means, he goes on to say, that in 1989, when he runs again for mayor, the voters can decide whether or not he did a good job in governing the city. When one reporter reminded him this fall that this is not the way accountability is usually defined, he explained that whereas City Hall reporters could be fired by their employers—a prospect that did not seem to depress him—"only the voters can fire me." When he was reminded that he could also be removed by the governor of the state, the Mayor demanded to know whether the reporter was charging him then and there with having committed a criminal act. There are subjects that a person can get into trouble mentioning at the Koch City Hall these days, and surely one of them is what happened in 1932. In that year, a state legislative commission headed by Judge Samuel Seabury investigated corruption in the administration of New York's Mayor Jimmy Walker and came up with such an abundance of damning evidence that Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was then the Democratic Presidential nominee, seemed to have no choice but to cashier the popular mayor, a fellow-Democrat—an embarrassment of which Walker relieved him by resigning.



It is understandable that a political leader caught up in scandals would feel kinship with leaders who are or have been beset by similar troubles. Although Koch still regularly denounces President Reagan for having cut funds for urban projects, he warned last month that if critics pursue the Iran-Nicaragua case against the President unfairly, for their own political or other gain, the American people would not stand for it, and would rise up in protest—forgetting, perhaps, the large anti-Nixon class elected to Congress in the post-Watergate year of 1974. Reminded that he had often boasted in the past that as a member of Congress he was among the first to call for the resignation—and, indeed, the impeachment—of President Nixon, the Mayor said that he thought those in charge of the Watergate investigation "could have handled things better."

A FAVORITE theme of figures at the center of many political scandals is that a few events of small consequence were blown grossly out of proportion by a self-serving and irresponsible press. For many months, Koch kept saying that nobody had been convicted of any of the charges splashed over local front pages—even after Lindenauer pleaded guilty, which legally constitutes a conviction. ("Nobody's been convicted, nobody's even been charged," Patrick Buchanan, the President's stalwart White House aide, said of that other scandal last month.) After the conviction of the New Haven Four, which came as a stunning surprise to many at City Hall—they had believed that the artful and agile dodger Friedman would surely beat the charges—it was no longer possible to pretend that nothing really bad had happened to the Koch administration. Here, as in Washington, the experts spent a lot of time trying to figure out how one disaster or another had come about. Jack Valenti, the president of the Motion Picture Association of America, who

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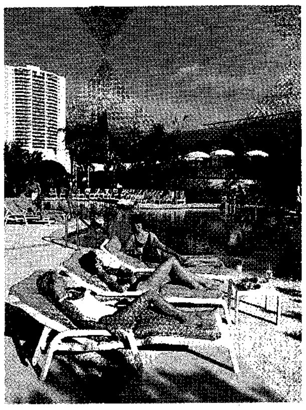

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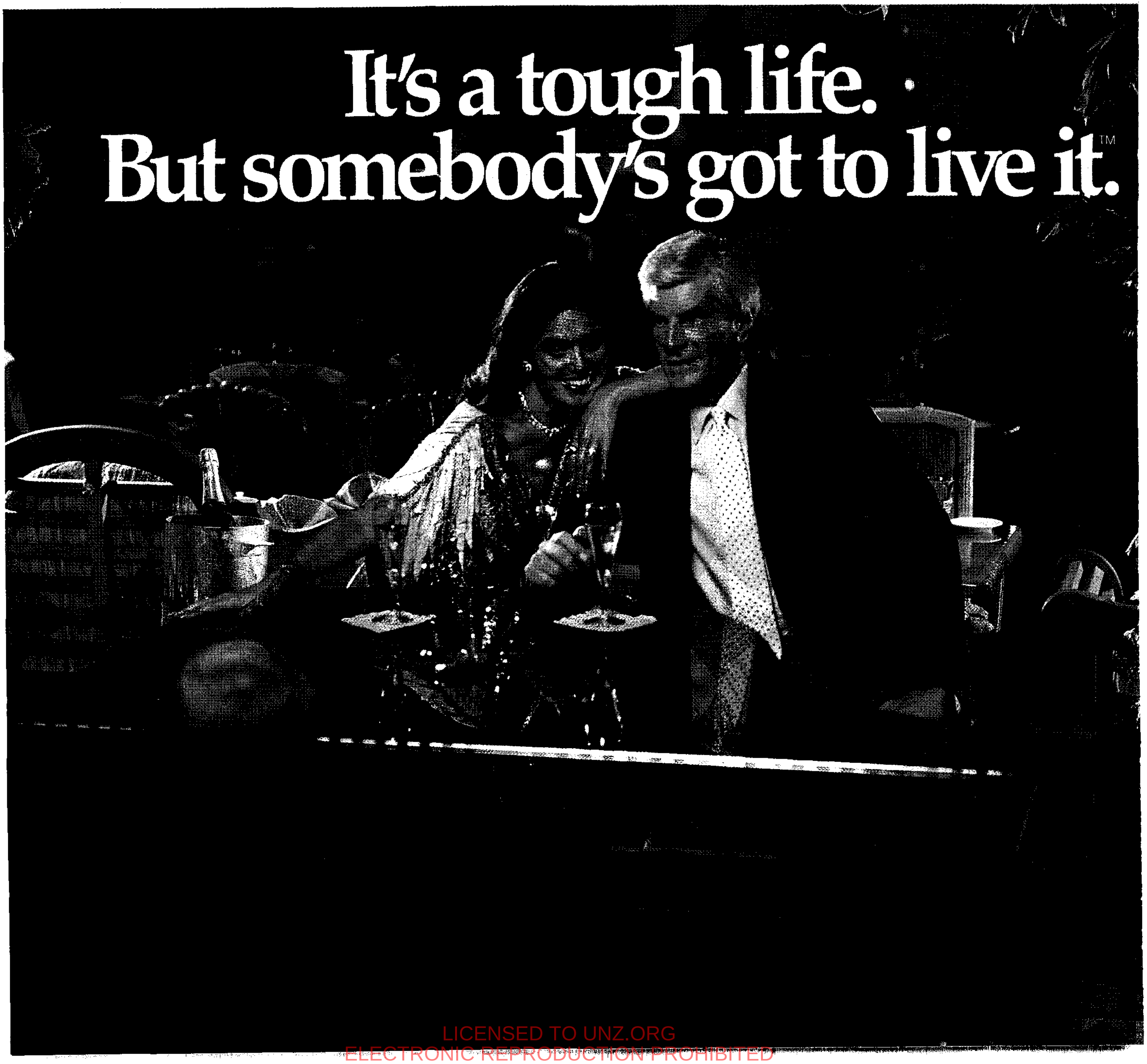
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served as special assistant in the Johnson White House, commented last month that the Iran-Nicaragua connection had been handled like "Laurel and Hardy adventures," and some of the processes of local government, as revealed in the trial in New Haven, sounded also like episodes right out of a Hal Roach production. This was surely the only city in which one could read the headlines "IT'S A FINE MESS YOU'VE GOT US INTO, OLLIE," over a Jimmy Breslin column in the *News* discussing possible Oliver North covert operations, and, a few days later, in the *Post,* "ANOTHER FINE MESS YOU'RE IN, STANLEY"—the latter reflecting the news of Friedman's having asked for police help after he had locked himself out of his car on the night of the New Haven verdict.

The Mayor, who has been celebrated for his skill in winning gratifying publicity for himself in the local press and on television, is understandably testy about this year's bad headlines, which have referred to his close relationships with indicted politicians. Credit given to his administration for accomplishments in some areas has been insufficient consolation. Last summer, after the immensely successful Statue of Liberty centennial in this city, he told reporters that although his administration and the city in general were praised to the skies for their handling of the event, too few commentators gave credit to him personally. In October, Rauch, his press secretary, wrote to F. Gilman Spencer, the editor of the *News,* to object to what he saw as a pattern in that paper: in writing of examples of good government at City Hall, it would refer to "the Koch administration," instead of quoting Koch himself. Rauch sent along clips to prove his point, accompanied by Koch press releases containing statements by the Mayor which the paper had neglected to reproduce. Spencer said in his response that he found it hard to believe that Rauch and the Mayor were serious in complaining that the name of the much-publicized Mayor had been left out of minor *News* stories. ("It was just one day of anonymity after another," Spencer wrote, jocularly—a favorite Koch word.) "There are so many other things that I would think you and the Mayor might find far more compelling in this rather animated city," the editor concluded. In the interests of efficiency, or possibly in an effort to elevate the Mayor's spirits—and his political station in life—Arzt suggested, late in November, that, as at the White House, Koch press conferences, which tend to be long, rambling affairs, should thenceforth be limited to half an hour, after which the dean of City Hall reporters (the Mayor apparently felt that he should have veto power over who would serve as dean) would say, possibly after a signal from Koch, "Thank you, Mr. Mayor." Within hours, reporters were wondering whether the plan was for Koch to call only on women reporters who wore red dresses, and he was asked if "Hail to the Chief" would be played in honor of his arrival on the scene. It seemed clear that any arrangement that imposed time limitations was not likely to work, since it is not the press but the Mayor who obviously relishes the extended press conferences; for one thing, they take his mind off what is going on elsewhere, in one courtroom or another. The same week that the half-hour limit was proposed, he met with reporters for over two hours, spending much of the time trotting commissioners and a deputy mayor before them to correct insufficiently friendly—or, as he saw them, false—accounts of City Hall achievements.

NOTHING is greeted as more of a godsend by political leaders under siege than some extraneous event that they have no choice but to take note of in a big way. The World Series was a blessing not only here but in Washington, where on November 12th the President met with the victorious New York Mets in the Rose Garden, accepting various Series souvenirs and reminiscing about the hapless first Mets team of 1962. Along the way, he quoted—or, rather, slightly misquoted—Casey Stengel, the Mets' manager that year, as asking, "Can't anybody play this here game?" The Mayor's preoccupation with the Mets naturally went on much longer. There was the ticker-tape parade. There were the high-level negotiations with mayors of other cities over who had bet what on the Series outcome. On the night of the seventh game, the Mayor, who has no real interest in sports, was seen on national television, underfoot in the Mets dugout, wearing a Mets cap. Last month, a picture of the President playing with a Teddy bear given him by this year's Heisman Trophy winner, Vinny Testaverde, made front pages all over the country.

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himself to another kind of distraction—getting out of town to a place where nobody had heard of Stanley Friedman. On December 16th, he would be in San Diego. For years, Koch has been in the forefront of those demanding that the federal government use the full powers of the nation's armed forces to "interdict" drug runners crossing the country's thousands of miles of borders and shorelines. One federal officer who lives in the city made sure that he would not soon be invited to Gracie Mansion when he suggested privately that the proposal came oddly from someone whose large police force cannot interdict drug dealers from four-acre Stuyvesant Square park. The plan for Koch's trip to California was that at dusk on December 16th he would join San Diego's Mayor Maureen O'Connor on the Mexican border, where she hoped to demonstrate to him that most of the illegal border crossers were not drug runners but poor people looking for jobs. The following night, he would be a guest on the Johnny Carson show. In its Sunday edition on December 14th, however, the *News* published a sixteen-page pullout under the headline "IT STARTED WITH THE 'FAT BOYS.'" The subhead of the heavily-illustrated article—one picture showed Manes at an August, 1985, fund-raiser, posing with a pretty girl dressed as a parking meter—was "A Chapter by Chapter Ride Through the Worst Mess of Corruption Since Tweed." The *News* had been routinely referring to the Koch City Hall as a cesspool of corruption for many months, a metaphor that U.S. Attorney Giuliani used to good effect with the jury in New Haven. In the chapter-by-chapter account, written by Barbara Ross and Richard Rosen, the scandal was laid out in odorous detail. A front-page editorial, headed "IT'S TIME TO ACT, MARIO," urged the Governor to appoint a commission to examine corruption in the city, adding that only the Governor could do it. ("The Koch administration is part of the problem.") In Spencer's preamble to the sixteen-page story, the editor, referring to speculation that Koch—following Jimmy Walker's example—might resign, said that rather than do so, Koch "would lash himself to the waterpipes in Gracie Mansion." The preamble concluded, "They were stealing us blind, Mayor—your friends." Clearly, it was not a propitious time for Koch to be caught sniffing around on the Mexican border or yakking it up on the Johnny Carson show. But what reason could he give for cancelling? Late on the night of December 15th, as the Mayor later described it, he had a call from the Governor, perhaps as the result of a communication to Cuomo from one of their mutual political advisers. Koch's presence, it seemed, was absolutely essential in Albany, where the legislature was debating new fiscal arrangements for the state Metropolitan Transportation Authority, which, if they should fail to pass, could require a transit-fare increase here. Local subway and bus fares have gone up three times since Koch became mayor, and he had already taken a strong position against the latest threat. On December 16th, he was in Albany denouncing it one more time, and calling the possible increase "the single most important issue since the fiscal crisis" in the nineteen-seventies. The *Times*, with whose editors the Mayor continues to be a favorite (its editorial headed "SHAME AND STANLEY FRIEDMAN" on the day after the New Haven verdict did not mention "the Koch administration" or the Mayor—in this case with no subsequent complaint from Koch's office), obligingly ran a three-column picture of him conferring with Cuomo in the Governor's office before he nipped back home. Any day would probably have been suitable for his trip; two weeks after the Governor's call, the legislature had not yet reached agreement on the M.T.A. package. Still, the Mayor had avoided being caught at just the wrong time guest-starring in the world of entertainment, a spectacle that some New Yorkers have lately found less entertaining than they used to. Last March, as a result of the scandals here, a state-city commission, with Columbia University President Michael Sovern as its chairman, was appointed to consider what could be done to insure more integrity in government. A week before Christmas, it issued its final report, which recommended the establishment of a commission with subpoena powers to investigate corruption in this city and state. Asked later about New Yorkers' response to the year's revelations of what had been going on at City Hall, Sovern said, "We were surprised and dismayed by the lack of public reaction." He said also, "We came to believe the public's apathy rests in considerable measure on a widespread belief that government is so rotten that it doesn't do any good to do anything about it." —ANDY LOGAN

BOOKS

Edmund Wilson

Edmund Wilson was the most distinguished man of letters in the querulous American thirties and, indeed, long after. Saturated in wide reading in many languages, scholarly yet by choice free of the academic intrigues of the university, he was proud of earning his living by seriously addressing "the common reader" in periodicals. A man of pith, pungency, and substance, very much "in life," he was sustained by (as Julian Symons once said of him) "struggling to come to terms with his time." Mellifluous he was not. He was the son of a distinguished lawyer, and his style in historical and human instances was of a man of the pertinacious cross-examining kind. He loved a dispute. He could also change his mind when the hopes of the thirties were deceived. I still think that "To the Finland Station" is a masterly, even fervid, examination of the intellectual roots of the revolutionary hopes in Russia, and the most original American historical essay of its time. Although Wilson recanted after Stalin came to power, the essay stands as a study of the hopes that men betrayed.

What was Wilson like as a man? As I briefly knew him, he was a hospitable egotist, a crisp talker but no windbag, a citizen of literature, a man with an appetite for living, eating, drinking, and loving women. There was also a streak of melancholy. These traits were marked, as one now sees in the diaries "The Fifties" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $25), which are edited and have an excellent ntroduction by Leon Edel. In these diaries we find him at the point of what is called the crisis of middle age (he was born in 1895), making a hard-working and successful bid against the threatening sixties. By the luck of inheritance, he was, at this time, able to jump at the romantic chance of revisiting the scenes of his boyhood, when he spent his summers in rural upper New York State, in the little village of Talcottville. The family house had gone downhill, but now it has become his. It is crammed with old-time junk: such oddities as spinning wheels; footwarmers made of perforated tin boxes, which people used in sleighs or carriages; an old footstool (consoling during his attacks of gout); and even a historic cuspidor. I say nothing of the stuffed birds and old books. The stone house is crumbling, and he starts putting it to rights. The onetime bohemian sets up as squire, surveying what seem to him to be *his* family acres in the surrounding forest and mountains. He falls, when he has time, to revising old critical essays, to planning new ventures—"The Scrolls from the Dead Sea" and "Apologies to the Iroquois"—and to the very special American duty of recording cousinage and family history. Leon Edel sees him in this period as "a writing Roman with his large senatorial head and thick body, escaping from the Imperial city for rustication." "Senatorial" is exactly the word for the Wilson of these years.

He was often alone at Talcottville. His beautiful half-German wife, Elena, who grew up in a multilingual family, is a woman who prefers the sea close to their house in Wellfleet. She is rarely at Talcottville, and is sure she has seen a family ghost there, slinking in a doorway. Although Wilson sticks pertinaciously to his solitude and local gossip, there soon comes a time when he is eager for travel again. He wants to "make his peace" with "hated Europe"—it had dragged America into two wars. Now he finds the cities of Europe "attractively built" and, as Mr. Edel says, "devoid of American vulgarities." And now, Mr. Edel reports, Wilson "asked himself whether his old hostility"—and indeed it was touchy—"hadn't been 'unconsciously' his 'determination to make something of America.' " This, Wilson confides, "must have biased me

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against what was really good in Europe." Mr. Edel had chided him especially for his animus against the British. Wilson dryly replied, "I have a certain anti-British tradition behind me." After all, he was a George Washington man.

Now, on the great journey, London is "wonderful." He is still touchy, of course. He can't stomach phrases like "Lords and Commoners," which the class-ridden British regard as historically rather fine. He hates the class system; can't bear aristocrats, especially if they dabble in literature; is frosty about the "rudeness" of class manners. (One remembers how much he had made of Alice's Wonderland insensitivity to the feelings of the mouse when she begs it to think that her cat at heart is really "such a nice soft thing.") However, if he is anti-British the bond of English literature *is overpowering. He feels especially* that he is an eighteenth-century man. He talks of contemporary English writers—Kingsley Amis, Auden, Spender, and others "not quite our class, dear" (as Edwardian mothers used to say)—and in Angus Wilson, the author of "Anglo-Saxon Attitudes," he finds an expert on the comedies of class accent and a wonderful mimic of eccentric habits of speech. English accents were, and are, so regional and mixed that the class test works only in preposterous cases of la-di-da. Edmund Wilson was always curious about strangely hooted or peculiar syllables. What did the English mean when they said "Hm"—agreement, doubt, or subtle insult? He was suspicious of the torrential utterance of Isaiah Berlin, the Welsh galloping of Alan Pryce-Jones, the actor's English of an old friend, Compton Mackenzie, himself an unceasing mimic and raconteur. Mackenzie could do you the mellifluous procrastinations of Henry James or a Cockneyish D. H. Lawrence. As for rudeness, Mackenzie, the Scotsman, could be as rude as Alice when so moved and was delighted to repeat his famous retort to Somerset Maugham: "Look here, Maugham: if you're going to be rude, I can be ruder than you—and when I'm rude, my rudeness is unforgivable." The British idea: "A gentleman is never rude except intentionally."

The diary has many portraits. One of the most penetrating is of Max Beerbohm, another old friend, whom Wilson went to see in Rapallo. Here the eccentric, magic-loving American was drawn to the sly conjurer in his friend:

> His round blue eyes had big red circles around them. . . . His hands were quite astonishing—unlike any I had ever seen: instead of being slender and tapering as one might have expected them to be, the fingers were long and of uniform thickness almost like the legs of a spider crab, and sharpened at the end as if they were pencils—it was as if they were very large engraver's tools.

His speech? With his morbid ear for accents, Edmund Wilson writes that Max "is very Edwardian still, and his way of saying 'Don't you know' would seem dated to Angus Wilson, though to me it seems perfectly natural—we used to say 'Don't you know' in my youth." But did Max package the vowels in the once affected English manner, and say "Doncherno"?

Wilson was also drawn to Max by a taste for tricks. Beerbohm said that he "went on drawing without his thinking about it," and that in his cartoons of Conrad, in the Old and the Young Self series, the accompanying line of text was in a Polish that he had invented and could still remember verbatim—a magician's secret triumph!

In Paris, Wilson went to see André Malraux, who imposed the trying French habit of "formulation" as indispensable in educated talk. Interesting, but a strain to a "no rules talker," which was Wilson's style. Wilson was unpleasantly disturbed by Jean Genet's play "Les Bonnes": the class war between mistresses and servants was vicious, grisly, and criminal. On to Germany and Elena Wilson's high-bourgeois relatives, where talk was aggressive and in several languages. Wilson, the linguist, thought the Germans' multilingual talk decadent. One bellicose gentleman was so downright that Wilson felt "the logical next step was a fistfight." On to Athens: "Strange bleakness, from our point of view, of Greece, which makes it impossible for them to go in for color—only form and dimensions." Yet "coming into Piraeus today, just before we passed Salamis: the violet-blue sea, the silhouetted shadows of the mountains." Edward Lear, in his watercolors, had "caught something about that part of the world." Wilson at last leaves Greece for Israel. He is certain of fruitful dispute about the authenticity of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

"The Fifties" is both diary and notebook—a strange mingling of the minute self-observation, the sudden sexual confession of a candid man, all eyes and ears, a grammarian, hostile to

Fowler, a man very much for the fuss of the word, and wonderfully wrong sometimes about simple things. Staying in Oxford at All Souls (which he found dirty and no luxury hotel), he supposed that the college servants rushed the plates from the tables at dinner because they were spurred on by the class war against their betters. As Mr. Edel says, Wilson never noticed that in universities the desire to get a rather plain dinner over fast in order to drink and talk elsewhere was the natural passion of both the elect and their servitors.

By the end of the decade, as he feels his age, Wilson mellows. He looks back on old journeys. He loves to collect gossip, especially the latest English literary gossip. He is far less sweeping in his judgments, and is generous and tender. He recovers things of the past, his memories of all kinds of friends, great or obscure, always bringing some trait to life in the present. I was brought up on early American literature when I was a young boy at a plain state school; we read Mark Twain, James Russell Lowell, Whitman, Emerson, and Hawthorne. When I was lucky enough to meet Edmund Wilson, I felt I had met the great American tradition in person.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

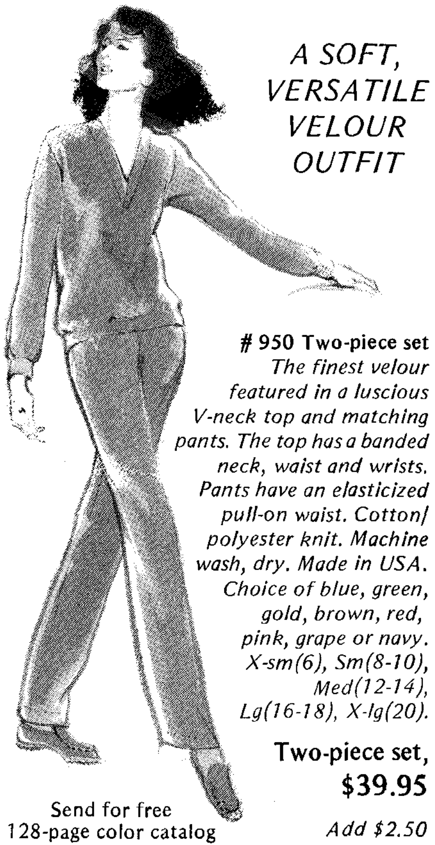
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE IRISH SIGNORINA, by Julia O'Faolain (Adler & Adler/Harper & Row; $15.95). "VIVA L'IRA": a Florentine graffito that catches the eye of Anne, a young Irishwoman, as she makes the acquaintance of Italy's homegrown version of radical wrath. The plot of this shrewd and involved novel features an indomitable, dying marchesa, who once hired Anne's mother as an au pair; Anne's mother has died, and the marchesa has asked Anne to be her guest in her Tuscan villa. The marchesa's son, a liberal trial lawyer, is a frequent visitor; his son is, in the marchesa's words, "a Red and a robot," and she has written him out of her will. At one point, this son sees himself as Aeneas, heading out of a dying world with his decrepit father on his shoulders; but as he and his father vie for Anne he begins to wonder, aloud, if he is not more like Oedipus. By the end of the story, which spans less than a month, Anne has learned, from the marchesa and from headlines, how valid each comparison is. Julia O'Faolain's imagery is consistently sure and striking. An old retainer's head bobs in a darkened doorway "like a parsnip simmering in broth;" sunlit white marble "shone like tin."

THE JOKE OF THE CENTURY, by David Hughes (Taplinger; $14.95). Billy Bunter, the author tells American readers, is "a fictional fourteen-year-old relished for his appalling character by generations of English schoolboys." In the first chapter of Mr. Hughes' novel, the middle-aged hero—a civil servant cranking out reports on the demise of old-fashioned culture and giving pep talks to schoolboys who neither read nor speak—is rattled by the news that Bunter's real-life original, Archie Aitken, is now eighty-nine, living in Kent, and ready to make a comeback as one of the genuine "fat indulgent frauds of English folklore." The story that follows is mostly a matter of Aitken's "footnotes" to the Oxford version of English history after 1914. Battles and crises, from the Somme to Suez, might have ended differently, and affairs featuring Mrs. Simpson and Lady Chatterley might never have begun, had Aitken not played at diplomat and go-between. The hero comes to see that history has been as "wax in the chubby hands" of this would-be trickster. But even as he notes that those hands are as chubby and manipulative as Bunter's were he worries about the mischiefless world that the current, Bunterless generation of schoolboys will grow up to make.

TO THE LAND OF THE CATTAILS, by Aharon Appelfeld, translated from the Hebrew by Jeffrey M. Green (Weidenfeld & Nicolson; $14.95). "Whence and whither?" is the kindly question posed, in Yiddish, at a crossroads somewhere east of Austria in the fall of 1938. The answer comes from a Jewish woman who, along with her ambivalent (because half-Gentile) son, is heading, by horse-drawn carriage, for the land of her childhood. They travel instead into an increasingly alien wasteland as 1939 begins, and then toward a railway line that offers no choices. Admirers of Aharon Appelfeld's four previous books, each about a different aspect of anti-Semitism, will admire this one for its depiction of a numbing sort of seasonality, which turns some peasants into brutes and, before long,



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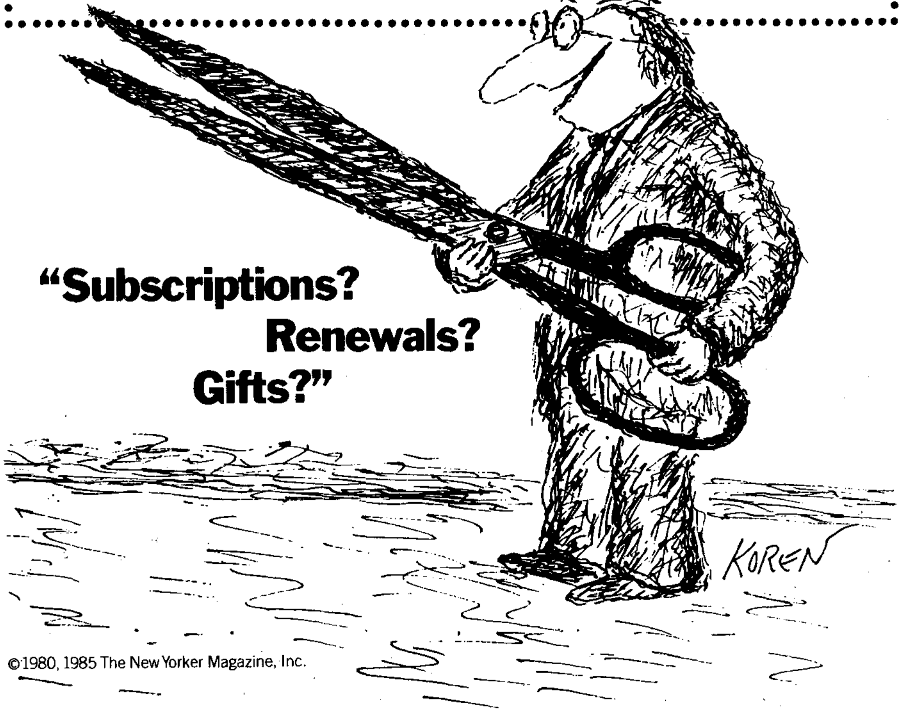
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turns the widow's love of coffee into a hunger, like that of the horses for hay. Others may find it predictable: all too like the "brick thrown from a roof" that, in the widow's words, follows her trajectory—"wavering for a moment but finally lying flat, against the earth."

GENERAL

THE PERPETUAL ORGY: FLAUBERT AND MADAME BOVARY, by Mario Vargas Llosa, translated from the Spanish by Helen Lane (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $17.95). A recollection of the author's youth as a precocious reader, and his discovery of—one might say his conversion to—"Madame Bovary." Mr. Vargas Llosa shows us what an apprentice learns from a master—how admiration teaches. His book, however, is more than a segment of literary autobiography: his discussions of Flaubert's vision of the novel and its relation to reality, and of Flaubert's technical accomplishments and his influence on the evolution of the novel, are fine criticism. The charm of Mr. Vargas Llosa's own work—its spontaneity, gaiety, and directness—is evident in this translation.

BLUNDERING INTO DISASTER: SURVIVING THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE NUCLEAR AGE, by Robert McNamara (Pantheon; $14.95). In this brief essay, the former Secretary of Defense and president of the World Bank proposes an arms policy that will decrease both the likelihood of nuclear war and the quantity of nuclear arms in the world. He reminds us that in the event of a Soviet invasion of Western Europe NATO's present strategy envisions the early use of tactical nuclear weapons—weapons so destructive that they might annihilate Western Europe in the process of defending it. Mr. McNamara recommends enhancing NATO's conventional defensive capabilities, and cites authorities who maintain that this can be done with only a slight increase in NATO's annual budget. He believes that we should continue arms-control negotiations with the Soviet Union and at the same time seek a broader range of agreements to help reduce mutual fear and suspicion. He argues against Star Wars, on the grounds that total protection is perhaps unattainable and that the present proposal, which amounts to increasing nuclear defense without decreasing nuclear offense, not surprisingly looks to the Soviet Union as if we were getting set for a nuclear war.

THE TEARS OF THE WHITE MAN: COMPASSION AS CONTEMPT, by Pascal Bruckner, translated from the French, and with an introduction, by William R. Beer (Free Press; $17.95). This entertaining polemic assails a current of European left-wing thought which uncritically adores the Third World and uncritically devalues Europe. The author insists that such blanket admiration and condemnation are a kind of racism. Writers he quotes and argues against make no distinctions among diverse non-European cultures and societies as long as they are poor. Some Third World fanciers regard the less developed countries as potential models of socialist development, while others glorify primitivism as perfect in itself; they have overlooked, or even justified, brutality, exploitation, genocide, racism, corruption, and tyranny practiced by non-Europeans on other non-Europeans. Mr. Bruckner thinks, however, that Third World idolatry has lost popularity lately, because Third World citizens have consistently refused to play the part of disinterested socialists or noble victims. He asks us to reject "two illusions: that we have nothing to learn from others, and that we have everything to learn from them."

LEARNED PIGS & FIREPROOF WOMEN, by Ricky Jay (Villard; $29.95). In this generously illustrated and truly dumbfounding wonder book, Mr. Jay, a second-generation conjurer and the curator of the Mulholland Library of Conjuring and the Allied Arts, in Los Angeles, introduces some dozens of past (and a few present) acrobats, contortionists, magicians, mind readers, instant calculators, pain resisters, trained animals, and human grotesques, and describes their feats—describes and documents but, understandably, makes no attempt to explain them.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DISORDERLY ELEMENTS, by Bob Cook (St. Martin's; $12.95). Mr. Cook's first novel is a spy story that could easily have been a vintage Cary Grant movie. Grant would have the starring role as one Michael Wyman, an Oxbridge don serving as an Honorary Fellow and also as a

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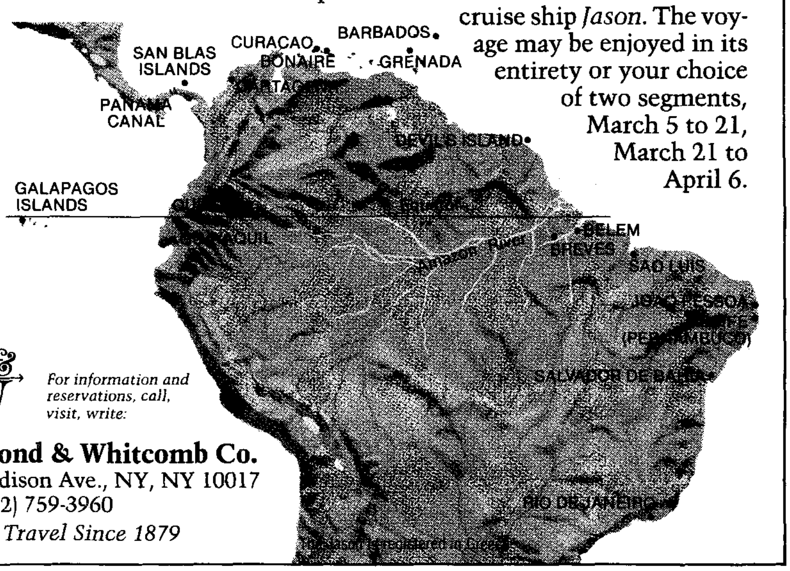

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SPIRAL, by David Lindsey (Atheneum; $16.95). Stuart Haydon, a Houston homicide detective, is an unusual character in the world of detective fiction. He is forty years old, the son of a rich and social Texas family, happily married to a beautiful and successful architect; his clothes are custom-made and his shoes are Italian, and his best friend is a fellow-detective of blue-collar origin. In this, his third adventure, he finds himself involved in what turns out to be a ferocious duel between an exiled Mexican billionaire politician and a murderous right-wing Mexican organization called *los tecos*. The violent deaths, both Mexican and Anglo, can be numbered in the dozens; the pace is unrelenting; the depiction of the geography, the climate, and the culture of Houston is encyclopedic; and the story has its roots in a contemporary Mexican political reality.

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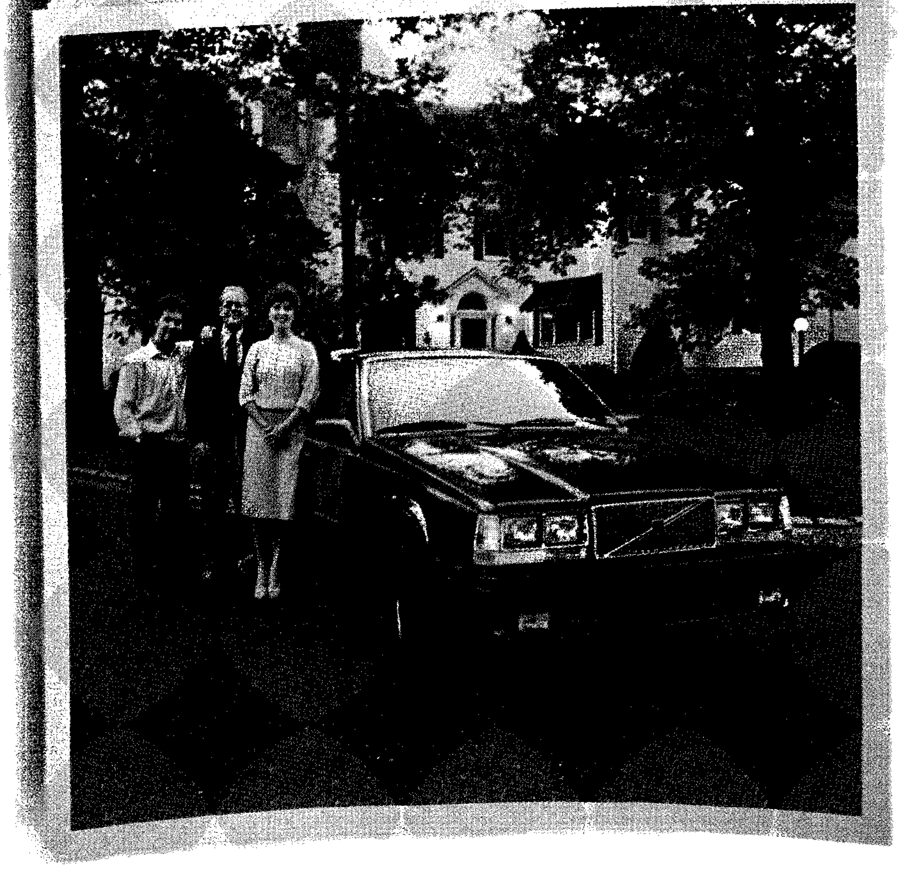

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